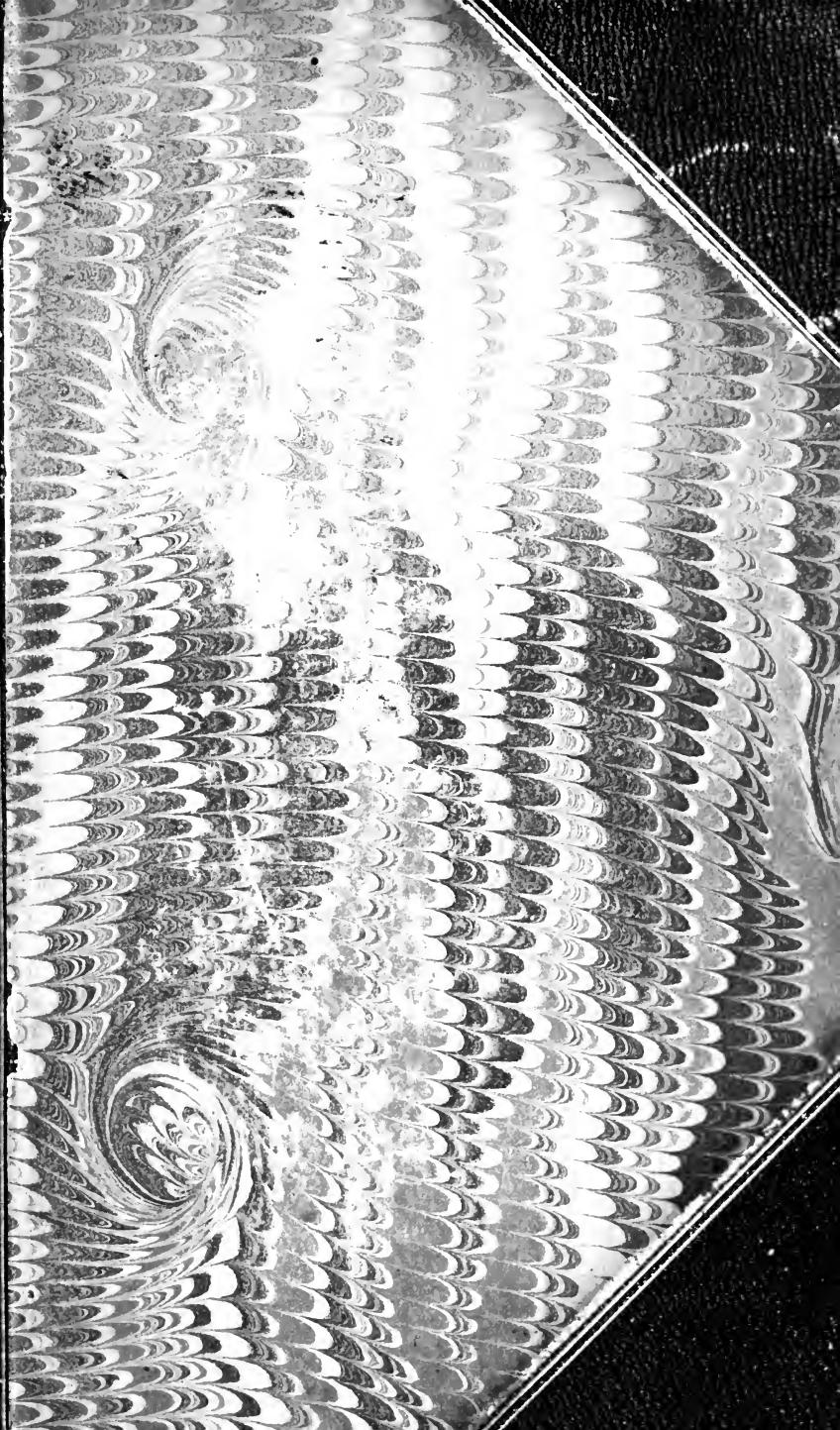
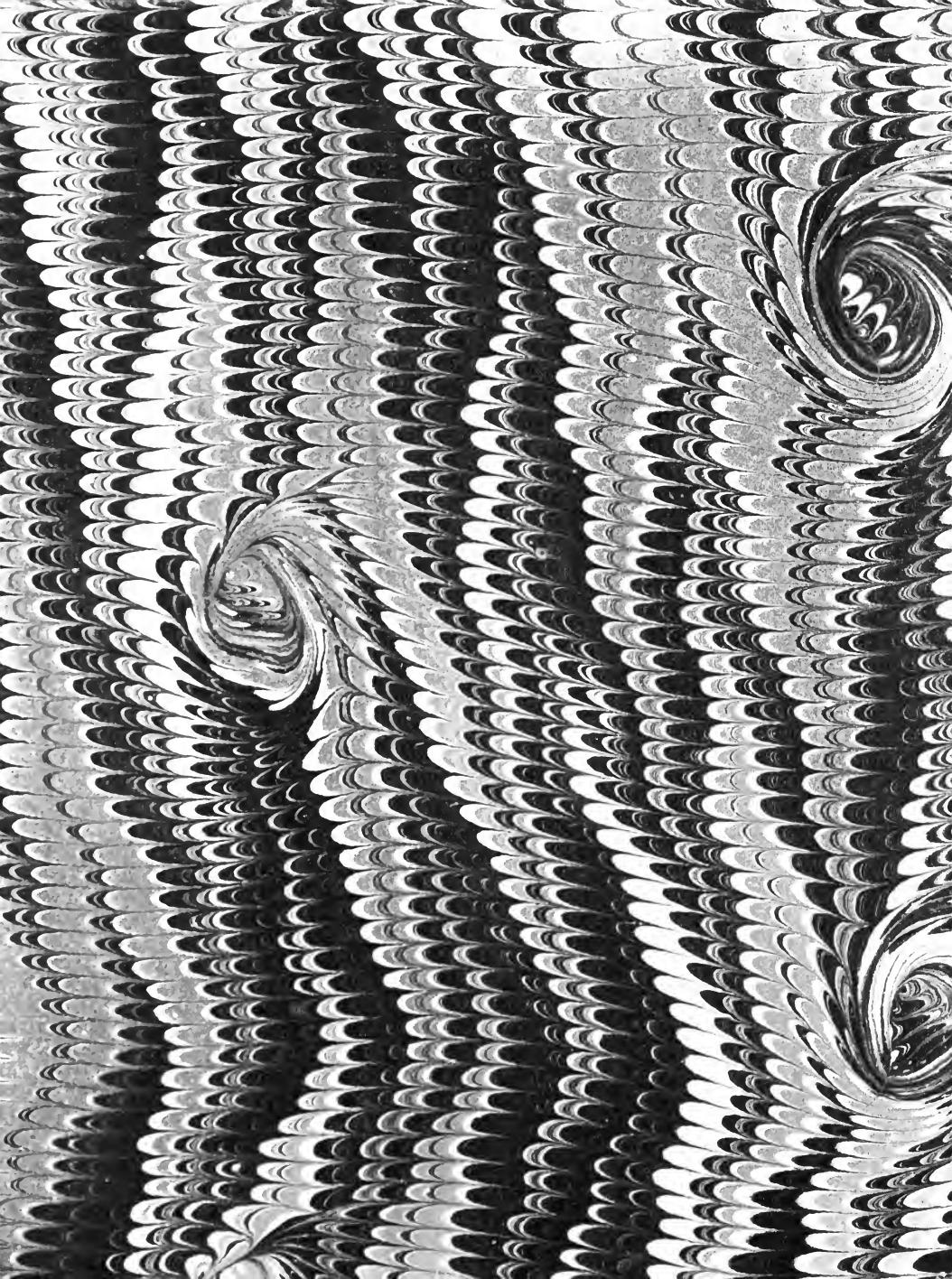
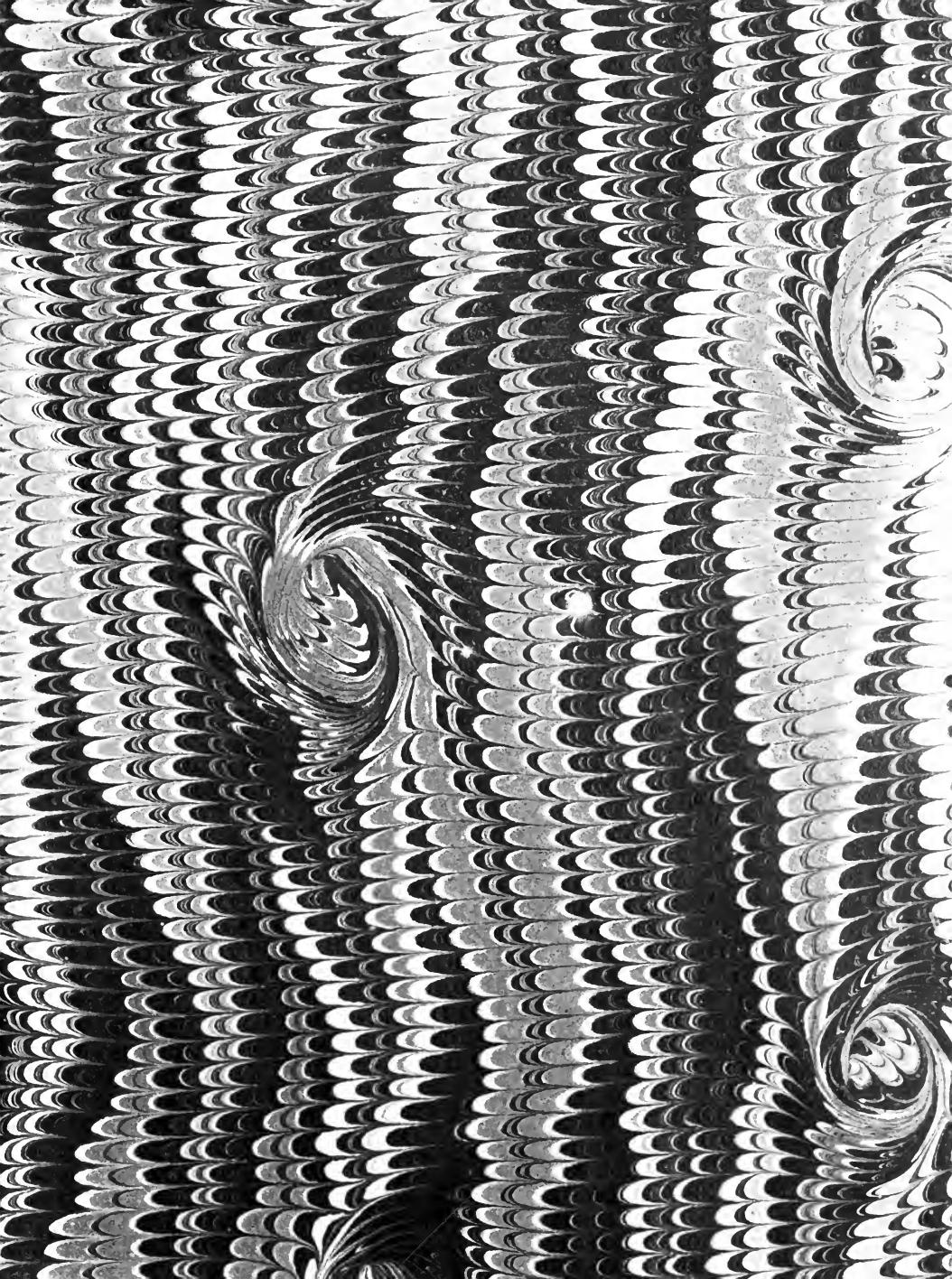




3 1761 06864950 8







other (Ray) Repub
1st. Red - ^{2nd} ~~2nd~~ complex
2nd. ^{3rd} ~~3rd~~ complex
3rd. ^{4th} ~~4th~~ complex
4th. ^{5th} ~~5th~~ complex
5th. ^{6th} ~~6th~~ complex
6th. ^{7th} ~~7th~~ complex
7th. ^{8th} ~~8th~~ complex
8th. ^{9th} ~~9th~~ complex
9th. ^{10th} ~~10th~~ complex
10th. ^{11th} ~~11th~~ complex
11th. ^{12th} ~~12th~~ complex
12th. ^{13th} ~~13th~~ complex
13th. ^{14th} ~~14th~~ complex
14th. ^{15th} ~~15th~~ complex
15th. ^{16th} ~~16th~~ complex
16th. ^{17th} ~~17th~~ complex
17th. ^{18th} ~~18th~~ complex
18th. ^{19th} ~~19th~~ complex
19th. ^{20th} ~~20th~~ complex
20th. ^{21st} ~~21st~~ complex
21st. ^{22nd} ~~22nd~~ complex
22nd. ^{23rd} ~~23rd~~ complex
23rd. ^{24th} ~~24th~~ complex
24th. ^{25th} ~~25th~~ complex
25th. ^{26th} ~~26th~~ complex
26th. ^{27th} ~~27th~~ complex
27th. ^{28th} ~~28th~~ complex
28th. ^{29th} ~~29th~~ complex
29th. ^{30th} ~~30th~~ complex
30th. ^{31st} ~~31st~~ complex
31st. ^{32nd} ~~32nd~~ complex
32nd. ^{33rd} ~~33rd~~ complex
33rd. ^{34th} ~~34th~~ complex
34th. ^{35th} ~~35th~~ complex
35th. ^{36th} ~~36th~~ complex
36th. ^{37th} ~~37th~~ complex
37th. ^{38th} ~~38th~~ complex
38th. ^{39th} ~~39th~~ complex
39th. ^{40th} ~~40th~~ complex
40th. ^{41st} ~~41st~~ complex
41st. ^{42nd} ~~42nd~~ complex
42nd. ^{43rd} ~~43rd~~ complex
43rd. ^{44th} ~~44th~~ complex
44th. ^{45th} ~~45th~~ complex
45th. ^{46th} ~~46th~~ complex
46th. ^{47th} ~~47th~~ complex
47th. ^{48th} ~~48th~~ complex
48th. ^{49th} ~~49th~~ complex
49th. ^{50th} ~~50th~~ complex
50th. ^{51st} ~~51st~~ complex
51st. ^{52nd} ~~52nd~~ complex
52nd. ^{53rd} ~~53rd~~ complex
53rd. ^{54th} ~~54th~~ complex
54th. ^{55th} ~~55th~~ complex
55th. ^{56th} ~~56th~~ complex
56th. ^{57th} ~~57th~~ complex
57th. ^{58th} ~~58th~~ complex
58th. ^{59th} ~~59th~~ complex
59th. ^{60th} ~~60th~~ complex
60th. ^{61st} ~~61st~~ complex
61st. ^{62nd} ~~62nd~~ complex
62nd. ^{63rd} ~~63rd~~ complex
63rd. ^{64th} ~~64th~~ complex
64th. ^{65th} ~~65th~~ complex
65th. ^{66th} ~~66th~~ complex
66th. ^{67th} ~~67th~~ complex
67th. ^{68th} ~~68th~~ complex
68th. ^{69th} ~~69th~~ complex
69th. ^{70th} ~~70th~~ complex
70th. ^{71st} ~~71st~~ complex
71st. ^{72nd} ~~72nd~~ complex
72nd. ^{73rd} ~~73rd~~ complex
73rd. ^{74th} ~~74th~~ complex
74th. ^{75th} ~~75th~~ complex
75th. ^{76th} ~~76th~~ complex
76th. ^{77th} ~~77th~~ complex
77th. ^{78th} ~~78th~~ complex
78th. ^{79th} ~~79th~~ complex
79th. ^{80th} ~~80th~~ complex
80th. ^{81st} ~~81st~~ complex
81st. ^{82nd} ~~82nd~~ complex
82nd. ^{83rd} ~~83rd~~ complex
83rd. ^{84th} ~~84th~~ complex
84th. ^{85th} ~~85th~~ complex
85th. ^{86th} ~~86th~~ complex
86th. ^{87th} ~~87th~~ complex
87th. ^{88th} ~~88th~~ complex
88th. ^{89th} ~~89th~~ complex
89th. ^{90th} ~~90th~~ complex
90th. ^{91st} ~~91st~~ complex
91st. ^{92nd} ~~92nd~~ complex
92nd. ^{93rd} ~~93rd~~ complex
93rd. ^{94th} ~~94th~~ complex
94th. ^{95th} ~~95th~~ complex
95th. ^{96th} ~~96th~~ complex
96th. ^{97th} ~~97th~~ complex
97th. ^{98th} ~~98th~~ complex
98th. ^{99th} ~~99th~~ complex
99th. ^{100th} ~~100th~~ complex





A newe enterlude,
drawen out of the holy scripture,
of godly queene Hester, verye necefary :
newly made and imprinted, this present
yere M.D.LXI.

Come nere vertuous matrons & womē kind,
Here may ye learne of Hesters duty,
In all comlines of vertue you shal finde
How to behauie your selues in humilitie.



The names of the players.

<i>The prologue.</i>	<i>Pryde.</i>
<i>King Affuer^o.</i>	<i>Adulation.</i>
<i>iij gentlemen.</i>	<i>Ambition.</i>
<i>A man.</i>	<i>Hardy dardy.</i>
<i>Mardocheus.</i>	<i>A Jewe.</i>
<i>Hester.</i>	<i>Arbona.</i>
<i>Pursueuant.</i>	<i>Scriba.</i>

INTRODUCTION.

THIS unique specimen of our national drama, in its infant state, is the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. About thirty years ago, the late Duke not only gave the present editor permission to copy and reprint the play, but was kind enough afterwards to collate the MS. with the original, to mark the divisions of the pages and to add a few notes, which, with one or two others, we have appended. The illustration of the productions of our early stage was a subject of which his Grace was especially fond, and on various occasions he afforded the most ready and unpretending assistance. It is our principle, not to accompany our reprints by any supplementary notes; but in this particular instance we deviate from our rule, for the sake of subjoining what proceeded from his Grace's pen, and what would have been added, with the Duke's permission, if "Godly Queen Hester" had been reproduced by the Shakespeare Society before its dissolution. The late Duke was a most unostentatious man in this respect, and shrank from the responsibility of authorship; but he has left behind him some productions of which the least we can say is, that they do no discredit to his Grace's rank, or to his varied attainments.

The date on the title-page is MDLXI, though it is wanting in the colophon placed by the two printers, Pickering and Hacket, at

the end of the piecee. It was entered by the former at Stationers' Hall in 1560-1, as "A Playe of quene Hester," (see "Extracts," printed by the Shakesp. Soc., 1848, vol. i, p. 36) and it was doubtless published in the spring of the year. A notice of it may be found in the "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry," ii, 253; but all portions are so curious, and are so explanatory of the condition of our earliest stage, that we are glad of the opportunity of giving it entire. It is a mixture of allegory and Sacred History; and few things can be more amusing, or informing, than the discussion of public and private abuses, near the outset, by characters respectively named Pride, Adulation, and Ambition. The strange mention of the war with Scotland and Franee, and other circumstances, may lead to an approximation to the date when the piecee was written by its anonymous author.

The operation of printing was very carelessly performed; the evident corruptions are numerous, and several, as on pp. 22, 25, 33, are detected by the rhyme. The allusions, in the time of Ahasuerus, to Virgil, Ovid, and Valerius Maximus, are laughable anachronisms, though warranted by our dramatic productions in their palmiest days. Hardydardy, the supposed servant to Haman, is the Vice of the drama, and the predecessor of the marvelous Fool in the works of Shakespeare and some of his contemporaries.

J. P. C.

CONTENTS.

1. A PITHITHY NOTE TO PAPISTS, by T. KNELL. 1570.
2. MURDER OF JOHN BREWEN, by THOMAS KYDDE. 1592.
3. HISTORY OF JACOB AND HIS XII SONNES.
4. THE WYLL OF THE DEUYLL, AND LAST TESTAMENT.
5. THE METAMORPHOSIS OF TABACCO. 1602.
6. MURDER OF LORD BOURGH, and ARNOLD COSBY's Verses. 1591.
7. ENTERLUDE OF GODLY QUEENE HESTER. 1561.
8. COMPLAYNTE OF THEM THAT BEN TO LATE MARYED.
9. CENSURE OF A LOYAL SUBJECT. By G. WHETSTONE. 1587.
10. LYRICS FOR OLD LUTENISTS. *Temp.* Elizabeth and James I.
11. CALVERLEY, AND THE YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. 1605.
12. A COMPLAINT OF THE CHURCHE. 1562.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS tract only exists in the single copy, from which our reprint has been made; and it was unknown to all bibliographical and poetical antiquaries.

Knell, the author of it, was a very distinguished and favourite actor, contemporary with Tarlton; and, like Tarlton, he seems to have availed himself of his popularity by putting his name to productions of an ephemeral character, but founded upon striking public events. Felton was hanged and quartered near St. Paul's Church, on 8th August, 1570, for placing the Pope's Bull upon the gate of the palace of the Bishop of London, an incident duly commemorated by Stow and others. Knell, as he informs us, was present; and, having witnessed the execution, employed his pen in celebrating it, in the confidence that what he wrote would be generally read: so much was it read, that, excepting the one we have used, every copy appears to have perished under the careless thumbs and fingers of those who perused them.

It is a very remarkable production in black-letter; and it was printed by John Alldie, the father of Edward Alldie, who subsequently became a very noted publisher of tracts, ballads and broadsides. It has little merely poetical merit; but it enters into many curious particulars, on the evidence of an eyewitness, which are found in no other authority. It is therefore of historical interest, and, if only on this account, deserves preservation.

Ritson (*Bibliogr. Poetica*, p. 263) attributes two ballads to

Thomas Knell; but of the first he mentions we have seen a copy without any author's name; the second was unquestionably written by Knell; and, besides the tract now in the hands of the reader, we can supply a fourth unrecorded work by him, a broadside, with this heading:

“ An A. B. C. to the christen congregacion,
Or a pathe way to the heauenly habitacion.”

It was printed by Rycharde Kele without date; so that Knell's pen was in request by at least three busy stationers of the day, Alldie, Awdely, and Kele.

We apprehend that Knell the actor was the son of John Knell, vintner, who was buried at St. James's, Garlick Hill, in 1574: Thomas Knell had been married there to Alice Turner in 1568, but what family they had is not stated: he was buried before 1587, when his widow was married to John Heminge, most likely, the fellow-actor with Shakespeare, and one of the editors of the folio, 1623. In 1601, there was a player resident in Southwark, named John Nill, who on August 13th had a daughter baptised Alice: Knell and Nill may have been confounded by the clerk, and Alice was certainly the name of the wife of Thomas Knell.

J. P. C.

19th May, 1862.

A PITH THY NOTE

TO PAPISTS ALL AND SOME

that ioy in Feltons Martirdome.

Desiring them to read this, and to iudge,
& not in spite at simple truth to grudge.

Set foorth by one that knew his life, and was with
him at the houre of his death, which was
the viii of August. Anno. 1570.

at the

west end of Paules Churche ouer against
the Bishops gate, where
he fet vp the Bul.



IMPRINTED AT LONDON

At the long Shop adioining vnto
Saint Mildreds Church in the
Pultrie, the xxiii. of August,
by JOHN ALLDE.

A PITH THY NOTE, &c.

LONG lenitie abusde, at lēgth
dooth lend deserued hire,
Whē mercy, ouer moou'd with vice,
gins kīdle Justice ire.
As now may wel discerned be
vnto the smart of such
As heaped vp vnfruteful hope,
and pitie proou'd to much :
But so it is when follyes flud
makes wisdom lowe at eb,
And where for harty loue such doo
windē vp foule Treasons web.
As Felton fond hath surely felt
for fault of treason hye :
So all will vouch whose harts (with God
and Prince) are not awrie ;
And as the Nortons twain did taste
of late for like offence,
Whom Iustice paid by portion iust
a righteous recompence.
Yet Felton past, when wilful deed
of his was wel descryed,

For why? he neuer blusht for shame,
nor much the same denied.
The Bul bewitcht his caluish braine;
and Pius, his deer god,
Made him, to bolde for his behoof,
to taste of such a rod.
He durst presume, good Catholick,
t'erect vp forraine power,
And subiects faithful harts now wel
by flattery to deuoure.
As though at once all Englād would
haue shrūk at Pius curse,
And that the childe at strangers beck
would leaue his painful nurse.
The blessing of the Pope he thought
would sure haue take such place,
That English men with cap and knee
would straight the same imbrace.
What ment he else to fix the Bul
on Bishops Pallacie gate,
But that he thought by somes return
to mend his owne estate?
But English men, God haue y^e praisfe,
wish rather his curse stil,
Then with his blessing to receiue
bothe soule and bodyes il.
Gods curse dooth light where he dooth bleffe,

as Malachi dooth tel ;
As Felton and the rest haue tried
 which feru'd the Pope ful wel.
But Papists say they are most blest
 for dying in his cause,
Because he wil their soules redeem
 from hel and Sathans clawes :
And Felton chiefly they commend
 for his coragious minde,
Which vnto Pope and holy Church
 did shew him self so kinde.
Wherfore a blessed Martyr they
 doo rightly him confesse,
Which moues me moste for vertues sake
 to prooue him nothing lesse :
For eu'ry kinde of death dooth not
 deserue a Martyrs name,
But many fundry deaths doo bring
 the dyers endles shame.
All Theeues and Murderers that dye,
 all Fellons cast by law,
All Traitors and all Hereticks
 which God nor man doo aw,
Are not by death of theirs in count
 of Martyrs which doo dye :
Though Papists brag that he is one,
 but give them leaue to lye.

The death dooth not the Martyr make,
but sure the righteous cause,
When Tirants force the righteous hart
to violate Gods lawes ;
When Infidelles depraue the truthe,
and Christians it maintain,
In giuing of their bloods for it,
they win the Martyrs gain.
Ignatius wan the noble crown
of martirdom y tho ;
Cassianus and Laurence they
did win the same also.
Saint Stephen and Saint Peter they
wan Martyrs gain by right :
So did Maturus and the rest
that suffred for the light,
Whose liues by truthe were soûdly led,
whose ends did shew no lesse :
Whose mäers were vpright, whose faith
did perfit looue expresse.
But Feltons life did shew in fine
he did no Martyrs fact,
For *exitus aëla probat*,
the exit tries the act.
A roistng shifting Prodigall
so he his time did spend,
Which fought of eu'ry one to haue

that able was to lend.
The Psalmist in his Psalmes dooth pāit
out Felton very plain :
The wicked man borowes (faith he)
and payeth not again.
Of modestie in maners he
was seen to be full scant,
And of Religious minde no doubt
he had a dayly want.
As for deuoutnes in his dayes,
yea, after his owne forte,
He neuer moild his sprites with prayer,
his hart was set on fport.
A Papists hart he had not sure ;
for Papists are deuout,
Although their zele doo knowledge lack
in that they go about.
For he ne zele ne knowledge had,
but droue to spend the time :
He past not with what kinde of men,
nor of what kinde of cryme,
So he by flattering might obtain
to liue by others sweat :
Ne lands he had, ne hands did seek
to get the bread he eat ;
But heer & there with Thrafoes brood
the simple to deride,

But cheef a scoffer of Gods woord,
as often he was tride.
A Plesemē right, which seru'd y^e time
though fed with Romish hope :
And now, beholde, the saint he seru'd
hath blest him with a Rope.
A foole bewitcht he was of some
who watcht the falling skies,
And lookt for Larkes but purpofe mist :
his flesh must feed the Flyes.
An irreligious Traitor was
this Felton, trust me true ;
A fit resembler in our time
of Eleazar the Iew.
Companion with Ichocanan,
nay, Schimions equal mate,
Which fought Iherusalem to spoile
by their discentious bate.
And as for any signe that was
in him of godly feare,
His moste licencious life did shew
his hart came neuer there ;
Til at his very end, where as
he saw it would not bee,
But that he must as Traitor rank
go scale the Gallow tree.
Then fear of death gan prick his flesh

whiche wicked men dooth touch,
Whē their il cause their cōsciēce pricks,
and burthens them to much ;
As Cain and Iudas, ouer fraid
with Gods eternal ire.
Yet some wil say that Felton did
Gods mercy then desire :
In deed, in Popish fort he shewd
him self then to relent ;
But who can say he shewd such faith
as made him right repent ?
Of wandring faith he shewd fōe taste
as Papists vſe to holde,
That Christe their fauior is in parte,
but faith was not (be bolde)
In him that made him then to fay
Christe is my fauour :
Ne that he trusted onely sure
ſaluation by his power.
Ne cald he back his fclandero⁹ woords
bespake against Gods truthe ;
Ne did gainsay his traiterous blaſt
before both age and youth,
Which he had spoke agaift our Queen
before in Judgement hall :
But only for this fact heer doon,
her mercy I doo call,

(Said he) for this offence of mine
heer doon that she forgiue :
But from the rest against her power
and Throne he did not meeue.
He had before denide her grace
our lawfull Queen to bee,
And of her Supreme power (he said)
she ought not haue it, shée.
Oh traiterous hart, oh Martyr vile !
such Martyrs now a dayes
Would fain be made to Mortar thin,
To stop the hollow wayes.
He neuer once relented this
Not once before his death,
But as malicious Traitor he
On Gallows gaue his breth.
Wher as he said in midst Guilde Hall,
before the Judgement seat,
That they might wel his body take,
but more they could not get.
For why ? his soule he had commit
vnto his hollow hope ;
To Iesus Christe ? to him think yee ?
nay, to his dad the Pope.
Oh Traitor bolde to Christe,
oh proud blasphemous tung !
That euer popish ignorance

should rest in olde or yung.
When Christe hath shed his deerest blood,
 when Christes hart was rent,
When Christe hath paid the price for vs
 his Father to content,
Shall we once dare, alas, to fay,
 when other name is none,
But Iefus Christe to faue our soules
 by his deer death alone ?
That Pius Pope our soules can faue
 which can not faue him self,
But yeeld his power to mortal death ;
 oh blinded Romish elf !
Was Paule for vs once crucified ?
 Was Mary, Mark or Iohn ?
No, no, it was our Iefus Christe,
 to whom be praiife alone.
But Papists make of him least count,
 which took the greatest pain,
And all their trust is stil in them
 that giue the smalleſt gain.
If Felton had thoſe woordes denied,
 though euen at the laſt end,
I would haue ſaid, and many mo,
 he had been Christes freend.
His death was nothing Martir like,
 he died a Papist blinde :

An Enemy to Christe and Queen,
a Monster out of kinde :
A new stert vp Herostratus,
to get himself a name,
Though that his deed and end shalbe
ay to his endles shame ;
For as the fame of Godly men
shall ouerliue the graue,
So Fame dooth yeeld to wicked men
the right that they should haue.
So long as Guilde Hall dooth remain,
there shall remain like wife
A memory of Feltons facts,
before all peoples eyes.
John Felton Traitor which denied
the Queen our supreme head :
John Felton Traitor which aduaunc't
the Pope his Bul of lead :
John Felton Traitor which did seek
a forren power to place
Against our Queen Elizabeth,
high Treason to her grace :
John Felton Traitor which so raild
against the Judges graue :
John Felton Traitor which denied
his Judgement for to haue.
Yea if that men doo want to read

The Libelles that are writ,
The pausing stones will witnes bear
his Treafon to requit.
His Blasphemyes, his raging spite,
his brainles wilful talke
Dame Fame with Echo shall resound
in eu'ry caue to walke.
John Felton Papist heer was raigned,
that traiterous rebel meer,
That faithles man, that Hypocrite
receiued Judgement heer.
So long as Newgate stands in fight
his memory shall last,
And witnes bear what blasphemies
out of his mouth he cast.
When learned men and Preachers graue
bestowd their learned pain
To win his Soule to Iefus Christe,
how he did them disdaine.
How obstinatly he did rest
in his vnskilful minde,
That none could him perswade to see,
he was so wilful blinde.
That shall the Stones of Newgate tel,
if Papists would denye;
And how he did aduaunce the Pope
whiche made him fence so hye.

Refusing councel of Gods Book,
none could perswade his hart
In any point to trust the truthe
wherby he should conuert.
The stayers there in morne can tel
how Preachers did exhort,
That he would change his foolish minde
to Christe the strongest Fort.
But stil he said, I am right wel
perswaded sure [am] I ;
And as I am perswaded, so
I mene in that to dye.
In Christe if his perswasion were,
no dout there was no shame,
But that vnto the Church of God
he might haue tolde the same ;
For (*Corde creditur*) saith Paule
with hart to think makes iust :
But (*Ore fit*) confession is
saluacion sure to trust.
But his Confession there did tel
what faith was in his minde
Vnto his sauaviour Iefus Christe,
truly but small to finde ;
But to the Pope, that horned beast,
his hart was fixt ful sure,
And it to leaue while life did last

none could him once procure.
The Draile, wheron he lay fast bound
 in midſt olde baily ſtreet,
Shall tel that Preachers woords for ay,
 which then there did him meet.
Oh, Felton (ſaid he), now relent,
 now dooth approche the time
When it wilbe to late for thee
 for too repente thy cryme.
Now yeeld to Christe, truſt in his blood,
 defy the Pope and all ;
Defy his Bulles and Pardons vile,
 which haue begun thy thrall.
God yet dooth offer thee his grace,
 Christe Iefus spredes his armes
Yet to receiue thy ſoule to grace,
 and to preuent thy harmes.
But he as graceles held on ſtil
 in latin Prayers tho ;
And gaue no eare vnto the man
 that did exhort him fo.
At laſt, the Preacher ſaid again,
 oh, Felton, yet forſake
Thine errors blinde, by Iefus Christe
 a perfit end to make.
As thogh (ſaid he) moſte stoutly then,
 ye would the People blaſe,

And make them think I did not wel :
this said he without maze.
So may they think (quod he again),
except thou doo repent,
Because against both Christe and Queen
thy Treason thou hast bent.
Oh, judge me not (quod Felton, then).
I'le judge (quod th' other) thee ;
For Christe hast taught me by the frutes
alwayes to iudge the Tree.
While thou art heer I iudge thy deed,
but God shall iudge thee ay ;
And if thou doo not now repent,
Hel fire shalbe thy pay.
All this benignitie of God
this Felton did dispise,
And gave no ear til as he saw
the Gallows with his eyes ;
Which Gallow tree in Paules Churche yard
shall tel the endles shame
Of Felton there for Treason hangd,
to peril of his name.
And eke the Groūd shal witnes bear
how Conscience his was vrged
By Preachers, which by truthe did hope
his hart then to haue purged.
But God (I think) had thē shut vp

the bowelles of his grace
To him, whose stubborn hart before
refusde truthe to imbrace ;
For *Miserere* on his knees,
all trembling, he did say,
But softly to him self, that few
could hear what he did pray.
Belike he thought, as Papists doo,
the Latin to excel ;
And so he thought, his prayer said
therin to be ful wel.
For he did neuer once desire
Gods people to assit
Him in his prayers he then made,
but did euen as he list.
Much les then to repent his fall,
and turn to God by grace,
On ladder he gan speke alowd,
maintaining of his cace ;
And purg'd his hart of Treafon quite,
that euer was so clearer.
Which when the woorthy sherif heard,
he said, that all might hear :
Felton, a more maliciousfeat
of Treafon neuer was,
Then thou a Traitor rāk hast wrought,
and fally brought to passe.

Then was he hanged vp a while,
 in what a cace God knowes :
Such as haue iudgement in the act,
 I leaue the end to thosse.
Cut downe he was and liu'd again,
 but after spake not much :
For why ? the Executioner seru'd
 him such a Traitors tuch.
So no good signe in life or death
 of any Christian minde,
But as he liu'd (I say) he died,
 a paruerst Papist blinde.
But this may make the Papists ioy,
 that they had one so stout :
For their Rel[i]gion and their looue,
 to passe such torments out.
But let them stay : Religion was
 no cause why he so died,
But sure because the English lawes
 a Traitor rank him tried.
He would haue made Religion
 his plea, when he was brought
To his examination,
 but that preuailed him nought.
For his Religion [t]hey had not
 to dele with him at all,
But for high Treason he was iudged

in midſt of the Guilde Hall.
And when he ſaw religions ſcufe
could not hiſ torment ſtay,
But that he muſt by force of Law
to Traitors death obey,
Such Sprite him led, as in him was,
moſte wilfully to ſtand
Againſt Gods truthe, whiche now is preacht
throughout this Britain lād.
So, ſometime God for ſinners fakes
dooth giue the Deuil power
To holde mens mindes in error fast,
that he ſhould them deuoure :
And Sathan is ſo falſe him ſelf,
that he can ſoon infect
All ſuch with vile Hypocrifie
whom God will ſo reiect.
But, ſure, I think, if Treafon had
not brought him to hiſ death,
Religion neuer was ſo deer
to him as t'end hiſ breth :
For neuer yet was heard or ſeen
for ſuch Religions fake,
That any only haue been brought
to dye at Block or Stake.
Ful many of that godles ſect
haue been attainted ſure,

And haue for Treason suffred smarts,
 as Law dooth right procure ;
 And haue in iudgement, and in death,
 as destitute of grace
 Continewd as this Felton did,
 which makes me rue his cace.
 For, sure, his bodyes death I nought
 at all did then lament ;
 But death of body and of soule
 Dooth make my hart relent.
 Beware, ye papists, and take heed,
 I read you yet beware,
 And cast all Popery from your harts ;
 take heed of hellish rore :
 And if you wil not yet be true
 to God and our good Queen,
 I pray to God that all your endes
 as Feltons may be seen.
 And God sauē Queen Elizabeth
 from Papists wil and power,
 That sharpned swoord by Gospelles force
 may all her Foes deuoure.

Amen. q. T. Knel. *Iuni.*

INTRODUCTION.

THE copy of the tract employed for our reprint was clearly that transmitted to one of the licensers, near the close of the sixteenth century, for his approbation : no other exemplar is known. The name of John Kyd, the stationer, was written by him on the title-page, and that of Thomas Kydde, the author, was subscribed at the end. We conjecture that they were brothers. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 28th June, 1592 (see "Notes and Queries," 29th March, 1862, p. 241) the very day when the prisoners were executed in Smithfield. It was evidently drawn up and printed in haste for the sake of satisfying public curiosity, but the style of the production is much better than that of ordinary publications of the kind ; and we presume that it was the composition of the same Thomas Kyd, Kidd, or Kydde, who was the author of the famous drama called "The Spanish Tragedy," of its first part entitled "Jeronimo," and of various other pieces for the stage. He was, probably, employed by his brother, John Kyd, the stationer, to draw up a particular and interesting narrative regarding a dreadful crime which, in 1592, had powerfully excited public attention.

Perhaps all the other copies have perished, or possibly the publication may not ultimately have received the approbation of the persons authorised to inspect performances of the kind ; for in the registration at Stationers' Hall it is recorded that it was not then "in good form and order," but required alteration before it could be allowed to be printed.

We may take this opportunity of stating, that although Kydd's "Spanish Tragedy" was a play quite as old as the earliest of Shakespeare's dramas, no justice has hitherto been done to it in printing: the most absurd blunders, as in Shakespeare, have from the first been allowed to deform the text, although we dare say that some perverse critics may be found in our day to justify them: for instance, in Act iv, the king ought to say,

"Till when ourself will execute the place;"

whereas in every edition, ancient and modern, "execute" is misprinted *exempt*. Again, in Act v, Hieronimo ought to exclaim,

"Why, then, I see that heaven applauds our drift;"

whereas *applies* has always been printed instead of "applauds." These are glaring errors, and we could point out many more would not the pursuit of them lead us too much out of our way. Of an author of Kydd's reputation every scrap ought to be preserved; and for that reason, among others, we have reprinted the ensuing unique tract. The few grammatical errors it contains are no doubt to be imputed to the speed of the old printer.

We may add that Stow (*Ann.* p. 1271, edit. 1605) gives neither date of the day nor names, merely observing, "In this month of June a young man was hanged in Smithfield, and a woman there burned, both for poysoning of her husband, a goldsmith."

J. P. C.

The trueth of the most wicked & secret
murthering of Iohn Brewen, Goldsmith of
London, committed by his owne wife
through the prouocation of one Iohn Parker
whom she loved: for which fact she was burned,
and he hanged in Smithfield, on wed-
nesday the 28 of Iune, 1592,
two yeares after the murther
was committed.



Imprinted at London for *Iohn Kid*, and are to
be sold by *Edward White*, dwelling at the little North
doore of Paules, at the signe of the *Gun*.

1592.

THE MURDER OF IOHN BREWEN, GOLD-
*smith of London, who through the entise-
ment of Iohn Parker, was poysoned of his
owne wife in eating a measse of Sugersops.*

HOW hatefull a thing the sinne of murder hath
beene before the sight of the eternall God the
holy Scriptures doe manifest; yet from the beginning
we may evidently see how busie the diuell hath beene
to provoke men thereunto, in so much that, when there
was but two brethren liuing in the world, the onelye
sonnes of the first man, Adam, hee provoked the one
most vnnaturally to murther the other. And albeit
there was none in the world to accuse Caine for so
fowle a fact, so that in his owne conceit hee might
have walked securely and without blame, yet the
blood of the iust Abel cried most shrill in the eares
of the righteous God for vengeance, and reuenge on
the murderer. The Lord therefore ordayned a Law
that the cruel and uniuist blood-sheader should have
his blood iustly shed again; of which law, although
no man is ignorant, and that we see it put in execu-
tion daylie before our eyes, yet doth the Diuell so
worke in the hearts of a number, that, without

respect either of the feare of God or extreame punishment in this world, they doe notwithstanding committē most haynous and grieuous offences, to the great hazard of their soules, and the destructions of their bodies on earth, onely through Sathans fugges-
tions, as by this example following may euidently be proued.

There was of late dwelling in London a proper young woman named Anne Welles, which, for her fauour and comely personage, as also in regard of her good behauour and other commendable qualities, was beloued of diuers young men, especially of two Goldsmithes, which were Batchelers, of good friends, and well esteemed for fine workmanship in their trade. The one of them was called Iohn Brewen, and the other Iohn Parker, who although hee was better beloved, yet least deserved it (as the sequell hereafter will shewe). But as the truest lovers are commonly least regarded, and the plaine meaning man most scorned of vndiscreete maidens, so came it to passe by Brewen ; who, notwithstanding his long and earnest suite, the gifts and fauours which she receiued, was still disdained and cast off, albeit he had the good will and fauour of al her friends and kins-folk : but no man was so high in her books as Parker; he had her fauours, whosoever had her frowns ; he fate and smiled when others sobbed, and tryumphant

in the teares of the dispossessed. It came to passe that this nice maiden had, vpon a promise betweene them, receaved of Brewen both golde and iewels, which he willingly bestowed vpon her, esteeming her the mistris and commaundres of his life; but when he saw his suite despised, and his goodwill nothing regarded, and seeing no hope of her good will and fauour, he determined that, seeing his suite took no effect, to demand his golde and iewels againe. And vpon a time comming vnto her, requested that he might have his gifts againe; to whom disdainfully she made answere that he should stay for it; and the young man having been thus driuen off longer than hee thought good of, made no more adoe but arested her for the iewels.

The stout damsel, that had neuer before been in the like daunger, was so astonished and dismayed, that she concluded, on condition he would let his action fal, and not to think euer the worse of her afterward, to marrie him by a certain day, and to make him her husband; and this before good witnes she vowed to performe. Brewen was hereof very ioyfull, and released his prisoner on his owne perill, being not a little glad of his good succeffe. And thereupon, so soone as might be, made preparation for their mariage, albeit it proued the worst bargain that euer he made in his life. Now, when Parker

vnderstood of this thing he was grieuously vexed, and as one hauing deepe intrest in the possession of her person, stormed most outrageously, and with bitter speeches so taunted and checked her, that she repented the promise she made to Brewen, although she could not any way amend it: neuerthelesse, it kindled such a hatred in her heart against her new made choyce, that at length it turned to Brewens death and destruction. And this accursed Parker, although he was not as then in estate to marrie (notwithstanding he ere then had lien with her and gotten her with child), and would neuer let her rest, but continually vrged her to make him away by one meanes or other. Diuers and sundry times had they talke together of that matter; and although she often refused to work his death, yet, at length, the grace of God being taken from her, she consented, by his direction, to poyson Brewen; after which deede done, Parker promised to marrie her so soone as possibly he could.

Now, she had not been maried to Brewen aboue three dayes, when she put in practise to poyson him. And although the honest young man loued her tenderly, yet had she conceiued such deadly hatred against him, that she lay not with him after the first night of her mariage; neither would she abide to be called after his name, but still to be termed Anne

Welles, as she was before : and to excuse her from his bed, she sayd she had vowed neuer to lie by him more till he had gotten her a better house. And the more to shadow her trecherie, and to shew the discontent she had of his dwelling, she lodged neuer a night but the first in his house, but prouided her a lodging neere to the place where this graceles Parker dwelt. By this meanes the villaine had free acceſſe to practise with her about the murther, who was ſo importunate and hafte to have it done, that the wednesday after ſhe was married ſhe wickedly went to effect it, even according as Parker had before giuen direſtion ; which was in this forte. The varlet had bought a ſtrong deadly poyſon, whose working was to make ſpeedy hafte to the heart, without any ſwelling of the body, or other ſigne of outward confection. This poyſon the wicked woman ſecretly caried with her to her husbands houſe with a mery plefaunt countenance, and very kindly asked her hufband how he did, giuing him the good morrow in the moſt courteous manner, and asked if he would haue, that colde morning, a meaſſe of ſuger ſoppes (for it was the weeke before ſhrovetide) ? I, mary, with a good will, wife (quoth he) ; and I take it very kindly that you will doe ſo much for me : alas ! hufband (quoth ſhe), if I could not find in my heart to doe ſo ſmall a matter for you (eſpecially being ſo

lately married) you might iustly iudge me vnkinde: and therwithall went to make ready his last meat. The thing being done, shee powred out a measse for him, and strewed secretly therein part of the poyson; and hauing set the porringer downe beside her while she put the posnet on the fire againe, with her rising vp from the fire, her coat cast downe that measse which for her husband she had prepared: Out, alasse! quoth she; I haue spilt a measse of as good sugar sops as euer I made in my life. Why, quoth her husband, is there no more? Yes, quoth she, that there is, two as good as they, or I will make them as good; but it greeues me that any good thing should so vnluckily be cast away. What, woman, quoth he; vex not at the matter: your ill lucke goe with them! Mary, amen, quoth she; speaking, God knowes, with a wicked thought, though the well meaning man thought on no euill.

But I pray you, John (said she), shall I intreate you to fetch mee a penny worth of red herrings, for I haue an earnest desire to eat some: that I will, quoth he, with a good will. This fly shift she deuised to haue his absence, that she might the better performe hir wicked intent; and by the time he came againe she had made ready a messe of suger sops for him, one for herselfe, and another for a little boye which she brought with her, but her husbands

she had poysoned as before : when he was come she gave her husband his messe, and she and the childe fell also to eating of theirs. Within a pretty while after hee had eaten his, hee began to waxe very ill about the stomach, feeling also a grieuous griping of his inward partes, wherupon he tould his wife he felt himselfe not well : how so ? quoth she ; you were well before you went forth, were you not ? yes, indeed was I, said he : then he demaunded if she were well ; she answered, I ; so likewise said the childe. Ah ! quoth her husband, now I feele my selfe sicke at the very heart ; and immediatlie after he began to vomet exceedingly, with such straines as if his lungs would burst in peeces : then he requested her to haue him to bed, neuer mystrusting the trecherie wrought against him. Now, when it drew some what late, she tould her husband she must needs goe home to her lodging, and when he requested her to stay with him, she said she could not, nor would not ; and so vnaturally left the poysoned man all alone that whole night longe, without either comfort or companie. All that night was he extreame sicke, worse and worse, neuer ceasing vomiting til his entrailes were all shrunke and broken within him (as is since supposed). The next morning she came to him againe, hauing been once or twice sent for, but made little semblance of sorrow ; and when he quibd her with vnkindnes,

for not staying with him one night, she asked him if he would haue her forsworne? did I not, quoth she, sweare I would not stay in the house one night, till you had gotten another? well, Anne, quoth hee, stay with mee now, for I am not long to continue in this world: now, God forbid (quoth she); and with that she made a shewe of great heauines and sorrow, and then made him a caudle with fuger and other spices: and so, on the thursday immediatly after he had eaten it he dyed, and on the Friday he was buried, no person as then suspecting any manner of euil done to him by his wife, but esteemed her a very honest woman, although, through her youth, she knew not as then how to behaue her selfe to her husband so kindely as she ought, which they imputed to her ignorance, rather than to any mallice conceaued against her husband. Now you shall vnderstand, within a small space after her husband was dead she was knowne with child, and safely deliuered, euery neighbour thinking it had been her husbands, although she since confessed it was not; but that child liued not long, but dyed.

The murder lying thus vnespyed, who was so lusty as Parker with the widdow, being a continuall resorter to her house, whose welcome was answerable to his desier. And so bould in the end he grew with her, that she durst not denie him any thing he

requested, and became so ielious that, had she looke
but merely vpon a man, she should haue knowne
the price thereof, and haue bought her merement
deereley. And yet was he not married vnto her:
yea, to [such] slauerie and subiection did he bring her,
that she must runne or goe wheresoeuer he pleased
to appoint her, held he vp but his finger at any
time: if she denied him either money, or whatsoeuer
else he listed to request, he would haule and pull her
as was pittie to behold; yea, and threaten to stabbe
and thrust her through with his dagger, did she not
as he would haue her in all things; so that he had
her at commandement whensoeuer hee would, and
yet could shee scant please him with her diligence.
In this miserable case hee kept her vnmarried for
the space of two yeares after her husband was dead:
at length he got her with child againe, which when
the woman knew, she was carefull, for the sauing of
her credit, to keepe it vnspied so long as she could;
in so much that she would not goe forth of her
doores for feare her neighbours should perceave her
great bellie. In the meane space Parker comming
vnto her, she was, vpon one day aboue the rest, most
earnest with him to marrie her. You see (quoth
shee) in what case I am; and if you wil not for
your owne credit, yet for my credits sake marrie me,
and suffer mee not to be a poynting marke for

others and a shame among my neighbours. The varlet, hearing the great mone shee made vnto him, was nothing moued therewith, but chorlishly answered, shee should not appoint him when to marrie : but if I were so minded (quoth he), I would be twise aduised how I did wed with such a strumpet as thy selfe ; and then reuiled her most shamefully : whereunto shee answered, shee had neuer been a strumpet but for him, and wo worth thee (quoth she), that euer I knewe thee ! it is thou, and no man else, that can tryumph in my spoyle, and yet now thou refusest to make amends for thy fault : my loue to thee thou hast sufficiently tried, although I neuer found any by thee. Out, arrant queane ! (quoth he) : thou wouldest marry me to the end thou mightest poyson me, as thou didst thy husband ; but for that cause I meane to keepe me as long out of thy fingers as I can, and accurst be I, if I trust thee, or hazard my life in thy hands. Why, thou arrant beast (quoth shee), what did I then, which thou didst not prouoke me to doo ? if my husband were poysoned (shameles as thou art) it had neuer been done but for thee : thou gauest me the poyson, and after thy direction I did minister it vnto him, and woe is mee ! it was for thy sake I did so cursed a deede.

These speeches, thus spoken betweene them in vehemensie of spirite, was ouerheard of some that

reuealed it to the maiestrates, whereupon the woman was carried before Alderman Haward to be examined; and the man before Justice Younge, who stooode in the denial thereof very stoutly, neither would the woman confessse anything; till in the ende shee was made to beleue that Parker had bewrayed the matter, whereupon shee confessed the fact in order as I haue declared. Then was shee carried into the countrey to be deliuered of her childe, and after brought back to prison. And then shee and Parker were both arraigned and condemned for the murder at the sessions hall nere Newgate; and the woman had iudgement to be burned in Smythfield, and the man to bee hanged in the same place before her eyes. This was accordingly performed, and they were executed on wednesday last, being the 28 of June 1592, two yeares and a halfe after the murder was committed. The Lord giue all men grace by their example to shunne the hatefull sinne of murder, for be it kept neuer so close, and done neuer so secret, yet at length the Lord will bring it out; for bloud is an incessant crier in the eares of the Lord, and he will not leaue so vilde a thing vnpunished.

FINIS. TH. KYDDE.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS very rare poem belongs to a period considerably anterior to the date when it was printed “by John Alldे for John Harrison”: no year is given in the colophon, but we may reasonably assign it to between 1569 and 1575, when Alldे’s press was in full employment. It has never been mentioned by Ames, Herbert, or Dibdin, among the productions of that press; nor has it been noticed by any of our typographical or bibliographical antiquaries. The original edition by Wynkyn de Worde has received due attention in the body of Dibdin’s “Ames” (ii, 358), but the fact might easily be passed over, because the title is omitted in his index.

The learned S. R. Maitland, D.D., librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, found a fragment of the poem in that depository, but was unable to decide by whom it was printed. (“Early Printed Books at Lambeth,” p. 320.) If we may offer a conjecture, we should assign it to Wally, who in 1561-2 was fined 8*l.* for “*prynting of Jacobe and his wij sonnes* without license.” (Extr. from Stat. Reg., printed by the Shakespeare Society, vol. i, p. 57.) We may presume, perhaps, that all Wally’s copies were called in, and suppressed; whether the impression by John Alldе received similar treatment, and for a similar reason, we know not,

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS very rare poem belongs to a period considerably anterior to the date when it was printed “by John Alde for John Harrison”: no year is given in the colophon, but we may reasonably assign it to between 1569 and 1575, when Alde’s press was in full employment. It has never been mentioned by Ames, Herbert, or Dibdin, among the productions of that press; nor has it been noticed by any of our typographical or bibliographical antiquaries. The original edition by Wynkyn de Worde has received due attention in the body of Dibdin’s “Ames” (ii, 358), but the fact might easily be passed over, because the title is omitted in his index.

The learned S. R. Maitland, D.D., librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, found a fragment of the poem in that depository, but was unable to decide by whom it was printed. (“Early Printed Books at Lambeth,” p. 320.) If we may offer a conjecture, we should assign it to Wally, who in 1561-2 was fined 8*l.* for “*prynting of Jacobe and his xij sonnes without license.*” (Extr. from Stat. Reg., printed by the Shakespeare Society, vol. i, p. 57.) We may presume, perhaps, that all Wally’s copies were called in, and suppressed; whether the impression by John Alde received similar treatment, and for a similar reason, we know not,

but we believe that no other exemplar of it than that we have used is known. On 12th March, 1581-2, Thomas Easte was authorised to print "Jacob and his xij sonnes," but no such edition has reached our day. The only impressions extant are those by Wynkyn de Worde (in the Public Library at Cambridge), and that by John Alldे, contained in the following pages. Herbert, in his work on early English typography (i, 318), refers to an edition by Scot, but it has entirely disappeared, as might easily be the case with Alldे's edition also, did we not seek to perpetuate it by reprinting it. Warton (Hist. Eng. Poetry, iii, 34, edit. 1824) speaks of Wynkyn de Worde's "Historie of Jacob and his Twelve Sonnes," but does not profess to have seen it; and nobody, that we are aware, records having inspected the edition we have followed.

The miraculously beautiful story of Joseph and his Brethren, as might be supposed, found its way into the Koran, where, we may add, it is told with some poetical additions: one of these is an episode narrating that, after Joseph had been sold, he was placed by the merchants in the custody of a cruel Negro: Joseph makes a temporary escape, and visits the tomb of his mother, just out of the road, where he prays until interrupted by a blow from his keeper. There is a Spanish version of this incident, as well as of others, of about the middle of the fourteenth century, to which Ticknor in his "Hist. of Spanish Literature," (i, 87) calls attention, a remarkable feature in it being that, although the language is Spanish, the letters and writing are Arabic. He gives a translation of the passage relating to Joseph's pious prostration in the burial place of Rachel; but as he has hardly succeeded, as well as

usual, in conveying the spirit and simplicity of the original, we have endeavoured to make a new version in the same stanza, which we here diffidently venture to subjoin. Joseph, unseen by his Negro guard who was riding in front, slips down from his camel, and hastens to his mother's tomb:—

Then slipping down the camel's side that onward Joseph bore,
Whenas the Negro saw it not that travell'd him before,
He hasten'd to his Mother's tomb, his anguish forth to pour,
And at the grave aloud did crave her blessing evermore.

Saying, “ Our good Lord pardon thee, O lady Mother! you
Would pity all my sorrows, if my suffering you knew;
For with chain about my neck my wretched lot I rue:
My brethren sold me all for gold, like traitor-slave untrue.

“ They sold me, gentle mother, though cause I never gave;
They tore me from my father, ere yet he fill'd his grave:
By falsehood they betray'd me, and such a bargain dравe,
At basest price, by artifice, they sold me for a slave.”

The Negro then discovers Joseph, chiefly, as the original states, “ by sharpening his ear” (*aguda su orella*) and listening:—

To him the Negro ran amain, and such a heavy stroke
He gave to Joseph as he knelt, his back it well nigh broke,
And, falling to the earth beneath, his life almost forsoke.
“ Thief!” cried the Negro, “ what I find thy masters of thee spoke.”

Then Joseph boldly answer'd him, “ I am no thief, I trow;
But here lies my own Mother dear, to whom my life I owe.
But Allah, who above us reigns, reward thee for that blow,
As I'm too young to right my wrong, his curse on thee bestow.”

This mention of “Allah” gives a Moorish tinge to the story, which however afterwards proceeds, in the main, as in Genesis. As Ticknor observes, the incidents are more briefly given in the Koran, and judging from what he supplies, our belief is, that the poem, though in Spanish, was composed by a Moor.

According to Genesis, Rachel was dead at the time Joseph was sold, but in the ensuing poem she tore her hair and fell to the ground at the news: she is also present at the conclusion. There are some other noticeable variations: the purchaser of the boy was not a company of Midianite merchants, but “a chapman” on his way to Egypt: when Joseph arrives there, it is Pharaoh’s steward who buys him, but the lady who falls in love with him is not Potiphar’s wife, but the Queen herself, who makes her nose bleed, in order to have it believed that Joseph had offered her violence. Other differences, on which we need not here dwell, will also be observed in the progress of the narrative.

The reader must not fail to remember that though this edition of the “History of Jacob and his Twelve Sons” was published near the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, it is the poetry of the time of Henry VII, or, at latest, of Henry VIII. The woodcut also clearly belongs to about that period.

J. P. C.

¶ The History of Jacob and his Twelue Sonnes.



ALL yung and olde that list for to hear
Of deeds doon in old tim[e]
By the holy Patriarks that there were
Which descendid of olde Adams line,
Often the fun of grace on them did shine,
For to read this Story it wil doo you much good
Of Abrams Sonne, that was sith Noes flood.

Vnto one Rebecca this Isaac was maried,
Of age (the Bible saith) he was xl year,
Indeed his maidenhed so long with him taried,
And yet in long time his wife no child did bere.
Then to our Lord God he made his prayer
For to send him frute this world to multiply,
And then his wife conceiued, as Scripture doth spe-
cifie.

Two children indeed had Rebecca in her body,
And when they were quick often times they fought ;
This good woman then merueiled greatly
What it might be, and took great thought ;
Then meekly our Lord God she besought
To haue some knowledge what it might signifie :
She took so great thought the teares fel fro her eye.

Our Lord that all knoweth saw how she fared,
With sobbing & fighing euer more crying,
Of his great goodnes to her appeered,
And said, Woman, cease thy great weeping ;
Two maner people be in thy body springing,
That shalbe delivered from thy womb shortly,
Of the which the feeble shall ouercome the mightie.

At the last her time nighed very neer,
The throwes sore thrilled her through with pain,

All her body was faint, appaled was her cheer ;
So delivered she was of faire children twain.
The first that issued was rough, called Esau by name ;
Then folowed Jacob, his brothers foot holding
Fast in his hand : this is a meruelous thing.

When they drew to age these two brethren,
Esau was a plowman, a tiller of land,
And for pleasure, to, oft would be a hunter,
To walke early & late with bow in his hand.
Jacob was so simple, at home he would stand
Alway with his mother ; for she looued him better
Than euer she did Esau, a thousand times sweeter.

Esau was better belouued yet with his father,
Because he eate of venison that he took,
And Jacob was in fauour with Rebecca his mother :
Thus may you finde, if that ye will look.
Esau went a hunting, thus saith the Book,
All a day togither without meat or bread,
That when he came home for hunger he was nye dead.

When he came to the hall he saw Jacob stand
There to his dinner, then was Esau fain,
Holding a dish of potage in his hand.
Alack, said Esau, for hunger now I doo complaine,
In all this world is no greater paine :

I pray thee, brother, of thy potage let me eat with thee.

Nay, I wis, quod Jacob, thou gettest none of me.

But if thou wilt (said Jacob) fel me thine heritage,
In faith of these thou gettest neuer a dele ;
And if thou wilt doo so, holde heer this potage.
For faintnes then Esau to the ground fel,
And said, Rather than dye my patrimonie wil I fel :
Nothing would it profit me if I dyed for hunger,
For my belly weneth my throte is cut in funder.

I am content, said Esau, that thou take it for thy potage.

Wel then (quod Jacob), if thou wilt resigne,
I wil haue thee swere as for thine heritage
Thou shalt neuer claime; & heere laythyhand in mine.
Poore Esau thought it long or that he might dine,
And said vnto Jacob, Now take it for euer,
Thy potage in my hand had I leuer.

This bargaine was knit, bothe parties were glad,
Esau eat the potage, therof was faine ;
And, I trow, Jacob had no cause to be sad,
His brothers heritage there he did claime.
These promises made between them twain,
And then Jacob thought to liue ful merily
With the land that Esau did set ful little by.

At the last their father waxed blinde and might not see,
And on a day he called Esau his sonne :
Isaac said, Childe Esau, come hether to me,
For my life dayes are neer hand doon ;
Therefore go foorth, & fet me some venison,
And as soone as thou doest it home bring,
Come to me, & thou shalt haue my blessing.

Esau did on his harnis for dread of beastes wilde,
By his girdel arowes, & in his hand bowe ;
And then by his owne mother Esau was begilde,
For as soone as Rebecca did it knowe,
Foorth she called Jacob, and to him did shewe
Altogether, and said, Sonne, if thou wilt doo after me,
Esau shall leefe his fathers blessing, for he shall giue
it thee.

Go thou to the flock and fet me kids twain,
The best that among them may be found.
Then Jacob of this counsail was ful fain :
To the feeld hasted him swiftly in that stound,
And chose the best that were going in that ground ;
Then home to his mother he them brought ;
So poor Esau was begiled that no falshod thought.

Then of the kids flesh Rebecca sod great plenty,
And made Isaac to eat in sted of venison.

Lo, the blinde eateth many a flye.
Then the mother made Jacob take the kids skin
To wrap his hands, his face and neck therin.
Wel, said Rebecca, if thy father feel thee rough of
hear,
He will beleeve none other but that thou Esau are.

Olde Isaac the blinde began to wax hungry,
And called Rebecca, and said that he would eat
Such as she had ; he prayed her swiftly,
Hot or els colde, for him to get.
Rebecca answered & said, You shall haue meat,
For Esau hath brought plentie of venison.
Why, quod Isaac, is he come so soone ?

Yea, said Rebecca, he is come iwis :
Flesh hath he brought, I saw neuer better
In all my life, neuer fatter then that is,
Sith we were borne neuer eat ye sweeter.
I am glad, said Isaac : I looue him the better.
Then Rebecca fet therof Isaac for to please :
He was hungry, & eat fast, & made him wel at ease.

Then Jacob spake to his father for his blessing,
And on the ground he kneeled on his knee :
Father, he said, this venison home did I bring,
Now haue I fulfilled that which you bad me.

Why, said Isaac, art thou Esau ? & he said, ye.
To feel thy skin, quod Isaac, I haue a great lust,
And if thou be Esau I shall know thee, I trust.

Then Jacob rose & went to his father,
And said to him, Will you feel my hand ?
Then Isaac felt it rough all of here :
He wend it had been Esau by him did stand.
But, alack, he wandred ouer the land,
Among bushes and brambles he did run,
And no knowledge had he of this great treason.

I knowe wel, said Isaac, that thou art Esau,
And by speech I would take thee for Jacob :
Now blessed be this day that euer I it knew,
For thou shalt be maister of many a land brode,
And haue the blessing of the heauenly Lord :
Therfore come hether, let me kisse thy mouth ;
All men shall obey thee, bothe by North & South.

Where euer thou become thou shalt haue plenty ;
All the tribes shall euer woorship thy name,
With thee peace shall dwel & all prosperitie ;
They that thee cursse shalbe cursfed againe ;
Thee for to please men wil be fain,
And the sonnes of their mothers shall bow to thee :
Battailes many thou shalt win, bothe by land & see.

Then Jacob rose and went his way.
With that came Esau that much venison brought,
And bare it to his father, and thus did he say :
Father, this flesh ful far haue I sought.
So sudainly Isaac was smitten with a thought,
And said, Who art thou ? fro whence doost thou come ?
Forsooth, I am Esau, your first begotten sonne.

Isaac meruailed more then may be thought credible,
And long or he might speak in a traunce lay :
As the maister of the story faith, so did he lye still,
Like as the soule from the body had been away.
When he did speak, O good Lord, did he say,
Thy wil is that Jacob should haue my blessing,
Yet looued I Esau aboue all earthly thing.

Who was that, said Isaac, that brought me the venison
Even now that I had ? therwith did I dine :
I wend it had beene Esau mine owne sonne.
Alas, said Esau, father, that blessing should be mine ;
Jacob hath me begiled now the seconde time :
Long agone also, for a messe of potage
He had my patrimony that was mine heritage.

Alack, said Esau, my hart is very wo,
And said, Father, haue ye not one blessing for me ?
I trust that all from me be not a go.

Isaac faid, Sonne, there is no remedy,
I haue ordained him to be lord ouer thee ;
Thou shalt obey thy brother, & liue by thy fwerd :
All that beholdeth thy face shalbe a feard.

Rebecca wend that Esau Jacob would haue slain,
And bad him hye & goe out of his daunger,
Vnto thine owne Vnkle that dwelleth in Araine,
For and thou tary thy life standeth in feare :
Esau wil thee kil ; I heard him so fwere :
Therfore in all the haste, Jacob, be gone,
And when his anger is past againe come home.

Then Jacob departed from Barfabe,
And went ful fast toward Arain.
Isaac & Rebecca wept ful piteously,
So Jacob hyed ouer heath and plain.
The sun drew down : his rest he would haue fain,
And as he slept him thought that he did see
A long ladder stretching to the skye.

Angels going upwards he saw also,
And in the midſt Almighty God did stand,
That faid to him, I wil bleſſe thee where euer thou go,
And to thy feed I will giue this land
That thou dooſt on ſleep : it ſhal be in thy hand ;
For I am the God of Abraham that thou dooſt ſee,
And I cauſed Isaac his bleſſing giue thee.

Then Jacob rose on the morning earely,
And said that there was the gate of Heauen,
Of all the earth that place was mooste holy,
And thanked God of that which he had seen ;
And under his bed a stome that was full cleen
He reared up, and set on the end :
There prayed he God fortune him to send.

Then Jacob went foorth into the East,
Til he came to a great pit of water :
Three flock of sheep, with many an other beast,
He saw, how they lay all in a corner.
Then he thought they would drink of that water,
And custome men had to role away the stome,
The beastes should go in & drink every chone.

Jacob saw shepherds from him not far,
And asked of whence they were, & they said of Arain.
Know ye Laban, (quod Jacob) Sonne of Nachar ?
They all answered, We knowe him for certain.
Lo, sir, yonder commeth Rachel, we tel you plain,
That is Laban's daughter, with his flock of sheep.
God saue the kindred, said Jacob, and from care
them keep.

Then Jacob went and kist Rachel sweetly,
And tolde her that Rebecca was his mother.

Rachel was glad of that tiding truely :
Each of them made great joy of other ;
Of curtesie Jacob could doo none other,
With strength pulled the stome from the pits brink
That Rachels sheep therof might drink.

Then Racheel bare tidings to her father
That Jacob, Rebeccas sonne, was come.
Laban was glad that tiding to heare,
And for to meet him hastyly did run.
The foules were neuer gladder of the light of the sun,
Then were they twain ; for eche faluteth other,
For Laban was Jacobs vncle, Rebeccas owne brother.

There Jacob did him playnly to vnderstand
That he had wun his fathers blessing ;
The gladder was Laban to haue him in that land :
He thought that plenty should growe of every thing,
Both corne and grasse great plenty would spring.
Laban prayed Jacob there to lead his life,
And he would get him Rachel to his wife.

There Jacob promised to serve them vii yeere,
With him to abide, & be bothe true and plain,
And for to haue Rachel to his feere :
Either of that bargain was full faine.
All his yeeres he serued, bothe in colde & rayn,

And on a day Laban maried Jacob to Rachel his
childe,

But as they were in bed brought Jacob was begilde.

The elder daughter, that was called Lea,
They brought to Jacobs bed, unknowing
To him, and all night by his fide lay ;
But when he saw her in the morning,
He sayd there was vnkinde dealing
To bring him Lea for faire Rachel :
Jacob said to Laban, This deed liketh me not well.

Fair sir, said Laban, it is the law of this land
That the elder daughter first maried should bee :
Bothe Lea & Rachel thou shalt haue in thy hand,
But other seuen yeere thou must dwel with me.
Therto I graunt, quod Jacob ; these yeers wil I serue
thee,
And the next week again wil I be maried
Unto fair Rachel : for her long haue I taried.

To bothe was he maried. Rachel bod long barrain,
But Lea conceiued & bare her childe Rubin :
For Jacob louued Rachel in euery vain
Better then euer he did Lea for her children,
For she was some what blere eyed, and had fore
dyen ;

For she bare him ten sonnes, the book fayeth plain,
Where as Rachel brought him foorth but twain.

Jacob thought in that cuntrey he had long taried :
With labour he abode out full xiiii yeere,
And when his whole terme he had out serued,
He faid to Rachel, I wil tary no lenger heere :
Now to Bersabe will I goe ; I need not to feare.
As for Esau my brother, I trust, wil be my freend ;
What euer me betide to my countrey wil I wend.

Jacob said to Laban that to Bersabe he would.
Laban bad him bide with him that yeer,
And what so euer he asked haue it he shoulde.
I desire (quod he) the lambes of diuers colour,
And if you will graunt me that to my hier,
With all other beasts that black spotted be,
And for all these xii moneths I wil bide with thec.

Both beasts & lambes I giue thee, said Laban,
All that euer black spotted be,
Claime them for thine when they come fro the dam.
Then, faid Jacob, for this hier I will abide with thee.
In faith, said Laban, it shall not be broken for me.
So Jacob pilled rods where the sheep should gon ;
Beasts and lambs were spotted that yeer every
chone.

The next yeer after, Laban said he would
Haue all the spotted, & Jacob then the white
To his parte indeed he haue should.
Our Lord for Jacob sheweth his might,
That all the beasts or lambes that fel day or night
They were clene white the mooste parte, iwis :
Then was he wroth that his flock was bigger then his.

Jacob spyed that Laban frowned of cheere,
And tolde priuely his wife Rachel
That he would be gon, for he Laban did feare.
Then he conveied all his herdmen softly & stille,
And he bad them hye with their beasts to Galard the
hye hill,
Bothe with asses & cammels, thither make hying,
And my wiues with my xii sonnes after wil I bring.

So foorth went Jacob, bothe with good and cattell,
And sent woord that he was coming to Esau his
brother.

Laban misseid Jacob, and had great meruel :
He knew that he was gon, and fee it would be none
other ;
Yet would I kisse my daughters, for I am their father.
It was tolde him by a man of that countrey
That Jacob was at mount Galard, of vij daies
journey.

Then Laban rode after, thus saith the book,
On a good cammel, bothe night & day,
Yet at the last he Jacob ouer took.
He asked him, whether he would that way ?
Unto my countrey, said Jacob ; who will say nay ?
Not I, said Laban ; but my children kiffe I would,
And thy twelve sonnes also I louue better then golde.

There of all his kinred Laban took his leauue,
And asked Jacob why he went so hasty ?
You were wroth, quod Jacob, & that did I preeue :
Yet twenty yeere haue I serued thee busely,
In colde and in rain attend thy husbandry,
And to goe from the sudainly I was full fain,
Lest thou by some treason me would haue slayn.

Nay, nay, said Laban, I would not doo so,
Not for all the treasure in Egyp.
I am sorry that thou wilt from vs goe,
With thy asses, cammels & thy sheep.
I pray thee, Jacob, my daughters wel to keep,
And I trust that our Lord God will blefse thee
That thy grandfather worshipped, one in sted of
three.

So Jacob and Laban took leauue of eche other,
And departed there with ful heauy cheer :

Laban prayed Jacob to recommend him to his brother.

So foorth they went; & when Esau did heare
That toward that countrey Jacob drew neer,
Esau met him with foure hundred men.

So sore afraid was neuer Jacob as he was then.

He wend that Esau would him haue slaine,
And with his children fel to his brothers feet.
Arise, sayd Esau; of your comming I am fain :
Whose be these women, these children, and these
sheep,

With asses, cammels and all this heard of neat ?
They be mine, said Jacob; I giue them vnto you.
Keep them thy self, said Esau, for I haue inow.

Then was Jacob and his wiues glad
That his brother Esau was so good and kinde.
In that countrey meat and drink they had,
For as God him promised, so did he finde.
Isaac, his father, was dead that he left there behinde,
When that he to the cuntrey of Arain fled :
Rebecca, his mother, was also dead.

Then Jacob in that cuntrey liued at his easse
With bothe his wiues, Rachel and Lea :
Yung and olde fain were him to please ;

So they continued in joy many a long day.
At the last Jacobs sonne in a bed lay,
Which was brother to Benjamyn :
Bothe were Rachels sonne ; she had no more truely.

This Joseph in his sleep did dreame
That the sun & the moon both bowed to his feet,
And faire bright starres, to the number of eleuen,
Bowed to him : all this did him meet :
Also he saw a wunder, that many sheaues of wheate
Folowed him through out all the land,
And his father and mother at his feet did stand.

Young Joseph meruailed what that might be,
And on a day he asked of Jacob, his father,
What that dreame did signify ?
And toulde his father all, as is rehersed before.
Blessed be the time, sonne, (said Jacob) that thou
 were bore,
For while that I liue that day shall we fee
That I, with thy xi brethren, for need must flee to
 thee.

The sun & the moone betokeneth me & thy mother,
And the eleuen starres be thy brethren all.
We shall haue need of thee, I can see none other :
By my life dayes this aduenture shall be fall.

All his sonnes then Jacob did foorth call,
And when they this knew, at Joseph they had envy :
Then they comprised his death and said that he should
die.

Not long after, as I vnderstand,
The xi brethern kept their fathers sheep,
With many other beasts, in their owne land,
As asses, cammels, and also gete.
About noone tide of the day Jacob sent them meat,
Therwith to dine, by Joseph, their owne brother ;
And all they intended that yung childe to murther.

Poore Joseph took their dinner, & went to the feeld
His brethern to seek, the next way did he goe ;
He looked on every side and beheeld
Them he could not finde : he wept then for woe :
The teares run from his eyen, & not far him fro
He saw a man that asked what he had brought ?
My bretherenes dinner ; for them I haue fought.

Thy brethern (said the man) be on Dotain,
There they all sit on the hye hill.
Beware, thou lad, I tel thee plain,
If thou be Joseph they will thee kill :
Therefore turn home again, & let them be still,
Without thou be weary of thy life.

One said for thy dreme thou shouldest dye on a
knife.

Sir, I trust my brethern better then so :
Yet unto Dotain their dinner did he beare.
Loe, yonder commeth Joseph, they all said tho,
Which by night is so royall dreamer.
All they said, his hart ought to be in feare,
For his father shall he never see, ne none of his kin.
Yet now doo after my councel, then said Rubin.

Rubin faid, Brethern, he is of our owne blood :
Let us not kil him with swoord nor knife,
But binde we his hands and lay him on the flood ;
Soon the streme wil bereue him his life.
So took they Joseph, that thought on no strife,
And wrapped his shert about his face,
And layed him on the fome, there was no grace.

But as God would it was ebbing water.
Soon went they to dinner, & after to their play,
And as they looked from them a fer,
They saw poore Joseph sprawling where he lay,
All arrayed in foule ose and clay.
Let us goe, they sayd, and kil him out right ;
We need not then feare that he dreamed the last
night.

Thether they went, and took up that yungling.
Haue mercy on me, brethren, Joseph gan say.
With that they saw a Chapman come riding,
Had many horse lode, and to Egipt took his way.
They asked the chapman, if he would buy Joseph or
nay ?

And he said, Yea ; if ye will him sell,
To you xxx pence for him giue I will.

Let vs see money, said they all than,
And as for the boy shall goe with thee.
With all my heart, said the chapman.
He layed the pence in their hands quickly,
And thought that he had made a good dayes journey ;
So took his leaue and went his way :
But Joseph weeped and wayled every day.

Now, God help poore Joseph, for yung was he folde :
All his brethern therof was glad of mood.
Night drew on fast, home ward they would ;
Their meat cloth they besprang all with gotes blood.
Jacob, their father, in his doore stood :
Why come ye home so foone ? he to them did say.
They answered that they eat nor drank that day.

Jacob sayd, I sent Joseph to you long before noone
With meat, bread and drink good plenty.

They faid, Father, as we home ward did come,
This meat cloth heer we found all bloody :
A pot there lyeth broken also in peeces three.
Alas, alas ! said Jacob, I trowe Joseph be dead ;
And if it be so, with forowe I shall eat my bread.

Rachel tare her here, and fel down to the ground,
And tare her clothes in peeces small ;
Jacob also oft sighes he found,
And said, Joseph is gone, my cheef joy of all.
But Rachel weeping often would she fall,
And beat her breast against the hart with a colde
stone :
Pittie it was to heare her cry, & also for to grone.

Now leaue we of them, & speak we of the chapman
That passed ouer the sea into Egipt land.
But truely ere that he thether came,
The wind stiffly against them did stand ;
And yet at the last an hauen they fand.
The chapman led Joseph with a rope in the streat :
Him for to bye came many a Lord great.

Knights & Ladyes came far that childe to see,
With many great men of Pharaos land.
It was talked abrode that he was so goodly :
And when Pharaos steward that did vnderstand,

He asked the childe, that to the chapman was band,
If he would be his man and dwel with him ?
'Then Joseph answered, I will be at your bidding.

The steward to the chapman an C pound paid
For little Joseph that of face was bright.
I haue lost no money, then the merchant faid,
Yet for beauty he is worth of golde his weight.
And every body that of Joseph had a sight,
They thought he had been an Angel of pleasance,
He was so faire and loouely of countenaunce.

Ladyes and maidens they looued Joseph all,
And men did blesse him when they did him fee ;
So goodly a childe carued in the hall,
And meruailed of what countrey he might be.
The Steward had a sister beyond the see :
She sent him a farket and mantel of golde ;
The richnes therof may not be tolde.

Couched with pearles and stones precious,
With saphers, rubies & other stones of Inde,
Of many a divers colour, set ful curious,
Costly brodered with Arras, as I finde,
Chaungeable of colour before & behinde.
These rich clothes this lady sent to her brother ;
In all the world there was not such an other.

The steward beheld this costly woork,
And on his body ware it but one day :
By a large foot for him it was to short ;
If it would serve Joseph he thought he would assay,
And clad the childe in that costly array ;
And was as well made for him,
As ever was vesture to the Emperours skin.

On a day the steward would on hunting ride :
Then the Queene called Joseph into her bower,
And made him sit down by her fide.
She would haue kiffed him, & beheld his colour,
And sayd she looued him as paramour ;
And besought him of her to take his pleasure.
Nay, God forbid, quod he, to dye were me leuer.

She proffered him fair, both castles & towers,
And all the price of Egipt he should haue :
This said she to him, with halles & bowers,
And more riches if he would it craue :
Fro sicknes, she said, his body she would saue,
And asked therof if he graunt would ?
He answere shortly, that nothing doo he should.

He said, Madame, I will be true to my lord,
Traitor will I neuer be to my souerain :
Therfore, beleeve me at a woord,

Rather then doo so, I had leuer be slaine.
 With that loud did she cry, and brake her lace in
 twain,
 And smit her nose that gushed all in blood,
 And rent down her serket that was of silk so good.

She tolde her knights that Joseph would by her lain,
 And that he tare her robes all a funder ;
 And help had not come, this theefe had me slaine.
 Then the court therof did wunder
 That he durst pul her lace a funder.
 God wot it came neuer in his thought ;
 But ful great treason by women hath been wrought.

At night it was shewed to the King,
 How such a trespassse to the Queene was doon.
 He commanded Joseph in prison then to bring :
 I charge you, said Pharao, that traitor fet soone.
 Then down to the town Joseph was gone :
 They took him, and put him in a dungeon great ;
 Comfortlesse there he lay without drink or meat.

Then the baker & butler, that had be seruants long,
 Wrathed Pharao that was Lord and King :
 Also they were brought to that prison strong,
 Where Joseph giltlesse alone lay therin.
 Great hunger he suffred, with weeping & wailing.

At the lafte, both butler & baker bare him company,
For in the fame prison by him they did lye.

Then these ii men that in the dungeon were brought,
They had meruelous dreames there one night.
The butler, in a vineyard a cup of wine, he thought,
He had in his hand, all in Pharaos fight :
Lords & Ladyes drank therof bothe squier & knight,
And euer he had three grapes in his cup holding,
All the people drank, and neuerthelesse was the
wine.

The baker thought he had holde on his shoulde
A lap ful of bread that was new bake ;
Then came there wilde foules that fro him did beare :
And euen with that bothe fudainly gan awake,
And unto Joseph these woords then they spake
Of their dreames, and all the trouth tolde :
They prayed him to shewe what it signifie shoud.

Joseph said, Baker, thou shalt be hanged on hye,
And birds shall beare thy flesh away ;
Death must thou suffer, there is no remedy.
And the butler need not to fray,
For his olde office, euen as I say,
He shall haue, and for euer keepe it stille,
And of King Pharao to haue all his will.

Butler, quod Joseph, yet remember me
 When thou commest to thine office again ;
 When thou shalt haue of every thing plenty,
 Forget not poore Joseph that lyeth heer in paine :
 And if thou doo heare any man on me plain,
 In chamber or hall, at bed or boord,
 I pray thee, gentle butler, giue me thy good woord.

The baker and the butler King Pharao see would :
 On the morowe he sent for them bothe.
 Then found they true all that Joseph tolde :
 The butler to his office that day he goeth,
 But the poore baker, to tel you the sooth,
 On a jibbet he made his end,
 And the butler in Pharaos court had many a freend.

So on a night King Pharao in his bed lay,
 He thought in his sleep that mighty beasts feuen,
 Fairer nor fatter saw he neuer before that day :
 They eat corne and grasse, of them did he dreme,
 And euer he thought they came from a streme
 That was in the west, and then down by a stome
 These fair beasts laid them to rest euery chone.

Then out of the streme comming he saw as many moe,
 That came and eat vp all their corne clene ;
 So feeble then they were that they might not go :

For all that they had corne, yet were they lene.
Then fudainly Pharao waked of his dreme,
And called to his men his dreme to expound :
They wist not what it ment, all that were in the
ground.

My lord, quod the Butler, ther is one in your prifon
That ye doo hate : your dreme can he tell.
If it be Joseph, said Pharao, go fet him soon ;
And of this matter if he can shewe me well,
I will forgiue him my malice euery dele.
Then was little Joseph to the King brought ;
He wend he should die, therfore he took great
thought.

Then Pharao to Joseph all his dreame tolde,
And said, Canſt thou tel me what it doth mene,
And thou ſhalt haue plenty, ſaid Pharao, of golde ?
Sir, ſaid Joseph, I will ſhewe thee of the dreme,
What did ſignifie the fair fat beaſts ſeuen.
Thou ſhalt haue ſeuen plenty yeeres of whete,
And as many mo ſhall there be none to get.

The laſt beaſts that thou ſaw, on which thou diſt
wunder,
That eat up all the corne and yet were they lene,
It betokeneth that there is comming vii yeers of
hunger,

And all the other plenty they shall eat up clene.
As I tell thee, thus dooth it mene.
Wel, said King Pharao, this dreme is well expound ;
Therfore will I make thee Steward of my ground.

Lo, then was Joseph Steward of Egipt land.
He gathered in the corne bothe day and night ;
All men him pleased, bothe free and band,
Vnto Joseph did bow both squire and knight.
Yet fain would he haue had knowledge, & he might,
Whether his father & his mother were on liue ;
He threw much chaffe on the water that was light,
That vnto Israel the winde might it driue.

In Israel then the hunger was great.
Jacob, that was Josephs father, with his sonnes all,
Could not get in their countrey bread or meat,
So great scarfenes among them was fall :
As for corne they had none, and meat but small.
At the last, the xj brethren by the sea fide gan gone,
They saw where the chaffe came fleeting on the fome.

Then home to their father these brethren did come,
And of the chaffe shewed him that they did finde.
Out of what countrey, said Jacob, should it come ?
Can ye tel ? and which way commeth the winde ?
It came out of Egipt, they answered, by their minde,

In faith, said his children, that by him did stand.
Now, would to God, said Jacob, we were all in that
land.

My sonnes, all thither I will you send;
For you right soone I shall ordaine a galley :
Also ye shall haue golde inough for to spend,
Haste ye thither, and come again lightly.
If ye tary long for hunger I shall dye.
Then, they took their shipp and sayled foorth in
deed.
I pray God (said Jacob) to be your good speed.

The shipp was swift that they in rode ;
God did them send also a faire winde,
And soone they passed ouer the sea brode ;
So a crosse haven forsooth gan they finde.
They cast an ancre : soone to the land they gan winde.
The first man that they met was an Harper
That knew Israel, for he had traueled far.

This minstrel shewed them the custome of the coun-
trey ;
Because they would to the court, gaue them a ring,
And bad them beare to the porter : my brother is he,
The more fauour ye may haue at your comming ;
And to the Steward, for my sake, he wil you bring.

So they took their leue eche at other.
Farewel, said the minstrel, recommend me to my
brother.

At the last, these brethren with the steward did meet,
And prayed him to haue some wheat for their
golde :

Lowe on their knees all they gan fit.
The steward liked their fauour, and them gan be-
holde,

And said, Out of this land no wheat shall be folde.
Ye yungmen, quod Joseph, of what countrey are ye ?
Of Israel land, one Jacobs sonnes be we.

For joy then the teares fel from his eye,
And sudainly looked a fide
Because his brethern should him not spye.
So foorth togither they all did ride,
And said that in Israel great hunger did bide.
Joseph asked if they had any mo bretherin ?
And they said, Yea, his name is Benjamin.

Then he gaue them wheat, their facks euen ful,
And they paied for it to him all their golde.
Joseph said, Ye shall haue as much as ye wul.
These brethern thanked him many a folde :
At the last came Ruben his fack vp to holde,

Then Joseph let fall a cup among the wheat ;
So knitted vp that bag, and bad them goe to meat.

So they took their leaue ; they would no lenger bide ;
And when they were gon thence a dayes iourney,
Joseph bad men after them to ride,
And said, Bring them again or they go to their
galley,
For they haue borne the Kings cup away.
The men after rode, and at last them ouertook,
And made them so afeard that piteously they did
look.

Abide, ye theeues, the men to them said :
Ye haue stolen a cup that longeth to the King.
Fro their backs their bagges down they layed ;
All they on other stood heauily looking.
Good firs, we haue none, said childe Rubin.
Then they fought the sacks as they stood on the
ground,
And in Rubins sack the cup they found.

God wot then they all were woe,
And looked as pale as the ashes dead ;
To get help or comfort they wist not what to doo.
Loe, ye theeues, the men to them said,
In prison shall ye lye and there to eat your bread ;

And bound their hands & led them to their brother,
Weening for to dye : they knew all none other.

Then Joseph said, Sirs, how is this befall,
That this cup of golde is among you found ?
Forsooth, said they, we knew it not at all ;
And then fel on their knees to the ground.
Hence ye goe not, said Joseph, for a M. pound,
But if ye will bring me Benjamin,
That is your brother : faine would I see him.

Til you haue him brought, said Jofeph tho,
One of you to pledge heere shall abide.
How say you ? are ye agreed thereto ?
And they answered him, Yea, in that tide.
Then, go when you wil, said Joseph, God be your gide.
So they took their ship & failed ouer the strand,
And at last they came home to their owne land.

On a day little Benjamin, that was left at home,
To his father for bread did he pray.
I wis, sonne, said Jacob, I haue none,
And therfore I may say wel away !
For now I lack my food, and none get I may.
Alas, said the childe again, father, I would haue
bread :
My bely is sore for hunger : alas, I would be dead.

Jacob wept, so did Rachel alfo,
To see their childe for his bread cry.
Alas, they said, now were we never so wo ;
Our wheat is all gone, and none can we bye.
I, good God, said Jacob, for food now I dye :
My sonnes from Egipt I would were come ful
faine :
For all the world hunger is the greatest pain.

And as sooon as they these woords spoken had,
All his sonnes brought wheat into the hall.
Then Jacob and his wife waxed very glad,
And little Benjamin wel knew them all.
So they shewed their father what did them befall,
And said that they must cary Benjamin ouer the see.
Nay, that shall ye not, quod Jacob ; he shall bide
with me.

We were troubled for a cup, they all said,
That was found in Rubens bag ;
And we had wend verily that we should all haue
dyed :
Great forow and trouble therfore we had.
Then Jacob, their father, was very sad,
And asked for Affer, that was their brother :
He is yet in Egipt, they said ; it would be none
other.

Til we bring Benjamin there must he bide ;
 He fareth wel inough, they said, & hath his libertie,
 Therfore we wil hie vs thither this next tide,
 And bring home wheat great plentie.
 Alas, said Jacob, none other can I see :
 Now shall I leese Benjamin after Joseph.
 In forow shall I liue all the dayes of my life.

So ouer into Egipt Benjamin they lad,
 And before the Steward him did they bring.
 Then was Joseph, I trowe, ful glad,
 When he saw all his brethern before him kneeling.
 So Joseph prayed them in Ebrew to sing,
 And euer his eye he cast on little Benjamin :
 Be ye sure he was glad to see him.

Then they all fung Ebrew, as their brother bad :
 I trowe, Joseph therof was fain.
 And then he called them brethern, and bad them be
 glad,
 For I am he, said he, that you folde in Dotain.
 Remember ye not that ye me would haue slaine ?
 Alas, said Ruben, vnto his brethern tho,
 For that same deed to death now shall we go.

Not so, quod Joseph : I forgiue you all ;
 And then he kist them euery chone.

In this countrey, brethern, now ye abide shall ;
But first again must ye go home,
And fet all my kinred ; of them leauue not one :
Bothe my father and my mother bring hether to me,
And in this land they shall liue ful merily.

Now, they went into Israel land,
And said, Father, good tidings haue we brought ;
Joseph, our brother, again haue we found :
Wheat in Egipt in a good time haue we sought.
God wot, that Jacob was glad in his thought ;
And then all the brethern to their father tolde,
How for xxx pence to a chapman they him folde.

And now, father, he prayeth you to come to the land,
With all your kin to the ninth degree,
And then shall ye haue all things at your hand.
With a good will, quod Jacob, thither wil wee.
To the ship they went in all the hast that might be,
And shortly landed in Egipt the kingdome.
Joseph was glad when he heard they were come.

At the last they met Joseph in Pharaos hall :
There he welcomed his father & Rachel his mother ;
So for to wash to meat for water did he call.
Jacob took the lauer in one hand and the basin in the
other,

And Rachel in her hand a fair Towel did beare,
And so their sonne it heeld for to wash his hands :
Nay, not so, quod Joseph ; this not with reason
ftands.

Then, at the table his father he did set,
With his mother Rachel and many other mo :
Their xi sonnes there serued them of meat.
On his dreame Joseph thought tho,
How that he out of Israel did go ;
So when they had eaten thus he gan fain :
Now are my dreames true that I had in Dotain.

Now dooth the Sun and the Moon bow to my
hand,
And the xi starres that in my dreame I did see ;
With sheaves of wheat through out the land,
Now in deed they doo followe me :
And now in Egipt our life lead we.
So then he prayed his father to be glad :
God hath so prouided, ye haue no cause to be sad.

Still there they liued in that countrie :
In great richeſſe they did all abound ;
Of ſheep and cattel they had plentie,
With gotes, asses and cammels ful their ground.
Their kinred encreaſed about them round,

Til it befel at last that all thing shall haue end,
God his messenger, death, vnto them did send.

Now, ye that shall this book see or read,
Doo not think that it is contriued of any fable,
For it is the very Bible in deed,
Wherin our faith is grounded ful stable.
Now, God giue us grace that we may be able,
By merit of his Passion, to Heaven to ascend.
For this matter heer I make an end.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London
by JOHN ALLDE, for JOHN HARISON.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

THE singular bibliographical curiosity here reprinted, was not known to be in existence, until it was recently discovered in the Library at Lambeth. It is a virulent satirical attack upon the Roman Catholics in an early stage of the Reformation, and it could not have been printed later than about the year 1550. Humphrey Powell, the typographer of it, issued nothing with a date before or after 1548; and Ames, Herbert, and Dibdin only mention eight tracts from his press, entirely omitting that in our hands, of which they had never heard.

It appears that, towards the close of the sixteenth century, Richard Jones made a reprint of it, putting it forth as a new work, and adding to it some miserable and blasphemous doggerel, called the Devils “*X* detestable Commaundementes,” in order to give it the appearance of novelty. Forty copies of this edition were reprinted at Edinburgh nearly thirty years ago, and in the preliminary notice some judicious remarks were made, in order to controvert the notion of the writer of an article in the *British Bibliographer*, i, 80, that “The Will of the Devil” was the work of George Gascoigne, as stated in the sale-catalogue of the books of Topham Beauclerk. The discovery of the original impression by Humphrey Powell renders the supposition of Gascoigne’s authorship all but impossible. Powell gave it the unpretending title we have prefixed; but Jones (of whose impression three or four exemplars are known) flourished it out thus, with the view of ensuring popularity to the tract.

“ The Wyll of the Devyll, with his X detestable Commaundementes, directed to his obedient and accursed Chyldren, and the Rewarde promised to all suche as obediently will endeuer themselves to fulfill them. Verye necessarie to be read and well considered of all Christians.—Imprinted at London by Richardre Jones.”

He placed no date upon his title-page, but it must have been between thirty and forty years after it was first published by Powell. The date is, however, material, on account of the temporary allusions, and illustrations of manners, applicable to all ranks of society, from the apple-squires, attendant upon prostitutes, to the dignitaries of the law with their bags and geldings. The humorous reference to the tailor’s many-coloured banner, composed of pieces stolen from the cloth or silk of his customers, was, most likely derived from the *Jests of Piovano Arlotto*, originally printed in 1520, and often afterwards; but it is the earliest notice of it in English, and from Powell’s tract it may have found its way into Sir John Harington’s *Epigrams*, published in 1615, and from thence into later jest-books.

On pp. 6, 13 of our reprint, a work is mentioned under the title of “Heresy’s Last Will and Testament”: we have never seen it, and have met with no other notice of it.

J. P. C.

A The wylle
of the
Deuyl.
And last Testament.



An Exhortation to the deuyls Adherentes.

PA MACHIUS, Bishop of Rome, beweiling the death of Belsebub his father, doth cause al his Auernals, forkedtipes, and anoynted Gentlemen, to come to the readyng of the Deuyls Testament and last Wyll, which he, his owne selfe, truslyng no body in so hyghe mattiers, he dothe reade out aloude openly, saiying as hereafter followeth.

The wylle of the deuyl.

In myne owne name Amen. I, Belsebub, cheife of hel, Prince of darkenesse, Father of the vnbeleuers, and Gouernour of the vniuersall sinagoge Papistical, beyng syke in bodye and soule, make this my Testament and Last Wylle, in maner and forme folowynge, that is to say:—Fyrst, I bequethe my spytfull soule and body to my sonn Antichrist, togeder to be buried in saynt Peters Churche at Rome, vnderneath the hygh Aulter and Canapie, or in the stony and carnall heartes of my Dearlynges, the Massemongers and Papistes. Also all my Ceremonies which in the

An Exhortation to the deuyls Adherentes.

PAMACHIUS, Bishop of Rome, beweiling the death of Belsebub his father, doth cause al his Auernals, forkedtipes, and anoynted Gentlemen, to come to the readyng of the Deuyls Testament and last Wyll, which he, his owne selfe, trustyng no body in so hyghe mattiers, he dothe reade out aloude openly, faiying as hereafter followeth.

The wylle of the deuyl.

In myne owne name Amen. I, Belseebub, cheife of hel, Prince of darkenesse, Father of the vnbeleuers, and Gouernour of the vnuerfall finagoge Papistical, beyng sycke in bodye and soule, make this my Testament and Last Wylle, in maner and forme folowynge, that is to say:—Fyrst, I bequethe my spytfull soule and body to my sonn Antichrist, togeder to be buried in saynt Peters Churche at Rome, vnderneath the hygh Aulter and Canapie, or in the stony and carnall heartes of my Dearlynges, the Maffemongers and Papistes. Also all my Ceremonies which in the

Churches bee vsed here within this regiō, I geue them to the makers and inuentors therof, and to their posteritie, to bestowe them where thei wyll; that is, to wyt:—Fyrst, I geue and bequethe to pope Phelix all suche superfticious and idle holydayes as he inuented: and to Honorius, that Jue and coniurer, I geue my Offerynges, which were geuen to ydolles and ymages. And I geue Constatine al the whole ymages of my Churches; my belles to Sabini-anus; my popysh Hympnes to Pope Leo; my Matens and Organs to Urbanus and Vitalianus; my fyngyng to Pope Stephanus; my Procescion to Agapitus; to Pope Alexander my coniured waters; to Paschalis my reliques; to Honorius my Letany; my superfticion of Lent to Thelesphorus; the vigil saturdaye to Pope Innocent, and the friday fish to Pope Leo; the Imbredays to pope Calixtus; to Theodorus the Paschall at Easter; to Gregory the vii the Saintes vigils and Rogacion wycke; my Lent seruyce to Auela the first; my Shrines and dedi-cacion to Sergius and Phelix; All Hallowes and all soules daye to Johan the xix. And to Pope Boni-face the iiiii. my yearely Confession to the councell of Laterenence: and al other my Ceremonies to the Inuenters therof, as precisely as I rehersed them pticularly by name.

And I geue and bequethe to the Vsurers of all

Tounes and Places xx millions of golde, to be deuided equally betweene them, as they woulde parte my bleffyng; and that they leande to no maner of person any part therof without great lucre and gaynes, yea, and without bearyng any aduenture at all.

Item, I geue my Chaftitie to the Cleargy. Also, I geue to the best parte of them, eueryche a red bloody goun, and euery other of them a long greene goun, or a fyne blacke goun, with eueriche their tippettes of veluet and farcenet, doun to the grounde, to be knownen from other men, followyng me to my buriall, if I dye, and none other persones. Item, I geue to the meane forte of people a M. loaues of bread, to be geuen to the dogges, rather thē to poore men. Item to the Mercers and Grocers, and other reteylers of wares, euerich of them, a clothe to hange before their wyndowes; and eueryche of them a subtle light, to make all their wares to shew fyne.

Item, I geue to the Vintiner all my rotten wynes, to apparell the rest of their wynes.

Item, I geue to euery Tayler a Banner, wherin shal be conteyned al the parcelles of cloth and sylkes, &c., as he hathe cast them into hell.

Item, I geue to eueryche of the cheifest menne of the Lawe a Moyle, to bryng him to hell, and two

right handes to helpe himself withall to take money of both partes : and to euery of these pety Bouget men of lawe, and Tearmers, a couple of geldynges for him and his man, to ryde vp and doun, and a Bouget to put inne their sub penas, to crake the poore men with all in the countrey. Item, I geue to all Women soueregnee which they most desyre, and that they neuer lacke excuse.

Item, I geue to euery syngle woman, and vnchaste wyfe in London, a couered Basket to beare in their handes ; and to the fynest forte of them an Apple squyre, to go before eueryche of them to couer their follyes.

Item, I geue to all Whoremongers, Fornicators and Aduonterers, a craftye wytte to wrest the Scriptures, and to make them serue for filthy purposes, therby to excuse and proue them selues fautlesse. Wherein I wyl al our Sodomitical clergye, which for their owne ease do abhorre paynfull wedlocke, and replenish the worlde with incestuous whoredome, to helpe and ayde them with vnshamefast railyng agaynst our enemies, the ministers of Goddes worde. Item, I geue vnto hym  which, vnder the tyttle of Heresyes Testament, dyd, as a valiant Champion of ours, most traiterously diffame and sclauder the trew doctrine of my great foe and enemye Jesu Christ, a stubburne, stiffe, and rebellious hert, ther-

with stoutly, thorough my speciall diuelysh grace, to withstand and resist, and as moche as in him lyeth, to let his Princes procedynges, and to intoxicate and poyson the simple, leſt they falle and swarue from me ; and after his deceaffe, if he continew faithfully to the end in my feruyce, a place in hel next to Sathan my eldest sonne.

And bicause that with the inuincible fworde of my mortall enemy, which most victoriouſly reigneth nowe, our kyngdome beyng almost ſubuerted, fauing that ſome yet of our Marked monsters, boldly and vnfamefaſtly, agaynſt their owne conſcience and knowlede, do maynteyne and vpholde it, fightyng with toothe and nayle for our honor and right, I feele myſelf woūded to death, without any hope of recouery. For all Phisicions, to whom I haue geuen leue to kyl boldly without any feare of enditement or hangyng, and to minister poyſon to the pacientes, in ſtede of wholſome phifycke, haue, with the crafty and theuyſh ſurgeons, all forſaken me. I doo here, in my ragions mynde, geue my ample and large banner and ſtandarde, the Maffe, vnder the which all falſe Christians haue with me ſtoburnly, and moch more blaſphemouſly, fought agaynſt the price of their owne ſouleſ] healthe, and redēmption, that is to ſay, the deaſte and bloode of my moſt deadlye enemy Jhesu Christ, vnto my good, eſpeciall, and truſty frendes

Emferus, Echius, Faber Conftanciensis, and Stephen Gardenerus, with many other, vnto whom, if they wyll persist stil in my defent and comely camp of blasphemey, I haue prepared a place meete for suche Champions and worthye knyghtes : Reserued alway, that my sonne the Antichrist, with his shauelynges and annoynted Sodomites, shalbe participant therof ; that so, with the daily Offeryng of a new made God, they may purchase vnto themselues my Satannicall bleffynge, and helly rest.

I do geue to Urbanus the i. the syluer and golden Chalices, and vnto Sixtus the first all my fyne Corporaces ; and the holy deuelish halowed Vestimentes, or Parliament robes, whiche my Standardbearers doo vse to weare in my battayles and warres, I dooe bequethe vnto Stephen the first. Item, I geue the rablement of the other feined and domme ceremonies, wherwith my standard is patched and made, to the Popysh masmongers, to conforte their sory hertes with all, licensyng them with the misunderstanding Gospell and Epistell to cloke their blasphemous Masse, as I myself dyd bring against myne enemy Christ playn scriptures to blynde him with all. These be the domme and plasphemous Ceremonies that I do meane : the *Confiteor*, wherein is the puddle of all blasphemye ; the *Offices* ; the misused *Kyrie eleson* ; their blasphemous *Colectes* ; their couetous

Offertory to spoyle the poore Laitee with all, and
fyll their owne purses; their stinkynge Canon, with
their *Suffiſe ſancta Trinitas* wherwith they robbe
my great enemy Christ of his honor and glory.
Item, I wyl them, vnder the colour of the Commu-
nion fet furthe by their godly Prince, boldly and
vnſhamefaſtly to keepe, maintayne and vpholde my
blasphemous Maffe, which is an iniurye to the right
inſtitucion of the Lordes Supper.

Item, I geue to all them that kepe whores, beside
their wiues, a baudy house of their owne, and this
ſaiyng of the retcheles woman in Salomō (Stollen
waters ar sweete, and bread that is priuely eaten
hathe a good taste) to defende their baudery.

Item, I geue to all Preeſtes lemondes, that wyl
not marry, but perſeuer in their Sodomitcall and
abhominal chaſtitie, that they ſhall pyſſe holy
water all the dayes of their lyfe, euer chatteringyng
agaynst the trewe wyues of the Minifters.

Item, I geue to all them that profess the Gofpell,
and with their filthy liuyng doo geue occaſion to
blasphemē the fame, a fayre tongue to talke of it, an
hipocriticall face, and a newe Testament, or other
Booke in their handes to hyde their feined holynesse
and hipocryſie with all. Item, I geue to euery Ruf-
fian a fword and a buckeler, a ſhyrte of mayle, and
hosen of the fame, a payre of chayned buſkens, a
theuith looke, and a whore.

Item, I geue to all my idle hufwyues a small hufwyfe or ii. to kepe them company with all, and to loue other mens houses better then their owne, and to passe as much for their honesty as thei do of their cobled shooes; and also, a loue to go gay on the holy day, and to do nothing and other of the workyng daye to kepe them occupyed styll.

Item, I bequethe to all dycers, otherwyse called wyndeshaken gentle men, to euery one a thousand payre of false dice, a copper chayne or two, xx copper rynges plated with golde, a glofyng tongue, a fayre dyssembled countinaunce to deceyue playne men with all, and an acre of land upon shoters hyll, worth an hundredth pounde a yeare, therewith to mainteyne his estate and his amorous lady.

Item, I bequethe to euery honest woman, beyng a furtherer of loue, the kepynge of some great mans house, that in the owners absence fayre wyues may resorte thyther to basket and make mery with their Franians. Item, I bequethe to euery yong woman maydenlyke, when she shall goe to the market, a poore woman to buye her meate, that she in the mene tyme may go to a baudy house for her recreacion, or elles to a dauncyng scoole to learne facions, &c. Item, I bequethe to euery apprentice, that is willyng to deceaue his maister, a receauer of his mas ters goodes; a house to set his chest in with his

apparell, that he may go clenly; a Ruffian for his companion, to helpe him to spende his money, and to bring him acquainted with whores, &c.

Item, I bequethe to all couetous excequutors a false and an vnfaithfull hert, and loth to departe frome that whiche is not their owne, not bestowing the goodes of the deceasfed to the conforte of the Poore Flocke of Jhesu Christ; which causeth vs much to reioyce together in hell to see the multitude that cometh thither dailye for that dredefull offence committynge.

Item, I geue to all hatefull haters of the poore Christians a proude, crafty, and vnmercifull wyt, agaynst the prouision for the releyfe and maintaunce of the same.

Item, I geue to certayne Cities, Tounes, and Countryes, negligent rulers; deuelysh, vnchaift, couetous and vnsaciable ministers, pollers and guydes to haue the gouernance therof; kepyng the goodes bequethed to the maintinance of the same to their owne lucre and vantage, and to make merchaundyce of the goodes, landes, and rentes of the same; to oppresse the poore laboring flocke of myne enemy Jefu Christ, that thei enjoy not those goodes, landes and rentes, according to the wylle and mynde of the Bequethers, but mayntayne vsury, and make leaces of the rentes therof, to the vtter vndoying of all

Artificers : For the whiche Vsurpers is prouyded a place with me in our infernall Citees and Pallaces, wher they shall raygne with Diues Epulo worlde without ende.

Item, I geue to the faithfull seruauntes of my sonne Mammon a proude, couetous, and an vncharitable hert ; therwith, boldly and without mercy, to oppresse the poore, to spoile the fatherlesse and wydowes, and to put the comens of the countrey frome their Farmes, Houses, commodities and liuyng, and all to mainteyne their pride, and eueriche of them which after their deceasse wyll spende all their euyl gotten goodes merily with cardyng, dicyng and whorehuntyng. Item, I geue to all Craftes men, that fyght vnder my standarde, a lyeng tongue and swearyng. Item, I geue to the Butchers new fresh blood to ouer spricke their stale meate, that it may seeme to the eye of the vnware byer newly kylled ; and prickes inough to set vp their thynne meate, that it may appeare thycke and well fedde.

Item, I geue to the Fishmongers free libertee to sell their rotten lynges and stinkyng faltesysh, to breed and engendre diseases among the people, to the phisicions aduaūtage and proffit.

Item, I geue to the Kookes and Pye bakers good leaue to shreade mouldy meate, and ready to renne away for quick ware, and to mingle it together with

new fresh flesh, therewith to make pies and pasties to furnysh their neyghbours tables with all.

Item, I geue to the Goldefsmithes braffe and copper inough to myngle with their rynges and plate, to make them wey for aduaūtage. Item, I geue to the Peuterers, and all other that occupy wayghtes and measures, to haue false and contrary weightes, to bye with the one and sell by another. Item, to the Apothicaries I geue leaue that when a man asketh them a thyng, and [they] haue it not, to bryng them another thyng, and say it is that.

Item, I geue to my Dearlynges, the priuey papistes, ymages, Crucifixes, and other lyke puppet maumettry to worship secretly in their Oratories and bed Chaumbers, because they may not worship them openly a brode in Temples and churches.

 Ouer this my Testament and last Wylle, which I haue here made in my ragyous mynde and spytfull diuelysh memory, in the presence of my great coūcellour[s] Minos and Radamanthus, I do make the Furies of hell excequors ; that is to faye, Megera, Alecto and Tisiphone : all Massemōgers and Papistes, with the Authour of Herefyes Wylle and Testament, beyng faythfull ouerseers of the fame.

 Written by our faythfull Secretaryes, Hobgoblyn and Bloodybone, in the

spytfull Audience of all the Courte
of hel.

TESTE ME IPSO.

**The Courte Auernall, after the
rehersall of the Deuils
last wylle and
Testament.**

¶ Wo, wo, to our vnsfaciable paunches, which
thorough our Souereygne Lorde Belfeebub had ben
long fed with the labors of the Laitee ! O, our belly
chere, our belly chere fare well, that mischeife maye
come vpon these new Gospellers, by whom wee shall
bee driuen to ploughe and to carte, and to kepe
shepe ! O Belfeebub ! our sweete Mazon, Masses of
Requiem thou shalt lacke none.

Imprinted at London by Humfrey Powell.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS mock-heroic Poem, as far as we at present know, exists only in the single perfect copy preserved in the British Museum: attention was directed to it, not merely as a literary curiosity (perhaps the earliest production of the kind in our language) more than forty years ago (see *Poet. Decam.*, 1820, vol. i, p. 189) and more recently in the “Life of Spenser” (Bell and Daldy, 1862), vol. i, p. cxxxiii, where the remarkable dedication of it to Michael Drayton is quoted. The editor of the present reprint has an exemplar of “The Metamorphosis of Tabacco,” but unfortunately very imperfect: it has, however, a fragment of the title-page, with the woodcut of Parnassus and the laurel growing between the forks of the hill: we have not used it here because it was employed for any other works to which the motto *Parnasso et Apolline digna* would at all apply; such, for instance, as the second part of Warner’s “Albions England” in 1606. The only other difference between our reprint and the original is, that, for greater convenience, we have transferred the marginal notes to the bottom of the page.

By whom it was written we cannot conjecture, since it has neither name nor initials on the title-page, nor at the end of the address to the distinguished author of “Matilda,” “The Barons Wars,” “Polyolbion,” etc. A passage in T. Nash’s “Have

with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, might lead us to suppose that Anthony Chute was the author of it; but (independently of the date), looking at what he has left behind him, we feel satisfied that nothing so good could have proceeded from his pen. Besides, the writer of "The Metamorphosis of Tabacco" was certainly a young man, who had produced no poem of an earlier date. We might be disposed to assign it to Francis Beaumont, were not his initials subscribed to one of the copies of commendatory verses. It is full of fancy, of pleasant exaggeration, of scholar-like allusion and illustration, and is generally composed in such smooth and harmonious verse, that any poet of the day might have been proud of it.

It appears from passages on pp. 19, 45, that Queen Elizabeth was living when the poem was written; and on p. 38 we have a remarkable line that has been imputed to Ben Jonson. Another line, if not more, on p. 35, seems imitated from some other poet, possibly from Drayton himself, though we have not yet been able to trace it: two useful notes to Shakespeare on the substantives "vast" ("Hamlet," 1, 2) and "holy-thistle" ("Much Ado," etc., III, 4) are afforded on pp. 11, 44. The author here and there injures his own verse, as on p. 31, by affected archaisms; and in one place we have inserted a syllable and in another a letter, of course placing them between brackets, in order to complete the defective measure. On p. 32, some may be of opinion that "White" is a misprint for *While*, but as a consistent meaning is afforded by the former, we have felt bound to preserve it in our text.

J. P. C.

THE
METAMORPHOSIS OF
TABACCO.

Lusimus Octauii &c.

AT LONDON

Imprinted for Iohn Flasket, and are to be sold at
his shop in Paules Church-yard at the signe
of the black Beare. 1602.

Ad mare riuuli.

TO MY LOVING FRIEND
MASTER MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE tender labour of my wearie pen,
And doubtfull triall of my first-borne rimes,
Loaths to adorne the triumphs of those men
Which hold the raines of fortune, and the times :
Only to thee, which art with ioy possest
Of the faire hill where troupes of Poets band,
Where thou, enthron'd with Laurell garlands blest,
Maist lift me vp with thy propitious hand,
I send this poëme ; which for nought doth care,
But words for words, and loue for loue to share.

*namq' tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas.*

In laudem Authoris.

Graunt me smooth utt'rance, Muses, to reherfe
 The pleasing smoothneffe of thy worthy verse :
 If there be words fram'd by admired wits
 To sing thy prafe, those words my verse befits ;
 But such are scant, and there's not one remaines
 Can giue thee due, none worth enough containes
 To sing thy prafe in an vp-raised straine,
 And giue desert to thy admired paine.
 Feare not the censure of each babbling tongue ;
 They care not whom they pleasure, whom they wrong.
 Respect it not if fooles thy Muse miscall,
 Thy paine, her worth, deserues applause of all ;
 In whose adoring if my pen offends,
 My heart my pens defaults will make amends.

Z. D.

See how the chattring throngs of Poets vaine
 Besiege the paths vnto the Muses cell :
 See how they pant, and beate with fruitleffe paine
 The steepie traces to the learned well.
 Securely thou their vaine assaults discount,
 Thou whom Apollo by the hand hath guided,
 A new-found paſſage to the horned mount,
 And from the rout vnhallowed hath deuided,

And taught thee raise thy foring Muse on wing,
And thy triumphant name in learned eares to ring.

There didst thou gather on Parnassus clift
This precious herbe, Tabacco most diuine,
Then which nere Greece, nere Italy did lift
A flower more fragrant to the Muses shrine :
A purer sacrifice did nere adorne
Apolloes altars then this Indian fire ;
The pipe thy head, the flame to make it burne
The furie which the Muses doe inspire.

O sacred smoke, that doth from hence arise,
The authors winged praise, which beates upon the
skies !

W. B.

Whom Helicon and Tempe doe adorne
With fugred gifts of diuine poetrie,
Let no detracting Zoilus him scorne,
Thinking thereby to cure his maladie ;
For he that once doth Homers pen dispraise,
Cannot himselfe to Laureats honour raise.

Then thou, that art the author of this booke,
Send forth that sacred fume from out thy braine,

That thereon well-dispos'd wits may looke,
 And say, Giue me Tabacco once againe ;
 For Castile nere did such a pipe afford
 Of Trinidade, vpon mine honest word.

H. H.

If that the Bee, whose winter paines are rest,
 For gathring hony in the fruitfull spring,
 And making choise of eu'ry flowre the best,
 That to her hiue she may the sweetnesse bring,
 Doth to her selfe deserue so great a praise,
 What may be his, whose whole yeares worft spent
 For recreation on some idle daies, [hower,
 Hath suckt such hony from an Indian flower ?
 What may be his whose yonger yeares are such ?
 What may be his whose first fruits are so faire ?
 What may be his I cannot say too much,
 Nay, what is his to giue I doe despaire :
 As one too weake to giue them their defart,
 Yet rather chuse my selfe to take a maime,
 Then for to faile to shew a louing hart
 Vnto my friend, to recompence his paine.

I. A.

What my poore Muse can doe she vowes is thine :
 Black set to white makes it farre clearer shine.

Then, like a faithfull friend she first affaies
 With her owne shame to purchase thee the praise :
 And yet, if enuie seeke thy worth to blot,
 (As what deserts be they she staineth not ?)
 Through truer zeale she plaies this second part :
 The spite that's aim'd at thee comes through her hart.

N. P.

Sometimes all man, that hath vs'd soule and breath,
 Must print his heele on the black way of Death ;
 But this small poeme, though the leaft of manie,
 Shall liue like Soules, though natures worst gifts die,
 Till all the compounds weare their fierie sheete :
 Not till all Death shall this flight storie fleete.

M. G.

To the white Reader.

Take vp these lines, Tabacco-like, vnto thy braine,
 And that diuinely toucht, puffe out the smoke againe.

B. H.

My new-borne Muse affaies her tender wing,
 And where she should crie is enforst to sing :
 Her children prophesie thy pleasing rime
 Shall neuer be a dish for hungrye time ;

Yet be regardlesse what thofe verfes fay,
Whofe infant mother was but borne to-day.

F. B.

I doe inuoke none but thy ſelfe to praife thee,
For there's no other Mufe ſo high can raiſe thee.
Thou art my Mufe, I can thy praifes tell :
My Mufe hath taſted of the Mufes well.

F. R.

The tender plant which goodly fruit hath bore,
Being growne doth promise farre more beautious
ſtore :

Seeing thy youths prime a worthie worke hath dight,
What ſhall thy riper Mufe produce to light ?
Tabaccoes ſpring transforming foueraigntie
Setſt forth with truth fictions, Philosophie,
Merits enroulement with Mœonian quill,
Thy wit, zeale, labours, and thy learned ſkill.

*Doctrina, ingenio, ſtudiis, pietate, labore,
Exupera, polle, profice, cresce, vige.*

I. P.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF TABACCO.

I SING the loues of the superiour powers
With the faire mother of all fragrant flowers ;
From which first loue a glorious Simple springs,
Belou'd of heau'ly Gods and earthly Kings.
Let others in their wanton verfes chaunt
A beautious face that doth the fenses daunt,
And on their Muses wings lift to the skie
The radiant beames of an inchaunting eye :
Me let the sound of great Tabaccoes praise
A pitch aboue those loue-sicke Poets raise :
Let me adore with my thrice-happie pen
The sweete and sole delight of mortall men,
The *Cornu-copia* of all earthly pleasure, [sure !
Where bank-rupt Nature hath consum'd her trea-
A worthie plant springing from Floraes hand,
The blessed offspring of an vncouth land !
Breath-giuing herbe ! none other I inuoke
To helpe me paint the praise of fugred smoke ;
Not that corrupted artificiall drug,
Which euery Gull as his owne soule doth hug,
And in the sweete composure of a docke
Drinkes to his Ladies dog, and Mistresse smocke,

Whose best conceits are broacht of bastard fume,
Whose wittie salt depends on the salt rheume,
Which first, like Vapours, doe ascend on high,
But quickly vanish ere they touch the skie ;
Which, like to Meteors, for a while amaze
The simple soules which wondring stand at gaze ;
But being knowne from whence they first were fir'd,
Are counted base, and cease to be admir'd.
Auant, base Hypocrite ! I call not thee ;
But thou great God of Indian melodie,
Which at the Caribes banquet gouern'ft all,*
And gently rul'ft the sturdiest Caniball ;
Which at their bloodie feasts doft crowned sit,
And smok'ft their barking iawes at eu'ry bit ;
Which lead'ft the Circle of a sauage round
With iarring songs, and homely musicks sound ;
Which to fond mirth their cruell minds doft frame,
And after with a pleasing sleepe doft tame ;
By whom the Indian Priests inspired be,
When they presage in barbrous Poetrie,
Infume my braine, make my soules powers subtile,
Giue nimble cadence to my harsher stile,
Inspire me with thy flame, which doth excell
The purest streames of the Castalian well,
That I on thy ascensiue wings may flie,

* Caribes be sauage people of America.

By thine ethereall vapours borne on high,
And with thy feathers added to my quill
May pitch thy tents on the Parnassian hill.
Teach me what power thee on the earth did place,
What God was bounteous to the humane race ;
On what occasion, and by whom it stood,
That the blest world receiu'd so great a good !

Before the earth and heau'n were create,
When the rude Chaos* lay disconsolate,
When this great All and wondrous worke we see
Had neither forme, nor part, nor qualitie,
Blind Nature did her *Atomit*† disperse
Ouer the large confused vniverse,
And heau'ly powers all out of order plac't
Were buried in the bowels of the Vast :
Then did these seedes, which yet vnpolish't were,
Wage war against the seedes of single-beere ;
And smotherd in that topsi-turuie trance,
Nourisht some smacke of mirth and iouisance :
But when this massie lumpe had chang'd her face,
And eu'ry thing possest his proper place,
Yet did this plant in darke obliuion lurke :
Small trauaile could not bring forth such a worke,

* This Chaos ancients faine to be a disordered masse, out of which the world was made.

† Some Philosophers fained that the world was composed *ex Atomis*, of little motes gathered together.

(Like to Alcmenaes sonne, the God of might,
 Whom to beget Ioue made a treble night)
 Till wife Prometheus, which compos'd a creature
 Excelling all the world in forme and feature,
 When he that rare immortall worke had done,
 Stole fire from the bright chariot of the Sunne ;
 Which farre-fecht fire had seru'd him to no end,
 But that the Earth her chieffest powers did lend ;
 For seeing how great Phœbus was beguil'd
 To make a God of her beloued child,
 And alwaies enuying at the Gods aboue,
 (As her Viperean brood of Giants proue,*)
 And totall ruine of her stubborne race,
 For whom in teares she washt her watrie face,†)
 She call'd her Herald-winds, and charg'd them all
 That they a councell of her subiects call.
 Out goes her Purseuant, the blustring gale,
 And summons eu'ry hill and euery dale,
 Curles eu'ry riuier with a sliding touch
 From Titans rising to his Westerne couch,
 And with the whissing Trumpet it doth beare,
 Commaunds each earthly subiect to appeare,
 And on a high Embassage doth repaire
 To Earths three sisters, Water, Fire, and Aire :

* The rebellious Giants were fained to have Viperian or snakie feete.

† At the generall flood.

(These foure are ioynt copartners and coheires
Of all that lies below the starry spheres ;
Who for their kingdomes bounds haue been at ods,
But now they, by the sentence of the Gods,
And their dread vmpires, Hot, Drie, Moift and Cold,
In common and without diuision hold).

The day was comen, when on a stately pile
Foure feates were plac't on the Americk Ile,
Where these great Princes and their portly traines
Made enterview on the Atlantick plaines.*

After Pandora† had made euident
The cause of this so sudden Parlement,
Tearing her flowrie locks and furrowed face,
She gan lament the poore Prometheus case.
Stand out (quoth she) thou that art thus distrest ;
Declare thy case, for here thou maift be blest.
Then stept out he as a condemned man,
Clothed in blacke, and thus his speech began.
Know, most dread Soueraignes of the lower globe,
I am a dead man, and this guiltie robe
Shewes that by colour of the Gods contemn'd,
I to a Vulturs mercie am condemn'd,
On Caucafus, amid the Scythian groue,
By the feard sentence of almighty Ioue ;
There to be tide in euerlasting chaines,

* Atlantis (the Iland which Plato mentiōs) some suppose to be America.

† The earth.

Plung'd in the horrour of eternall paines.
Yet this torment me not, this must be borne,
(And patience comes perforce to men forlorne)
But that my worke, which I have erft begun,
For all my labour should be left vndone ;
That's my vexation, that's my only grieve,
And only rests in you to give relieve :
For Ioue enuies the beautie of the frame,
And seekes all meanes how to deface the same,
Looking on me with a suspicio[n]ous eye,
As a corriuall of his dignitie ;
When he may well remember (if he please)
How little I deserue such lookes as these ;
When I, with counsell of an aged head,
Did stay his youthfull thoughts from Thetis bed,
And told him there he should beget a sonne,
Should him depose, as he before had done
His father Saturne. Then he thankt me faire
(But words are quickly turn'd to fleeting aire) ;
Now hates he me, and doth my worke detest,
Which must, unlesse you helpe, vnperfect rest ;
For all my sharpe inuentiones cannot find
How life vnto this trunke may be combin'd.

Here grandame Ops* her grieued head did shake,
And made the massie earths foundations shake :

* The earth.

Then gusht cleere fountaines from her hollow eyes,
(Floods from the earths strange motions often rise)
And at the last her lips did part in two,
(As after Earth-quakes they are wont to doe) :—
Is't not enough (quoth she) that tyrant Ioue
Hath my sonne Saturne from his kingdome droue,
And me, his mother, hath confin'd below,
Because I wept a partner of his woe ?
Is't not enough my middle part doth frie,
While head and feete benum'd with cold doth lie ?
That alwaies halfe my Realme the Sunne doth lack,
And for his absence mourne in gloomie black ?
Or that my louing subiects never see
But halfe the heauen, wherefoere they be ?
Is not all this enough, and more then this,
To be secluded from all heau'nly blisse ?
Bound in a dungeon, vf'd as though I were
A beast ordain'd laborious waights to beare ?
Each massie thing, and the worlds waightiest part,
Pressing vpon my center, to my hart,
Where he hath made huge caues and darksome holes,
Places of torture for offending soules,
Whose howling yells, cries, curses, grones and teares
Are pois'ned obiects to mine eyes and eares :
And is not this enough, but must he still
Crosse the good purpose of my harmlesse will,
Hindring the project of our generall care,

Our Sonne, whose wished fruite we hope to share ?
Nor shall too sweete an expectation mocke
Vs happie beldames of a blessed stocke :
Only it resteth that we now deuise
To seate our darling in the starrie skyes ;
Which purpose that we to effect may bring,
A plant shall from my wrinkled forehead spring,
And eu'ry Ladie shall that herbe endow
With the best gemmes that deck her glorious brow,
Which once inflam'd with the stolne heau'ny fire,
Shall breath into this liueless corse inspire.

Scarce had she spoke, but by vnite consent
It was allow'd by eu'ry element ;
Each mountaine nodded, and each river sleeke
Approv'd the sentence with a dimpled cheeke ;
And eu'ry thing in dauncing measure sprung,
As erst they did when gentle Orpheus fung.
As when the Actors of some Enterlude,
Which please the sences of the multitude,
Are backt by the Spectators of the play
With a wisht laughter, or a Plaudite :
So with vnperfect voyces all the rout
Grace this opinion with a loftie shout. [bound,
(Like Bacchus priests whom Strymons banks re-
Whom the shrill Echoes of fleete Hebrus found*.)

* Strymon and Hebrus, rivers in Thracia.

Till Fire, the eldest sister, up did stand,
(And silence made with her imperiall hand)
Praising the project, fwore to grace the same
With active powers of her eternall flame.
Aire likewise promist she would rarifie
The earthly drosse to simple puritie,
And cauf'd her skipping Meteors to addresse
Their gifts of light, and iocund nimblenesse,
Her cloudes from heau'ly flood-gates manuring
The ground, where this expected herb should spring.
Water refus'd her vertue to inspire,
Least she should quench the hope of future fire ;
Yet did the seruants of her excellency
Offer each one their best parts quinteffence :
The icy waues were all with Christall fraught ;
The Magellanick sea her vnions brought ;
Tagus with golden gifts doth proudly rife,
And doth the famous Indian rills despise ;
Eridamis his pearl'd Electrum gau'e ;
Euripus the swift fluxure of her waue ;
From British seas doth holesome Corall come ;
The Danish gulfe doth send her Succinum,
And each this hoped embryon dignifies
With offring of a feu'rall sacrifice.
The earth her selfe at last did procreate
This herbe composed in despite of fate,
And charged eu'ry countrie and each hill

A speciall power into this leafe distill,
Which thus adorn'd, by holy fire inflam'd,
Sweete life and breath within the carkasse fram'd :
And had not Tellus temper'd too much mud,
Too much terrene corruption in the bud,
The man that tasted it should neuer die,
But stand in records of eternitie :
And as the ashes of the Phœnix burn'd
Into another liuing bird are turn'd,
So should the man that takes this sacred fume
Another life within himselfe resume ;
So Iolaiüs,* when his first was done,
His seconde life was of Tabacco spunne.
Some say for this Ioue, vexed at the heart,
Did hide it long from the world's better part :
Hence came that former ages neuer knew
The goods that by this seeming weede accrue,
Till as the Graces trauaill'd through the earth,
Giuing to men the gifts of heau'ly mirth,
At last when they into Americk came,
Drawne by the strange delights, and countries fame,
They in the palace of great Montezume†
Were entertain'd with this celestiall fume ;
Where they, forgetting all their wonted pleasure,
Imbrac'd with ioy this truest Indian treasure,

* Iolaus was the only man that euer had two liues.

† Montezume was king of the West Indies, when Cortez first arriuied there.

And there remaining did no more respect
Our petie world, with nought but trifles deckt.
So the faire Graces, which were wont to sport
Amid our louing feasts, and sweete resort,
Were now fecluded from our lucklesse eyes,
And in their place did braules and quarrels rise ;
All friendship banisht from false Europes fight,
Where flattring lurkt in stead of deare delight,
Till we, poore soules, in many troubles tost,
Seeking the Graces which we erft had loft,
When we had often fought them farre and neere,
After great paine and trauaile found them there.

Others doe tell a long and serious tale
Of a faire Nymph that sported in the vale
Where Cipo with his siluer streames doth goe
Along the valleyes of Wingandekoe,*
(Which now a farre more glorious name doth beare,
Since a more beautious Nymph was worshipt there) :
There in a greene bowre did this Maiden dwell,
Where pretie waues of a delicious well
Leapt at her sight, and with a faint rebound
Bubbled sweete Musicke with a daintie sound.
(This fountaine as a Nymph did whilome range,
Till by her prayers the Gods her forme did change,

* Wingandekoe is a country in the North part of America, called by the Queen Virginia.

When Cipo fought her chastities abuse
As Alpheus did to virgin Arethuse). [daunted
There dwelt this Nymph, which with her feature
The Soueraigne Gods, and mortall men inchaunted.
So full she was of most delightfull grace,
That by the modell of her beautious face
Ioue was about to build the heau'n anew,
And change the azure to a ruddie hew,
And pull the starrie lights from out the skyes,
Leauing but two in likenes of her eyes :
But when the Fates so great a change forbade,
In imitation of her red he made
A ruddie night before a ioyfull day,
And by her white he fram'd the milk-white way.
Her golden threeds were so inchaunting faire,
Men scorn'd the Sunne to gaze vpon her haire ;
Phœbus ashamed of this immur'd his beames
Within the cincture of the Ocean streames ;
Whereat Ioue angrie sent swift Mercurie,
Who to the palace of the Sunne did hie.
Now, the Sunnes Court was glorious to behold,
Supported with strong pillers of bright gold,
The top of Iu'ry was, the doores of plate,
Where Vulcan did so nicely imitate
The heau'n, the earth, the sea, the ayre, the flame,
That heau'n and earth, and sea enui'd the frame.
Thither came Hermes, and with lowring cheare

Cited the Sunne in person to appeare
Before the Gods, to tell his cause of stay,
Why he so long did dallie with the sea.
Phœbus obey'd, and when the Gods were met,
And eu'ry one in wonted order fet,
A way was made by the fierce God of warre,
And Pluto brought the pris'ner to the barre ;
Whom Suada, Ioues Sollicitour, accus'd,
That he his light and vertue had abus'd ;
That whereas he had sworne by feared Styx,
When Ioue the seale did to his patent fixe,
That he would neuer in one place be found,
But restlesse runne about the massie round :
This solemne oth he had not duly kept,
But in the strumpet Thetis lap had slept.

Here Ioue did Suadas accusation breake,
And beckning gaue Apollo leauue to speake.
You Gods (quoth he) that here as Iudges sit,
I feeke not to defend my cause by wit ;
My chiefest plea is speechlesse eloquence,
Grounded vpon my spotlesse innocence :
Yet if I pleaf'd to winne eternall glorie,
By the sweete cadence of mine Oratorie,
I could reuiue the dead, and heale the sick
By fluence of celestiall Rhetorick :
The pleasant Musick of the heau'nly spheres
Should pleade my cause to your attentive eares.

But with plaine termes shall I my iust act be tride
(Who laies on colours doth the substance hide) :
I doe not make a night as long as three
To dallie with my loue in iollitie,
(And yet I might as well such dalliance proue,
As Ioue at Thebes for his Alcmenaes loue) ;
Nor my bright face in liquid teares doe steepe,
Though my sonnes fall haue giu'n me cause to weep ;
But on the earth there is a greater light,
Which with her raies doth equall day and night.
Once from my couch I was about to rise, [eyes :
But straight this brighter lampe strooke blind mine
My sister Luna, when the night drew nie,
Hath been as loth to show her light as I :
Nor can our splendid glorious lamps compare
With her two lamps that farre more glorious are :
And my Aurora hides her face away
Sleeping with her Tithonus all the day,
And when she once beheld this radiant face
Hath euer since blusht at her owne disgrace.
The Sphæres of Planets with a sudden chaunge
Make her the center of their circled raunge,
And all the heau'ly Orbes doe disagree
What part should oft'ft in her Horizon be ;
And mortall men colour and light despise,
Esteeming her the obiect of the eyes ;
While she, (as women be) proud of her honour

Makes the night day, that men may gaze vpon her.

Ioue, hearing this, dismift the Court in haft,
And in a fillie shepheards weedes debaf't, [slide.
Shrouded with clowdes, downe from the heau'n did
And, piping, sat vpon a mountaines side
(Which Occams rolling current ouer-peares
Descending from the faire Pastoraes teares,
Who now a marble stome, yet weepeth still
To fee her louer changed to a hill,
Whom iealous Phœbus did by force remoue,
Brooking no riuall in his feruent loue,
Framing high pines of his inticing locks,
Changing his teeth to Adamantine rocks).
Thither from heau'n great Ioue did hie apace,
And sat on the transformed shepheards face.
So sweetly sounded his melodious notes,
That sheepe and shepheards in their homely cotes
Daunc't to his layes, and following the sound,
Did clime the steepe hill with a solemne round.
Among thofe flocks the beautious Nymph did pace,
Whose snowy neck vied beauties with her face,
(Nor would it in fo sweete a combat yield,
Had not her ample forehead wonne the field)
And on that pole doth stand the orbe of loue,
Where Cupid in eccentrick rounds doth moue,
And now from her faire eyes his shafts doth dart,
Then from her lips, and straight from eu'ry part;

Sweet roseall lips, doores to thosse sacred places,
The gorgeous temples of the glorious graces,
Which gates of Rubie, when they op'ned were,
A shrine of pearle and christall did appeare,
From whence delicious Oracles were spoken,
Which pleasing wonders did to all betoken :
Nor is the murmure of Cecropian Bees,
Nor songs of birds vpon the ayrie trees,
Nor the swift riuier falling downe the steepe,
Lulling poore shepheards with a carelesse sleepe,
(Where Nature with her melodie amazeth
The fillie flocke that on the greene bankes grazeth)
Equiualent with that celestiall sound,
From whence, they say, Musicke receau'd her ground.
And first from her did Linus learne to sing,
And with the sweet touch of a pleasing string
Did imitate the playing of the aire
With golden wires of her disheueled haire.
Her countenance was so Angelike bright,
That the pure starres were blinded at her sight,
And euer since their lights so dazled were
That they were forc't to twinkle in their sphere.
Her hands were framed like a pretie gin
Ordaind to catch and hold all pleasure in,
And eu'ry part a feruent loue did teach ;
Yet she herselfe aboue loues wanton reach.
A Coronet she wore she whilome wonne

Striuing for beautie with the radiant Sunne,
Which mightie Phœbus cauf'd the Houres to make
With cunning labour for Leucothoës fake.
This curious worke with Indian pearlës was grac't,
Wherein the loues of Gods and men were plac't :
There Neptune in a precious Margarite
Did woe and winne the beautious Amphitrite :
There Iphis did in humble fort obey
The cruell frownes of Anaxarete ;
And Princes loues in arts affections clad
Excell'd the passions they by nature had.
Thus deckt by art and nature did she come,
Whose feature strook the seeming shepheard dumbe,
Nor could his wau'ring thoughts thēselues containe,
But now left off, and straightway pip'd againe.
Sometimes his notes he with shrill tunes did raiſe
To chaunt aloud the ſkipping Roundelaies,
And then againe his lowly voyce did fall
To ſing a pleafant homely Pastorall ;
And eu'ry ſong to the Nymphs honour was,
Like ſhepheards musicke to a countrey Laffe,
Lik'ning her eyes vnto the glimsing light
That guides poore heardsmen to their home at night ;
Her haire vnto the golden flowres that grow
Along the fragrant bank of ſiluer Po ;
Her lips to waxe by curious workmanship,
Form'd as a patterne to each other lip.

Thus fung he till the black and shadie night
 With vgly forme did feare away the light,
 And Hesperus,* that stands as euening scout,
 Began to leade the starrie ring about,
 (Which durst not in her spangled suite appeare,
 As long as mightie Titans light was neere,
 By reason of some euerlasting iarres
 That did arise twixt Phœbus and the starres).
 Then all the shepheards, wearie of the Sunne,
 And glad that the laborious day was done,
 Began to driue their tender flocks away ;
 But Ioue did force this fillie maide to stay,
 Telling her stories, how the force of loue
 Had bow'd the hearts of Gods that dwelt aboue ;
 How Ioue, orecome by this celestiall power,
 Deceiu'd poore Danaë in a golden shower ;
 How with laments and teares Apollo rued
 Faire Daphnes change, whom he so fast pursued.
 Hereat she blusht and to depart she stroue,
 But all in vaine against the force of Ioue.
 This saw the Night, and glad she was to see
 So fit reuenge for the great iniurie
 Wherewith Ioue wrong'd her at Alcides† birth,
 Making her watch three daies vpon the earth :
 Therefore in hast the darke malicious night

* The euening starre.

† Hercules.

To iealous Iuno doth relate this sight :
Iuno enrag'd with threatning speeches strom'd,
And the poore maide into an herbe transform'd ;
Which Ioue perceiuing by a vaine embrace,
The infant herbe with heau'ly powers did grace,
And on the night he did inflict this paine,
That while the pleasant Summer did remaine,
The lucklesse night should haue but small command,
But in the frostie winter longest stand.

Yet could not Ioue forget his former loue,
But ioyning earthly powers and powers aboue,
Therewith he did adorne this glorious bud,
And fram'd it as a Micro-cosme of good,
Making the ground where this sweet plant did spring
To be a cordiall gainst each noysome thing,
Endu'd with force all euils to affwage,
And now began the famous golden age.
No publike bond of law, no priuate oth,
Was needfull to the simple faith and troth :
Each had a censure in his owne consent,
Without the feare of death or punishment.
Nor did the busie Client feare his cause,
Nor in strong braffe did they engrauie the lawes ;
Nor did the doubtfull parties faintly tremble
While the brib'd Judge did dreadful looks difsemble :
Then safe from harme the vaunting Pine did stand,
And had no triall of the Shipwrights hand.

But stood vpon the hill where firſt it grew,
Nor yet was forc'd another world to view :
Nor vnto greedie Merchants yet were knowne
The ſhores of any land beyond theire owne.
Eu'ry defenceleſſe Citie then was ſure,
Nor could deepe ditches make it more ſecure.
The harmleſſe thoughts of that bleſt age did beare
No warlike Trumpet, Cornet, Sword, or Speare ;
No furious Souldier needed to defend
The careleſſe folke which quiet liues did ſpend ;
Nor did ambitious Captaines know the way
To paſſe the cliffie ſhores of their owne ſea :
The earth, yet free from any forc'd abuse,
Brought forth all things fit for each creatures uſe
Without the helpe of any human care,
Vntoucht by harrow, and vncut by ſhare ;
And mortall man vpon those meates did feede,
Which of themſelves did from the earth proceede.
The mountaine Strawberie and bitter Sloe,
And Mulberries which on rough boughs doe grow,
And homely Akornes, which did whilom fall
From the high trees which loue his owne doth call.
The pleaſant yeare was an eternall ſpring,
Where Westerne winds continual flowers did bring.
The fertile earth vñmanur'd and vntild,
The bounteous gift of plenteous corne did yeeld :
Nor did the field, renew'd each ſeu'rall yeare,

Make windy sounds with many a waightie eare ;
Brookes did with Milke and pleasant Nectar goe,
And yellow hony from the trees did flow :
Al good without constraint, heau'n, sea, men, ground,
No gold, no ship, no law, no plough, no bound,
Till Proserpine by this abused flame
(Striuing to purchase an immortall name)
Reueng'd with raging fire her ancient spite
On Tellus and the scornfull Amphitrite,*
(Which oft had mockt her mansion place of hell,
And call'd it darksome hole and duskie cell) ;
Therefore the Furies she in hast commands
To burne the fruitfull earth with fierie brands ;
And when their hands such instruments did want,
She made them torches of this sacred plant,
By which they fir'd the world ; and that once done,
About the earth in raging fort they runne,
And euer since they by these flames did cause
Famine, dissention, plagues, and breach of lawes.
(Yet was the hellish Queene with fear distract,
Least Ioue should know and punish this foule fact ;
Therefore she hired the Poets, long agone,
To cast the fault vpon poore Phaëton).

Now when this honour'd herbe was once abuf'd,
All paines, all plagues were on the world infus'd,

* The Goddesse of the sea.

And then the wicked iron age began ;
Shame, truth, and faith from earthly mansions ran,
And in their place came fraud and cloaked vice,
Treason and force, and impious auarice.
The Mariner whom hope of lucre blinds,
Hafts to the sea, vnexpert in the winds,
And trees that long had stood on mountains high,
As ships vpon the vncouth waues doe lie :
The Merchant then the boistrous sea did plow,
Spite of the frowne of Neptunes angrie brow ;
Nor could the horrour of one iourneyes paine
Feare greedie thoughts from vent'ring so againe.
Neptune then grieued with the wounds and dints,
Which in his face this curious worke imprints,
(And mou'd with Cybels* outcries, which did frowne
To see her hils defac'd and Pines puld downe,
And Natures plaints, whose lawes it had beguil'd)
Made the Sea stormie, which before was mild :
Since which the ribs of broken ships doe shew
What hurts and dangers by this engine grow ;
Which makes each fertile countrie want the more,
By seeming Steward of each countries store.
Now did the warie reaper with long bounds
Deuide to portions the vnited grounds,
Which erft were common to each mortall wight,

* The Goddesse to whom the Pine is dedicated.

As in the liquid ayre or pleasant light :
Nor did they onely take the needfull corne,
And daily food which from the earth was borne,
But to the bowels of their mother fought,
And cursed riches from the center brought,
Which the wife earth had couer'd vnespide,
And neere vnto the Stygian waues did hide.

First then began the phrases, Mine and Thine ;
Pure water turn'd to artificiall wine ;
Pleasure vnkowne, and more then simple mirth
Start vp with gold from out the mangled earth.
The bounds then contracts at a racking price,
And from those bounds sprung boundlesse auarice :
Then hurtfull steele the workmans hand did feele,
And gold more hurtfull than the hurtfull steele ;
And when both these were comen to perfect growth,
Frō thence came warre that fights with help of both :
Then did the souldier which in battell stands,
Shake glittering weapons with his bloodie hands,
All liu'd by wrong : each friend his friend did feare,
And brethren seldome linkt in friendship were.
The husband seekes the death of his owne wife,
And she againe grieues at her husbands life :
The angrie stepdames fearfull poyfons make,
Which their new husbands hated child may take ;
And the sonne wearie of his fathers stay,
Longs for his death before his fatall day ;

White Pieties dispersed reliques lie
Conquer'd and spoil'd of earthly dignitie.
And then Astraea,* last of heau'nly powers,
Forsooke the earth, reeking with bloodie showers.
Yet was not vice ascended to the height :
Yet might our pond'rous soules endure the weight
Of our corrupted flesh : yet might we say
The growth of finnes perfection wants a day,
Till the fierce Giants, of Viperean birth,
Made loftie heau'n no more secure then earth ;
Seeking Ioues kingdome by presumptuous warres,
Building high mountaines to the trembling starres.
But Ioue the hils did from Olympus tosse,
And cast great Pelion from the top of Osse ;
And when the furious Giants thus were kild
By the great weight which their own hāds did build,
The earth gaue life vnto her childrens blood,
And fram'd them liuing bodies of her mud :
And (least no signe should of her stocke remaine)
She chang'd them to the formes of men againe,
Who, not degenerate from their bloodie birth,
Defi'd the heauen, and defild the earth.

Then first ambitious mortals gan to rise,
And with vaine pride did the great Gods despise :
Still warr'd they with the Gods, still had the worst,

* Justice.

And when their hands could do no more, they curst.
Nor could the flood that inward spot deface ;
Still it continued in the human race,
Creeping vnseene, subiecting eu'ry part,
Till it possest our chiefest towre, our hart,
Which thus infected did a battell wage
Gainst the remainders of the golden age.

Then cursed Ate* first began her raigne,
And plac't her throne vpon the fluent maine,
Ioying to see the billowes in their pride,
Tosse totter'd ships with perill on each side ;
Yet forie Neptune should so largely sup,
And glad againe when ought he vomits vp.
By her hath eu'ry thing corrupted beene,
From the earths center to the heau'ly Queene,
(Which stands aboue the reach of earthly feares,
The lowest of the pure celestiall sphæres).
The fertile earth, corrupted by these seedes, [weeds;
Brought forth vnwholesome plantes and fruitlesse
The water, not content with her owne bounds,
Vsurpt vpon the neere adiacent grounds ;
The ayre infected did infect the breath,
From whence arose the instruments of death ;
The fire so hid her selfe that none could see
Where her abode or proper place shou'd bee.

* Goddess of wrath and despite.

Then sickneffe came on the infected earth;
Some fell in youth, some perisht in their birth;
And whereas mortals neuer died before,
Till spent with age their lights could burne no more,
Now fathers eyes were made a watrie source
To wash their sonnes graues in prepost'rous course;
And had not the immortall Gods at last,
Pitying the sorrowes fillie men had past,
Cherisht poore soules with their eternall loue,
And sent Apollo Pæan from aboue
To crosse the purpose that the hag intended,
Long since her malice all the world had ended.
Yet could not carefull Phoebus quite deface
The venome Ate on the earth did place,
Till Aesculapius, great Apolloes sonne,
(Enuying the glorie shepheard Pan had wonne,
When of his loue transformd he did inuent
The pleasure of a Musick instrument)
Descri'd this herbe to our new golden age,
And did deuise a pipe, which should affwage
The wounds which sorrow in our hearts did fixe
More then the sound of flutes and fiddle-sticks;
And by the force thereof (as poets faine)
Brought torne Hippolytus to life againe,
And watchmen set, and them Phisitians call'd,
Men whom the Muses had before enstall'd,
Whose carefull soules were by this potion fir'd,

And by the power of this sweete herbe inspir'd,
Which by the vertue of their sacred hands
Deliuer'd men from death and sicknes bands.

Others affirme the Gods were ignorant
Of the confection of so sweete a plant ;
For had they knowne this smokes delicious smack,
The vault of heau'n ere this time had been black,
And by the operation of this fume
Been purg'd for euer of her clowdie rheume ;
Daintie Ambrosia, with a loth'd disdaine,
Had been made meate for each milk-pottage braine ;
Ioues Ganymede had neuer smelt of drinke
The heau'ny Mazers flowing ore the brinke,
Nor fixen Iuno euer broke his head
For spilling Nectar on the gorgeous bed :
Gods would have reuel'd at their feasts of mirth
With the pure distillation of the earth ;
The marrow of the world, starre of the West,
The pearle whereby this lower Orbe is blest,
The ioy of mortals, vmpire of all strife,
Delight of nature, Mithridate of life,
The daintiest dish of a delicious feast,
By taking which man differs from a beast.
Thrice happie Isles, which steale the worlds delight,
And doe produce so rich a Margarite !
Had but the old heroick spirits knowne
The newes which fame vnto our eares hath blowne,

Colchis and the remote Hesperides
Had not been fought for half so much as these
Nor had the fluent wits of ancient Greece
Praiſ'd the rich apples or the golden fleece ;
Nor had Apolloes garland been of bayes,
Nor Homer writ of sweete Nepenthes* praiſe ;
Nor had Anacreon with a fugred gloſe
Extold the vertues of the fragrant Rose ;
Nor needed Hermes with his fluent tongue,
Haue ioin'd in one a rude unciuill throng,
And by perſwasions made that companie
An order'd Politike societie,
When this dumbe Oratour would more perſwade
Than all the speeches Mercurie had made ;
Nor honour'd Ceres been create diuine,
And worſhipt ſo at curious Eleufine,
Whom blinder ages did ſo much adorne,
For the inuention of the uſe of corne ;
Nor Saturnes feast had been the ioyfull day
Wherein the Romanes washt their cares away,
But in the honour of great Trinidade
A new Tabacconalia had been made.
Had watrie Neptune knowne the force of this,
He had preuail'd, and Athens had been his,
His gift the Olive would as farre exceed

* Nepenthes ſignifieth a drink to take away forow or care.

As Pallas gift excell'd his trampling steed.
Immortall Chiron, had he knowne this leafe,
(Hurt by an arrow of Alcides sheafe)
Had neuer wisht the troden mortall way,
But might haue been well cur'd, and liu'd for aye.
Had foule Thersites, with his spitefull hart,
Crook'd in each inward and each outward part,
By this Elixir been but once refin'd,
He would haue chang'd his bodie and his mind ;
Or had the Bees that Platoes lips did grace
Suck't hony from this sweete Tabacco-place,
He had surpast, and stain'd himselfe as farre
As others by his stile obscured are.
With this had Circe in her pleasant caue
Temper'd the potion she Vlyffes gaue,
He neuer would haue wisht that his blest eyes
Might once behold his countries smoke arise.
Had ancient Heralds knowne this sacred plant,
Of which their lucklesse age was ignorant,
When they did giue the worlds most worthie things,
As glorious ensignes to victorious Kings,
Tabacco had been richer armorie
Than Lions, Croffes, or spread Eaglets be.
Did the French Druids* liue, and were obey'd,
Nicot (that firſt this herbe to France convey'd)

* The Druids were Priests much reuerenced among the sauage Britaines and Frenchmen.

Should be the God of pleasures and delights,
Worshipt with pompe on Bacchanalian nights,
And in his praise the barb'rous Priests would sing
Vntuned numbers in a iarring string,
Caruing harsh rimes on eu'ry knottie tree,
More crookt and rugged then the book could bee,
Sounding in eu'ry homely verse they frame
The treble accent of God Nicots name.
Had the sage Chaldees, which did name the stars
And were the first and best Astronomers,
Seene the great wonders which our eyes haue seene,
This plant had then a constellation beene.
Nor had the honour'd Ramme begun the yeare,
Nor the high Northerne pole adorn'd the Beare,
Nor Ioue disgrac'd, nor with his Minions fild
Th' engrauen vault which first his hands did build :
Our herbe had been a Planet, and indu'd
With light aboue the greatest magnitude ;
And when this starre had stood in good aspect,
With happie Planets of the best effect,
He whom the proud world then to light should bring,
Had been a Poet, or at least a King.
Saturne had neuer brag'd his chariot went
The next vnto the azure firmament ;
Nor had the Sunne in his Maiestick pride
Been thron'd with equall Planets on each fide ;
Nor for high births had the Astrologer

Markt the coniunction of great Jupiter.

Were my quaint polisht tongue my soules best hopes,
And grac't with figures, colours, schemes, and tropes,
This herbe would [far] surpasse in excellence
The great'st Hyperboles of eloquence.

Yet this sweete simple, by misordred vse,
Death or some dang'rous sicknesse may induce.
Should wee not for our fustentation eate,
Because a surfet comes from too much meate ?
Should wee not thirst with mod'rate drinke reppresse,
Because a dropsie springs from such excesse ?
Should we not take some holesome exercise,
To chafe our vaines and stretch our arteries,
Because, abus'd in a laborious kind,
It hurts the bodie and amates the mind ?
So our faire plant, that doth as needfull stand
As heau'n, or fire, or aire, or sea, or land,
As Moone or Starres that rule the gloomie night,
Or Tullies friendship, or the funnie light,
Her sacred vertue in her selfe enroules,
And leaues the euill in vaine-glorious soules.
And yet who dyes cloid with celestiall breath,
Shall dye with ioy a Diagorian death.*
All goods, all pleasures it in one doth linke,
Tis phisick, clothing, musicke, meate, and drinke,

* Diagoras died for ioy.

It makes the hungrie soules forget their wants,
 And nimblly daunce like skipping Corybants.*
 By force of this, Timon, that odious beast,
 Would haue turn'd iester at each solemne feast,
 And by one draught of this Americk grape,
 Haue been Laberius or Sarmentus ape :
 Nor would the Cynick† in his homely tunne
 Haue askt the shining of the gen'rall Sunne ;
 But had he then this herbes great vertues knowne,
 He would haue beg'd it of the Macedone.‡
 The Faunes and Satyres which doe lightly praunce,
 The beasts that after Orpheus musick daunce,
 At sight of this would haue forgot the sound,
 The Ecchoes would no more the voice rebound,
 Orpheus himselfe would haue forsook his lute,
 And altogether stood amaz'd and mute.
 The lumpish Stoicks, which did thus decree,
 A mortall man might without passion bee,
 Had they once cast their carelesse eyes on this,
 Would soone haue showne what humane nature is.
 The Epicureans, whose chiefe good was plac't
 In earthly pleasures vaine voluptuous taft,
 Had our Tabacco in their days been found,
 Had built their frame on a more likely ground.

* Cybels priests, that daunced much in their sacrifice.

† Diogenes.

‡ Alexander.

Pyrrho, that held all by opinion stood,
Would haue affirm'd this were by nature good.
The rude Laconians, whom Lycurgus care
Barr'd from the traffick of exotick ware,
Had Malea* been with such a treasure fraught,
Would haue esteem'd their strictest acts at nought,
And with a slight pretence, or fained cause,
Haue crackt the credit of their cobweb lawes.
When eloquent Hegesias cauf'd men die
With disputation of liues miserie,
Had this life-giuing pleasant potion then
Been once imparted to those desp'rate men,
It would haue sooner forced them to liue,
Then the commaunds great Ptolomie could giue.
Had Phœbus Hyacinth, or faire Narcissus,
Venus Adonis, or sweete Cyparissus,
By the propitious Gods been turn'd to this,
Happie had been their Metamorphosis ;
Yet it may be to this they were not turn'd,
Because their louers grieu'd to see them burn'd.
This is the Opium which the Turks doe take,
When they their hearts would light and iocund make ;
By this Medea did her drinke compose,
Which Aeson did from aged bonds vnloose.
You finde not a diuiner herbe than this

* A Hauen nere Sparta, among the Lacædemonians.

In all *Albertus de miraculis*,
Or the huge Herbals which vaine fooles obey,
In Porta, Fuchsius, and great Dodoney :
In it Physitians have no skill at all,
It is an essence Metaphysicall ;
Nor is a thing so exquisite and pure
Compos'd of any common temp'rature ;
Nor can the Scepticks* or Empiricks see
This herbs great vertue, nature, and degree.
Who takes this med'cine need not greatly care
Who Galenists, who Paracelsians are ;
Nor need he seek their Rosaries, their Summes
Their secrets, their *Dispensatoriums* ;
Nor fill his pocket with their costly bils,
Nor stiffe his mawe with their vnsau'ry pills,
Nor make huge pitfals in his tender vaines,
With thoufand other more then hellish paines,
But by this herbes celestiall qualitie
May keepe his health in mirth and iollitie.
It is the fountaine whence all pleasure springs,
A potion for imperiall crowned Kings :
He that is master of so rich a store,
May laugh at Croesus, and esteeme him poore ;
And with his smokie scepter in his fist,

* Scepticks are thosse Phisitians which deale by searching into nature, but Empiricks by experiance,

Securely flout the toyling Alchymist,
Who daily labours with a vaine expense
In distillations of the quint-essence,
Not knowing that this golden herbe alone
Is the Philosophers admired stone.

It is your gallants med'cine singular,
As poffets to the wearied Ploughman are.
Alcinous* trees, nor the Isles fortunate,
Cannot afford fo sweet a delicate.
Teucer had neuer purg'd his cares with wine,
Had he but dream't of Phisick fo diuine ;
Nor Bacchus had been Patrone of delight,
Nor gouern'd Tigers with his princely might,
Nor conquer'd all the nations of the earth,
Because he tam'd their sauage minds with mirth :
Nor had Mercuriall,† or herbe Gentiane,
The glorious names of Gods or Princes tane.
Moly, of which the Prince of Poets‡ wrote,
Spaines Triacle, or the strongest Antidote,§
Is not fo good against the Magicke spell,
Nor deadly poyfon from th' heart t' expell,
As our more glorious plant ; which, had it beene
In ancient times and famous ages feene,
The fruitfull Oliue, and sweet-smelling Bayes

* The King of the Phoeacians whose orchard Homer describes.

† Mercuriall of Mercurie : Gentiane of Gentius King of Illyricum.

‡ Homer.

§ Antidote is any remedie against poyfon.

Had neuer been the signes of peace and praise.
Long since the blessed Thistle and Herbe-grace
Had lost their names, and been accounted base,
Had great Tabacco pleas'd to show her powers,
As now she doth in this blest age of ours.

Blest age ! wherein the Indian Sunne had shin'd,
Whereby all Arts, all tongues haue beene refin'd ;
Learning, long buried in the darke abyfme
Of dunsticall and monkish barbarisme,
When once this herbe by carefull paines was found,
Sprung vp like Cadmus followers from the ground,
Which Muses visitation bindeth vs
More to great Cortez and Vespucius,*
Then to our wittie Mores immortall name,
To Valla, or the learned Rott'rodame ;
And our poore tongue, which long had barren laine,
Wanting the fall of sweet Parnassian raine,
Was lightned by this Planets radiant beames,
Which, rising from the Westerne ocean stremes,
Melteth the drie clowdes to celestiall showres,
And on our heads those heau'nly fountains powres.

Had the Castalian Muses knowne the place
Which this Ambrosia did with honour grace,
They would haue left Parnassus long agoe,

* Cortez and Vespucius were two that helpt especially to the true knowledge of America.

And chang'd their Phocis for Wingandekoe.
Yet it may be, the people voide of sence,
With sauage rites and manners fear'd them thence ;
But our more glorious Nymph, our moderne Muse,
Which life and light doth to the North infuse,
Which doth with ioint and mutuall honour grace
Her place with learning, learning with her place,
In whose respect the Muses barb'rous are,
The Graces rude, nor is the Phœnix rare,
Which farre exceeds her predecessours fact^s,
Nor are her wondrous acts now wondrous acts ;
Which by her wisdome and her Princely powers
Defends the walles of Albions cliffie towers,
Hath vncontrol'd stretcht out her mightie hand
Ouer Virginia and the New-found-land,
And spread the Colours of our English Rose
In the farre countries where Tabacco growes,
And tam'd the sauage nations of the West,
Which of this iewell were in vaine possest.
Nor is it maruaile that this precious gem
Is thus beset with beafts, and kept by them,
When it is likely that almighty Ioue
By such fierce keepers to obscure it stroue,
Bearing against it an immortall hate,
As the gainsayer of eternall fate.
Besides, a thousand dangers circle round
What euer good within this world is found,

Leaſt mortals ſhould no worke nor trade profeffe,
But ſpend their daies in luſt and idleneſſe ;
And leaſt their fickle thoughts ſhould ſoone diſdaine
The things they got but with a little paine.
Therefore beſt fruites are couer'd with hard ſhels,
The ſweeteſt water is in deepeſt wels,
And Indian Ants, as big as Maſtiuſes, hold
A place moſt fertile of deſired gold.
Sicile, the Garner of the earth, her pride,
Hath Scylla and Charybdis on each ſide,
And in times paſt had a plague worse than theſe,
Of the fierce Cyclops and Lœſtrygones :*
The horride Dragon, which diſſeuerſleſſe,
The Orchard of the golden fruitē diſkeēpe ;
And in the countries which be hot and drie,
The dreadfull beaſts about the fountaines lie ;
And Gotthiſh Spaniards haue the royaſtie
Where gloriouſ gold and riſh Tabacco be ;
A nation worse then the Lœſtrygones,
And farre more ſauage then the Sauages.

Yet doth not this diuine Tabacco foile,
Which ſhines like a bright Diamond in a foile,
And doth as farre excell the golden graines,
As gold the braſſe, or ſiluer pewter ſtaines ;
Although the Chymiſts ſay our mother beares

* Fierce people dwelling neere Sicilie, of whom Homer ſpeakes.

Gold in her wombe so many thousand yeares,
Ere she can perfect what she hath begunne,
And bring to full growth that terrestriall Sunne ;
And though the Theban Lyrick,* crown'd with bayes,
Begins his Odes with that sweet mettals praise,
Yet counteruailes it not this herbs desart,
But only shares a yonger brothers part ;
For this our praiised plant on high doth fore,
Aboue the baser droffe of earthly ore,
Like the braue spirit and ambitious mind,
Whose Eaglets eyes the Sunne-beames cannot blind,
Nor can the clog of pouertie deppresse
Such soules in base and natvie lowlinesse,
But proudly scorning to behold the earth,
They leape at Crownes, and reach aboue their birth.
Despised mud finkes to the center straight,
But worthie things will striue to get on height :
So our sweete herbe all earthly droffe doth hate,
Though in the earth both nourisht and create,
And as the nature is of smoke, and fire,
Leaues this low orbe and labours to aspire,
Wrapt in the cincture of her smokie shroudes,
Mixing her vapours with the ayrie cloudes ;
And from these fumes, ascending to the skies,
Some say the dewes and gentle showres arise,

* Pindarus.

And from the fire thereof the Cyclops stroue
To frame the mightie thunderbolts of Ioue.

This is the sauour which the Gods doth please,
If they doe feed on smoke (as Lucian sayes)
Therefore the cause that the bright Sunne doth rest
At the low point of the declining West,
When his oft-wearied horses breathlesse pant,
Is to refresh himselfe with this sweet plant,
Which wanton Thetis from the West doth bring
To ioy her loue after his toilesome ring ;
For 'tis a cordiall for an inward smart,
As is *Dictamnum* to the wounded Hart.
It is the sponge that wipes out all our woe ;
'Tis like the thorne that doth on Pelion grow,
With which who-ere his frostie limbes anoints
Shall feele no cold in his benummed ioints :
'Tis like the riuer which who ere doth taft,
Forgets his present grieves and sorrowes past.
Musick which causeth vexed thoughts retire,
And for a while cease their tormenting fire ;
Musick the prize, which when the eares haue stole,
They doe conuey it to th' attentiuе soule ;
Musick which forceth beasts to stand at gaze,
And doth the rude and senfeleffe soules amaze,
Compard with this is like delicious strings,
Which sound but harshly while Apollo sings.
The braine with this infumd all quarrell ends ;

Tullie and Clodius will be faithfull friends,
And, like another Crassus,* one carouse
Will linke againe Pompey and Cæsars house,
And quickly stint the inhumane designes
Of furious Guelphes and warlike Gibellines.†
The man that shall this smok[i]e Magick proue,
Shall need no Philters‡ to obtaine his loue,
But shall be deckt with farre more pleasing grace
Than ere was Nireus or Narcissus face.

Here could I tell you how vpon the feas
Some men haue fasted with it fortie daies :
How those to whom Plinie no mouths did giue,
Doe only on diuine Tabacco liue :
How Andron, which did passe the Lybian sands
Vnto the place where Hammons Temple stands,
And neuer dranke, nor was he euer dry,
Supprest the heate of raging thirst thereby :
How a dull Cynick by the force of it
Hath got a pleasing gesture and good wit :
How sparing Demea, whom the Comick chaung'd,
By this was from his former selfe estraung'd :
How many Cowards, base and recreant,
By one pipes draught were turned valiant,

* Crassus was the only bond (while he liued) of Cæsar and Pompeyes friendship.

† Guelphes and Gibellines were a mightie faction in Italie.

‡ Philters be charmes to obtaine loue.

And after in an artificiall mist
 Haue ouerthrowne their foes before they wist :
 How one that dreamt of a Tabacco roll,
 Though sick before, was straight made perfect whole.
 Peace, pratling Muse ! offend sage eares no more,
 Die on the feas which canst not get to shore,
 And sinke, as ouerwhelm'd with too much matter,
 Leaſt telling all the world ſhould thinke thee flatter.
 Doe not, like curious Plinie,* feeke to know
 Whence the earths ſmoke and ſecret flames do grow,
 Leaſt this immortall fire and ſacred fume,
 Like to Vesuuius doe thy powers conſume ;
 But clok'd with vapours of a diſkie hue,
 Bid both the world and thy ſweet herbe Adue.

ἵεμενος καὶ καπνον ἀποθρωσκοντα νοησαι.

* Plinie was burnt ſearching to know from whence the fire of the hill Vesuuius did rife.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE tract here reprinted appears to have been divided into two portions by the stationer William Wright, and sold separately, perhaps, for the sake of securing double payment. On 25th January 1591-2, Edward White entered “The Arraynement and Condemnation of Arnalt Cosbie,” and on 6th February following he put forth “a mournfull Ditty” on the execution of the criminal; but they seem to have been publications different from that in Lambeth Library, to which we have been indebted, and which is not recorded in the Registers of the Stationers’ Company. A small portion, the *Ultimum Vale*, in verse, came out separately, without the prose narrative; but though the existence of it is mentioned, we know not where a copy is to be found.

Bibliographers have not recorded what follows in our pages; and it is additionally curious, because the last leaves afford a very early example of English blank-verse: it is the oldest with which we are acquainted, on a merely popular and temporary subject, not devoted to the stage; and Bishop Percy was ignorant of it when he printed his “Specimens of Blank-verse prior to Milton.” One expression in it, “Death, rock me asleep,” will attract attention, for the first time, as having been quoted by

Shakespeare in “Henry IV, Part II,” Act ii, Scene 4: this fact gives peculiar interest to the piece; and the measure and pauses are in some respects superior to those found in the works, if not of Marlowe and Kyd, at least in those of Greene and Peele: the word “dreriment,” in the third line, had at this period been used only by Spenser. Thus do the most ephemeral productions sometimes illustrate the works of our most famous poets.

The fatal event to which the tract relates is noticed by Stow in his Chronicle under the date of 1591; and he states that Lord Burke and Cosby, both Irishmen, had had a previous quarrel. He gives the 14th January as the day when the murder was committed; but, though the ensuing performance on the title page supplies the same date, on page 11 we are told that the event occurred on the 4th January.

It is clear, however, that this is a misprint, and various others occur, which we have preserved because they show the haste with which the somewhat wordy narrative was drawn up and printed: thus on page 10 we have “Ormewood” for *Ormond*; on page 16, “wilfully wished” for “wilfully *shed*;” and on page 17, “placed” for *place*, &c.

On page 10, we have a singular illustration of the old superstition, that a murdered body bled afresh on the approach of the homicide; and it is a new and remarkable incident in the life of Bishop Fletcher, the father of the poet, that he was present at the execution, and discharged the last religious offices for Cosby.

J. P. C.

The most horrible
and tragicall murther of the right
honorable, the vertuous and valerous
Gentleman, Iohn Lord Bourgh, Baron
of Castell Connell.

Committed by Arnold Cosby, the fourteenth of Ianuarie.

Togeather with the sorrowfull sighes of
a sad soule, vpon his funerall :
written by W. R. a seruaunt
of the said Lord Bourgh.

Tempus fortuna flent.



Printed by R. R. 1591.

The most horrible
and tragicall murther of the right

Honorabile Iohn Lord Bourgh, Baron of

Castle Connell, committed by

*Arnold Cosby, the 14 of
Januarie.*

NOT to painte it out with vainglorious termes of a large exordium, in a matter where throbbinge sorrowe breaketh of[f] superfluous circumstancies, and ouerweryng plaints abreuiate the libertie of speach ; nor to vse the choice inuention of a pleasinge discourse, where nothing but heauy misfortunes minifter cause of melancholike and pensiue contemplations ; but to explaine a tragicall trueth, and set foorth the lamentable order of a premeditated murther, I will brieflie prosecute my owne greefe, and the generall wayling of euery gentle minde. Wherein as well superiours as inferiours (cast from the quiet staie of their former affectes) seeme to beare their indifferent partes.

If the losse of true nobilitie, whereon, as vpon a rocke of safe protection, consisteth the happie go-

uernement of euery florishing common weale, though by honourable seruice in warre, or by sicknesse at home, the appointed scourge of humaine frailty be a greeuous maime to the state, inferring a common lament through euerie part thereof, then much more may the state complaine, and euery priuate person shed teares of sorrowe, when the one loofeth the hope of expected virtues, and the other is bereft the strength of theyr peaceable fortunes: yet not by repulsing the iniuries of forraine pride, or naturall summons of diuine election, but by the poysoned rancour of domesticall treacherie, as by this horrible murther executed on the right honourable the Lorde Bourgh may wel appeare, whose vertuous desires were stedfastlie fixed vpon true honors exercisies, and whose heroycall constitution euer abhorred the base practises of vicious and ignoble qualities. But as the fayrest rose is apt to be consumed by a cancker, so Enuie, the malitious handmaide of honour, continuallie seeketh the ruine of noble personages.

For in the courte, amongst the princelike traine of her Maiesties followers, there wanderd (as the pureste wheat is assosciated with infectious weedes) one Arnold Cosby, a man of proude conceipte, borne of mischeefe, and predestinated to destroie that, which his lothed life is too farre vnable to redeeme.

This Cosby, what for countries sake, beeing an Irishe man, or for the curtious affabilitie of the Noble man (whose ingenuous towardnesse carried a good conceite of euery one) was so fauoured and well esteemed of him, as he thought nothing lost wherein he might pleasure him, til at last (as is the custome of ouerbold inchroching vpstartes) by too much familiaritie he grewe contemptuous ; and the more to manifest his arrogancie and the mallice of his swelling spirite, tooke a sleighe quarrell (after sundrie dispightfull disgraces offered) to prouoke and challenge the Lord Bourghe by a vile and impudent letter, which one night, vnder signe of fawning subtilty, secretly he clapt into his hand. And though the offence did not proceede by him, but principallie rose by the reportes of an other gentleman of Cosbies acquaintaunce, which offered to maintaine them to his teeth, daringe him to the fielde, yet did he refuse to fight with him [them ?], bendinge the course of his conceiued hatred onely against the Lord Bourgh, and would not, forsooth, otherwise be pacifyed but with his life and ruine of his carkasse ; for such were his wordes in his impudent letter, stuft with a rable of bumbafted braues, scornefull tearmes, and odious comparisons, binding him, vpon his honour and manhood, the next morning to meete him in Wanfworth fieldes.

The noble gentleman, whose modest eares did glowe at the immodest and shamelesse lynes, as his milde and curteous demenour was neuer seene to iniure the simplest, so beeing impatient of the least wrong, smiled at his follie, and thought, though he were no waie his equal, yet in so much as he was a souldiour, and in that respecte a gentleman, it would not be much preiudicall to his honour, if he met him, and with the chastesment of his fword taught him his duetye with better manners; and, therefore, not in hatred of soule, thirsting after bloud, as it appeared by his opprobrious letter he did, but in sobrietie, sent him word backe he would meete him; which resolution, I suppose, was contrarie to Cosbies expectation, who imagined belike the Lord Bourghe woulde haue stooide vpon tearmes of superioritie with him, or else hee would not have been so liberall in his challenge.

But the night drue on, and Cosbys stomacke, that of late did blowe foorth from his windie puft brest the sound of horrour and death, began now to quaile at the hearing of two or three wordes spoken in a milde and temperate vaine, and, therefore, as fitted the opportunitie of time, he entred into counsele with the cursfed ruler of darknesse, howe he might worke mischiefe, and yet defende his owne credite from blot of infamie. Well, somewhat was deuised

and concluded vpon, as after, by his actions, might be gathered; for the daie no sooner appered, but, as prefiguring some dismall accident, it couered the earth with a lowring countenaunce, and black cloudes, in signe of ensuing miseries, distilled repentant teres from their watrie browes, when Cosby, well studied for his purpose, and pricked forwarde with the desire of deceiuing hope, which his wicked thoughtes had before hatched in his braine, left his lodging, and came to the Lord Bourghe with a case of rapiers, bidding him take his choyce, for those should be the instrumentes of life or death betwixt them.

After this they mounted themselues and rode on towarde Wandsworth, neither of them hauinge made any one priuie to their intent: the one would not in regarde of his honour, the other in feare his villainous pretence should be discouered. I neede not aime at the thoughts of Cosby by the way; they may be conjectured to be such as commonly proceede from a minde premeditating murther. When they were come to the place appointed, Cosby, as it should seeme, beeing first arriued, had made himselfe readie to fight: the Lord Bourgh, comming somewhat later, was not altogeaither so ready, yet had cast of[f] his cloake, tyed his horse, and drawne his rapier.

Now, marke the feare with which treacherous hearts doo continually tremble, though they haue

neuer so perfectly studyed the platforme of their pernicious deuises. For Cosby, though he had trained his fresh springing hope of cheualrie and honour into a solitarie place farre from resorte, and earlye in the morning when fewe had occasion to be in the fieldes, yet did hee (as ministers of diuelish stratagems vse) faint, and gladlie would haue bin at home again, as by his delaies is euident; for first he entreated the L. Bourgh to measure rapiers, the equal length wherof he knew sufficientlie, for him selfe prouided both of them.

Then did he request him to breake his rapiers point (auouching it was triall enough of their manhoods in that they had met in field) and to scarre their faces, and so returne and say they had fought. But the L. Bourgh, as one that lothed his former brags, and detested the dastard-like motion, told him flatly he scorned such pufillanimity, nor came he to plaie boyes plaie. Why then, quoth Cosby, my L., twere best put of[f] your spurres, least they chaunce to hinder you.

Now had the deuill, which all this while had beene absent from his seruant, fitted him at length with a pollicie to work his will, and endamage his owne soule. And now, euen nowe, the fatall houre was come wherein the bloody homizide gaped to quench his thirst in bloud, and to aete the tragedie of his for-

mer fcelerous inuentions. For as the L. Bourghe (whose noble minde suspecting no treacherie) kneeled downe, putting his rapyer in his left hand, and with his right intended to vnbuckle his spurres, the mons- terous treachetour, taking the aduantage as it fell, not like a souldiour or a gentleman, but like a brutishe manquellour, and murdererous conspiratour, voyd of all virtue and humanitye, with all the violence his coadiutor, the deuill, could lend him, ranne his rapyer twelue inches into his brest, which stucke so fast, as hee was constrained to set his foote vpon him and plucke it foorth ; and beeing cast downe with the force of the thrust, Cosby, that wicked and bloodye Cosby, coulde not be content with one mortall wound, nor might his infatiate furie be staunched, except his vitall bloud streamed in fundrie conduites, to gorge the fell outrage of his greedie mawe : therefore, letting fall hys rapier, tooke his dagger in his right hande, and therewithall gaue him three and twentie woundes more ; which scarce could suffice, for that he feared if any breath remained in hys bodie, his tongue might bewraye the manner of that horrible murther ; and therefore would not haue left so, but that he saw rescue neere, which made him take his horse to escape, which was, when he came vnto that place, a lustie strong geldinge as any is in England : but he was no sooner on his backe, but

he presently fell lame, and was not able to carie him. Suche is the iust judgement of God, that abhorreth murderers, and wil not their villainie be concealed.

Besides, for all those woundes which the Lord Bourghe had receiued, it pleased God he should liue two or three houres after, time enough to commit him selfe to his mercie, and to reueale the treacherous manner of his death ; which hee did in the hearinge of the right honourable the earles of Effex and Ormewood, in a house in Wandsworth, whether hee was conuaied by the meanes of one Iohn Powell, yeoman of the bottles to her Maiesties house, who, comming to the rescue, pursued the murtherer vntill hee shrouded him selfe in a thicke wood ; where hee might easilie haue kept him selfe cloſe a long time, but that the prouidence of God, hauing now taken place to punish, where before the diuell had kept possession, for sin, he wold not suffer him to rest, but so ſoone as it was night, brought him backe to Wandsworth, and the first house he came to was the house wherein the breathleſſe bodie of the Lord Bourgh lay : wherunto he was no ſooner approched, (which is a thing especially to be noted) but his wounds bled more freshlie then when they were first giuen ; whereby the people in the house, beeing agaſt at that ſuddaine and ſtroung spectacle, made foorth to ſearch, for ſurelie they ſuppoſed the mur-

therer was not farre off : he, hearing the noyse of their comming, fledde to Newinton, where he was apprehended, and caried to Newgate, and from thence brought, the fие and twenteth daye of Ianuarie, to the Sessions house in Southwarke, where he was arraigned and condemned of wilfull murder, which murther he had committed the fourth day of the same month. And thus haue I disburdened the heauy clogge of my greeued conscience, and done my latest duetie to him dead, whom, whilst he liued, I loued and honoured.

Then, noble mindes, whose heartes, full of lenitie, harbour no suspition of treacherie, banish all secure mildnesse from your soules, that suffers euerie base and ignoble sycophante to encroche into the lenity of your fauorable conceite. And nourish not with your courteous countenaunce the contemptuous aspirers of inferiour reputation. For thereby groweth such boſting vanitie from the baser insolent, that would frame nobilitie to the inferiour tipe of their vñworthines. As well is manifested by the fodaine death of this noble gentleman, and the published villainie of this tragicall murther, a sufficient caveat for euery mistrustlesſe minde to be admonished.

The manner of the death
and execution of Arnold Cosbie,
for murthering the Lord Boorke,
who was executed at Wandsworth
townes end on the
27. of Ianuarie
1591.

*With certaine verses written by the said Cosby in the time of his
imprisonment, containing matter of great effect, as well
touching his life, as also his penitence before
his death.*

Imprinted for William Wright.

1591.



The manner of the death and execu- tion of Arnold Cosbie, for murthering the Lord Bourke.

IMEDIATLY after that Arnold Cosbie had received iudgement, as you haue before heard, he had his hands fast bound, and by the Knight Marshals men was committed vnto the Marshalsey, where he had learned preachers come and conferred with him, shewing him that this life was but fraile and transitorie, and in no fort comparable vnto the life to come; for therein consisted all ioye, pleasure, rest, solace, and continuall comfort; and that he might be assured to dwell and liue for euer among the Angels of God, if so by repentaunce of his former sinnes he would nowe call vpon God, and stedfastly beleue that by faith in Christ Iesus he shoulde haue free remission of all his sinnes, which from time to time hee had committed. By meanes of which godly confession, the said Arnold Cosby called to minde the state wherein he had before liued, and in what estate hee now stooode, and therewithall comparing the one with the other, &c., seeing his sodaine

downfall through his pride and folly before committed, he burst foorth into bitter teares, and grieuously lamented both his follie and his fall, wishing that he had neuer beene borne to performe an a^t so detestable, whereby he had lost the fauour of his prince, and good will of hir people, not being able to make satisfaction for the least droppe of bloud which he had wilfully wished; neither could he euer be pardoned of the hainous sinne which he thereby committed, but onely by the mercie of God which was ready (as he alleged) to refreshe all penitent sinners that forrowed for their offences euen from the bottome of their hearts. Thus meditating vpon the New Testament, and having continuall conference with thofe that came to comfort him, he sometime red, and sometime wrote such things as might best content his wofull mind, vntill Wednesday, about nine of the clocke in the morning; at which time he was conueyed from the Marshalsey in a cart vnto Wandsworth townes ende, where vpon a high hill a gibbet was set up, and being brought thither by the Knight Marshals men, he was taken from the cart, and placed at the foot of the said hill; where at his comming he founde the Earle of Ormond, with manie knightes, captaines and gentlemen, who came to see him suffer death, where he found at his comming Doctor Fletcher, Lord Bishop of Bristow and

Almoner vnto hir maiestie, to comfort him against the feare of death, who perswaded him to desie murther, and to acknowledge his offence: which he did openly confesse before all the people, and shewed him selfe sorie for the same, asking forgiuenesse both of God and the worlde; and therewithall desired hir maiestie to forgiue and forget his offence, so as it might be hereafter no blot or blemish to his kindred or allies. Then, after praiers which the prisoner seemed to poure foorth from a penitent heart, confessing that he had before committed sundry hainous offences, stiil calling vpon God to forgiue him, euen to the last gaspe, he was turnd off from the ladder and there hanged till he was dead, and nowe remaineth in the placed, hanged vp in chaines according to his former iudgement.

ARNOLD COSBIE'S

YLTIMUM VALE TO THE VAINE WORLD.

*An Elegie written by himselfe in the Marshalsea
after his condemnation.*

Breake heart, be mute my sorrowes past compare!
Cosbie complaine no more, but fit and die.
Teares are no tokens of such dreriment,

As thy true grieve poures to the angrie heauens,
The heauens offended with thy foule misdeeds.
O ! great Commander of this glorious round,
The workmanship of thine immortall hand,
Thou that doest ride vpon the Cherubins,
And tunest the deepes in dreadfull harmonie,
Cast downe thine eie vpon a wretched soule,
And from thy throne of grace, great Iacobs God,
Raine mercie on me, miserable man,
Falne into snares of sinne and shamefull death,
From thee, sweete Sauiour, Sauiour of the world.
O world, vaine world, vnconstant and vnkind !
Why hast thou bred me, nurst me, brought me vp
To see this daie of sorrow and of shame ?
Cosbie complaine. Captaines and men of warre,
With whom I whilome spent my carelesse daies,
Daies dated but to this, to end in shame ,
Farewell ! adieu to you and all the rest
That follow armes ; and armes and life adieu !
From armes and life I passe, drencht in the pit
Digde by my desperate hands, hands full of bloud.
Bleed, heart, to thinke what these accursed hands
Haue perpetrated. Pardon, heauen and earth !
And gentle Lord, misled by my amis,
Fouly by me sent to thy longest home,
O ! pardon [pardon] Cosbies cruell minde,
His minde enraged, and gentle bloud by wrath

And furie tainted and empoisoned.
Why do I kill my do[1]efull dying heart
With sad rehearsall of this heauie chance ?
O death, rocke me asleepe ! Father of heauen,
That haft sole power to pardon sinnes of men,
Forgiue the faults and folly of my youth,
My youth misspent in wast and wantonnes,
And for sweete Iesus sake forgiue my soule,
Fouly defild with this aboue the rest,
This wickednes, this hard vnworthie deed !
And, lastly, you whose fame I haue defild,
My kin, my Countriemen, friends and alies,
Pardon, ô pardon ! such as men to men
Can giue, I beg for wronging you in all,
For shaming you in this my wretched end :
The fruitles crop, the meed of my deserts,
My bad, my base desertes, sweete Friends, forget.
Frends, countriemen, and kins folkes, all forget
My name, my face, my fact : ô blot me out,
Out of the world, put me out of your thoughts !
Or if you thinke, ô thinke I neuer was ;
Or if you thinke I was, thinke that I fell
Before some forte, some holde in Belgia.
With this suppose beguile your sorrowes, friends :
Thinke that I fell before the canons mouth,
Euen in mine honors heighth, that blessed day,
When in aduancement of my name, I left

My countries enemie in his base reuolt.
A wretched man to talke of honors heighth,
Fallen so basely into the pit of shame,
The pit of death ! my God, my God, forgiue me !
Next to my God, my countrie pardon me,
Whose honor I haue stained and lawes infringe[d].
And thou, my soueraigne Mistris and my Queene,
Bright starre of Englandes globe, forgiue my fact ;
Nor let it touch thy Royall Princely hart
That Cosbie hath misdone so hainously.
The circle of my time is compassed,
Arriued to the point where it began.
Worlde, countrie, kin, and friends, farewell, farewell !
Flie thou, my soule, to heauen, the hauen of blisse :
O bodie ! beare the scourge of thine amisse.



The enterlude of the vertuous and godly Queene Hester.

THE PROLOGUE.

DIUERS philosophers, auncient and sage,
Their clargy and cunnyng to put in practise
Oft have disputed, by learning and language,
To whome greatest honour men ought to demise,
Or for what cause hie reuerence shoulde aryse ?
And amonge manye some were there, doubtlesse,
That concluded honour due vnto ryches.

Some also to noble bloude, and high parayge,
Affirmed honour dewly to pertayne ;
And some to pollicie and wysedome sage,
And some to power and superiall raigne,
Eche man his reson sayde in certayne :
Ouer this some said, that vertuous demenoure
To bee excellent, and of moste honour.

The KYNG, sitting in a chaire, speaketh to his couſell.

Of theſe, my lordes, we woulde be glad to here,
Whiche is moſt worthy honoure to attayne,
By your high reaſons we thynke it maye appeare,

To speake therefore, we praye you, your sentences
 And as ye determine, so shall wee certaine [plaine,
 Advaunce to honoure, and to promotion applye
 Alwayses the best, and that bee most worthye.

PRIMUS GENEROSUS.

Most drad soueraigne, kinge Affuerus, to The first
gētleman.
 your doughty, weghty & fured,
 Of riches, power, wisdome, vertue or noble bloude,
 Which is most soueraigne, and of highest honour,
 Me seames, as vertue none can be so good,
 Not riches nor power, wisdome nor gentill bludde ;
 For wher vertue fayleth, the other be not fuer,
 But full vnstable, and longe cannot indure.

Who so wyll laboure storyes to perufe,
 And them with dylligence often will rede,
 May see and perceue, how vice dyd confuse
 Many noble princes, whiche were in dede
 Of such magnificence, that we not nede
 To doubt of theyre riches, power and wisdome,
 And yet, for lacke of vertue, vice them ouercame.

SECUNDUS GENEROSUS.

Nabuchodonozor, Senacherib, and Salmanasar,
 Nero, Dyoclisian, Maxentius also,
 All thesee prynces of hye honoure were,
 Of ryches, power and wysdome allso,
 Of noble bloude, yet these and many mo,

For lacke of vertue, to vice dyd fall,
To theyre owne distruktion and theyre subiectes all.

TERTIUS GENEROSUS.

But then, as me semeth, yt were expedient,
Amonge all vertues apperteyninge to a prince,
That same to knowe by fume reson vrgente,
Which is so necessary to the prouince,
That wythout yt in no wyse he can conuince
Neyther synne nor synners that vniustly deale,
Nor in good order kepe his common weale.

PRIMUS GENEROSUS.

In myne opynion that is Iustice,
A vertu as exellent as may be.
For all thinges it orderith in such wyse,
That where it is, is peace and tranquillitie,
Good order, hygh honour, wealth and plentie ;
And where it fayleth in the prince or kynge,
The common weale decayeth withoute tariynge.

SECUNDUS GENEROSUS.

Befyde Iustice there muste bee diligence
In hys owne personne that same to put in vre,
Or els some tyme suche coloured sentence,
Vnder cloke of Iustice, ye maye be sure,
Craftely shall procede from them that haue the cure ;
Which in processe may bryng to downfall
The kynge, hys realme, and hys subiectes all.

The iudgement of Salomon, in his owne person,
 Betwene two women of lyuinge vnchaste,
 So feared Israell that vtterlye no one
 Durste once rebell, but they thought it waste
 In anye wyse to attempt, eyther fyrst or laste,
 Any thynge of displeasure to hys maiestye royall,
 Fearyng his wysedome and iustice so equall.

TERTIUS GENEROSUS.

If by hys lieutenante had been done the same,
 Hys honoure shoulde neuer haue spronge so farre,
 Nor so much renowned by noble fame,
 As it is now, and that both here and there ;
 Nor yet hys subiectes to such awe and feare
 He could haue dryuen by no meanes at all,
 As he dyd by his iustice perfonall.

And ouer this many a noble man,
 At the prynces wyll and commaundymente,
 To employe iustice dyd the best they can ;
 And yet the commons vnneth coulde be content,
 And why ? for in their mynde they thyncke verament
 That either for riches and honour Iustis will doe,
 And he onely, for the zeale that to Iustis he hath to :
 Wherfore, noble prince, if in youre owne person will ye
 Employe Iustis, the more youre honour shallbe.

KYNG ASSEWERUS.

My lordes, we thanke you for youre counsell ;

As ye haue sayed, so thinke we verely
That Iustis mainteneth y^e common weale ;
And, namely, y^e prince muste nedes himselfe applye
Vnto the same, or els vtterly
Shall folowe decay by warre or els death,
Quoq^z, si princeps malus populus coruet.

And ouer this, if that his lieutenaunt
Shal happen to square from trueth and iustice,
Albeit his faire wordes and good semblaunt,
The prince must nedes be circumspect and wise,
That no ambicion nor couetise,
Through great welth and riches inordinat,
Doe erect his corage for to play checkmate ;
For though it be as well as it may neede,
It shall be thought nay, I assure you in dede.
Sir, what is your name and progeny ?

AMAN.

One of y^e g^etyll
mē must answere ;
whyche you will.

I am Aman, sonne of Amadathy,
Of the stocke of Agag borne lyniallye.

ASSUERUS.

Your learnyng and reason pleaseth vs well,
And ye feeme to be of discretion ;
We beare ye, therfore, our fauour and zeale,
So that withoute meanes of intercession,
We make you our chaunceloure : take hede to this
leffon.

See ye doe iustice and trueth euer approue,
Or to your destruction we shall you foone remoue.

AMAN.

My duty is more nowe then euer it was,
Truly to serue your moste noble grace,
Both nyghte and day, here and in euery place.

ASSEWERUS.

Et exeat.

My lordes, as nowe thus standes the case.
We are comfortles for lacke of a Queene,
Which shoulde be our ioye and chefe solace ;
And, to say truth, it hath not beene oft seene
But the prince with a princes matched hath beene,
Leaste defaulte of issue shoulde be, whiche God
defende : [intend.]

Therfore, youre counfells firste had, to marry we do

PRIMUS GENEROSUS.

Then, let your officers peruse this realme,
And of fayre maidens that be virgins pure,
Of moste goodly personages that may be fene,
Gather a great number, that we may make reporte
Vnto your grace : then may ye be sure
To chose the beste, when ye haue them seene,
And that is the fitteſt to be your quene.

ASSEWERUS.

Call to vs Aman, our trufthy chaunceler.

AMAN.

If it please your grace, I am here,

Here entrith Amā,
with māy mē
awaitig on hym.

ASSUERUS.

Aman, this is the councel of my lordes all,
That our officers in hast we shoulde fende
To pervse this region vdiuersfall,
From the begynnyng vnto the ende,
To feke faire maidens, where so thei may be kende,
And of most goodly perfonages that may be sene,
To the intent among them we may chose a quene.
Here the kyng entryth the trauers,
and Aman goeth out. This is our minde, more to speake it
shal not nede; [dede.] In all that ye may, see it bee done in

Here entreth MARDOCHEUS, and a maiden with him.

I am Mardocheus, borne in Ierusalem,
The sonne of Iaire, and of the stocke of Beniamy,
By Nabuchodonoser brought into this realme
When he did subdue our kyng Iechony,
And translated the Jewes by conquest and victorye;
Both I and other, in number many one,
Were brought in captiuitie into the realme of Babilon.

I haue here a maiden of the same nacion,
My brothers daughter, named Edissa,
But Hester is her common denomination;
And by that well knownen, *nam a Deo missa.*
God graunt her grace, that perseuer she maye,
In wisedome and womanhead faythfull to bee,
Her espouse to loue in perfecte amitie. C

So is it nowe, oure kynge Affuerus
 Diuers Purseuautes in great haste hathe sente
 Ouer all his realme ; in these parties nere vs
 To seeke faire maidens is his entent,
 To chose amonge theym one conuenyente
 To be his quene and Lady Soueraigne,
 In loue and honour with him for to raigne.

And for as muche, doughter Hester, that you,
 Amonge other, are appoynted for one,
 I thyncke it accordynge therefore nowe
 To giue you mine aduise and instruction :
 Attend ye, therfore, without interruption,
 And by faithfull mind, and stedfast memorye,
 That I shall faye learne it diligentlye.

HESTER.

Noble Mardocheus, my father moste kynde,
 To that ye shall faye I will applye my mynde.

MARDOCHEUS.

Than, yf the kinge chose you to his queene,
 It is of hys goodnes, bountie and grace,
 And for none your merites, the truthe to bee seene ;
 Therefore to hym repaye muste you needes obedience,
 Trew loue and kyndnes, aboue personnes all,
 Not forged nor fayned, but with affection cordiall.
 Breake not the course that quenes haue hadde :
 In this noble region, most part of all,

They haue aye bene good, and none of theym badde,
To their prince euer sure, iust and substanciall,
And good to the commons, when they dyd call
By mekenes for mercye, to temper the fyre
Of rigors iustice in fume or in yre.

HESTER.

Thys counsell is perfecte, and also so pure ;
I graunt it therfore, and promyse you sure,
It is my whole mynde and hartye desyre
That fame to fulfyll, as reason shall requyre.

PURSEUAUNT.

Here entrieth pur-
fiantre, with ma-
nye maydens.

I haue here of maydens a fayre companye,
Of comely stature and goodly visage,
Which to the king I thynke by and by
For to present, and to his counsel sage,
For their promotion, wealth and marriage ;
Sawe before with Mardocheus the Jew,
I muste speake for Hester, that is so fayre of hew.

MARDOCHEUS.

She is here redy, and doth attende
The kynges commaundement to fullfyll,
And at youre pleasure forth shall she wende,
Wyth out resystance, and by her good wyll.

PURSYUAUNT.

Then shall I bryng her the kyng vntill.
Come on, lady Hester, and followe me :
To the kyng shall ye goe with youre cumpany.

Here Aman me-
tythe thē in y^e
place.

AMAN.

Syr pursiuant, haue ye these maydens
broughte

For the kynge, lyke as ye had in commaundement ?
PURSYUAUNTE.

Yea, syr ; and for them farre haue I soughte,
Both in vyllage, towne and tenemente :
I truste I haue done trew seruice and dylligente.

AMAN.

So are ye bounde by very dewty
Of youre allegeaunce and fydelitye.
Se that ye follow us wyth your hole cumpany.

PURSYUAUNT.

As ye haue fayed so shall it be.

AMAN. .

Thē thei go Pleasfyth it your grace, accordynge your
to the kynge. mynde,

We haue made ferche all youre regyon
For goodly maydens, of nature fyne and kynde,
And of them haue founde, in myne opynyon,
A number ryght fayre, and of complexion
So puer, and of so fayre visage,
That they surmounte all other in personage.

ASSUERUS.

Are they also of suche competent age,
Of suche demeanour and grauitie,
That they be fytte for oure mariage ?

AMAN.

Upon a profe youre grace shall heare and see,
As well theyr wisedome as theyr beautye.

ASSUERUS.

Sertis, they be fayre and goodly eche one,
And as it maye seeme by theyr fyrst countenaunce,
Both by look and gesture, nature and complexion,
In theym shoulde be kyndnes, myrth, and dalyaunce,
Wysedome, sadnes, and in loue perfeueraunce,
Constancie knyt with comelines, ioy to encrease
Vertue with good demenour, pleasure to put in preffe.
But ye, fayre damsell of the highest stature,
And of most ripe age, as shoulde seeme
Of all this compayne of most fynest nature,
Tell vs your linage, for as yet we deame
Your lookes be so lusty, and in loue so breme,
If that your demenour hereafter be fene
To that accordynge, ye shalbe our quene.

HESTER.

Most noble Prince, as for my linage,
Nor yet my country, fertis I can not faye.
My parentes diceffed in myne none age,
So that I neuer harde yet vnto thys daye.
What coste or countrey, what lande or laye,
I was bred in, broughte forth, or borne;
It is to me vnownen, as aye hath bene beforne:
Notwithstanding, I haue had foode and fostring

Of Mardocheus all my lyfe dayes,
 Whom I called father in my yonge age,
 And so intend to do eftsons and alwaies, [prayse ;
 Whome for his frendshippe I haue good cause to
 Befechinge youre grace, and that moste mekely,
 To my sayde foster father good lorde for to be.

ASSEWERUS.

Call in Mardocheus, that we may see his face.

MARDOCHEUS.

I am here to attende vpon youre grace.

ASSEWERUS.

Mardocheus, what call you youre daughter ?

MARDOCHEUS.

If it please your grace, her name is Hester ;
 Assuringe you, she is a virgin puer,
 A pearle vndefiled and of conscience cleare,
 Sober, fad, ientill, meke and demure,
 In learninge and litterature profoundely seene,
 In wisdome eke semblante to Saba the Quene ;
 Fytt for any prince to haue in marriage,
 If his pleasure agree to her personage.

ASSEWERUS.

Ye faye ryghte well : then, we thynke it expedient,
 Some what to proue by communication,
 Her lernynge and her language eloquent,
 And by some probleme of hye dubitation,
 To knowe her aunswere and consultlation.

How faye you, Hester; haue you ought reade, or
seene,

Of vertues that be best and fitteſt for a queene?

HESTER.

To ſpeake before a king it is no childeſ playe;
Therfore, I aske pardon of that I ſhall faye.

ASSUERUS.

We pardon you what ſocuer ye faye.

HESTER.

Then to bee bolde ryghte well I maye.
No quene there is, but by marriage of a prince,
And vnder couert according to the lawe,
So that the iurifdiction of the whole prouince
To the kinge pertaineth; this is the trewe ſaw.
Albeit, ſometyme more for loue than for awe
The king is content to bee counſelled by the queene
In many fundrye cauſes, as ofte hath been ſcene.

Which ſentence is ſure and grounded with reaſon,
But yet not wythſtandynge this is not all,
But eftſons it may chaunce at fundrye ſeafon
The kynge wyth hys councell, moſt parte of all,
From this realme to be abſente when warre doth call.
Then the Queenes wyſdome ſadly muſte deale,
By her greate vertue to rewle the common weale.

Wherfore as many vertues be there muſte,
Euen in the Quene as in the prynce;
For feare leſt in warre ſume treaſon vniuſt

The realme shoulde subdewe, and falsely conuince.
 The Quene must sauegarde all the hole prouince,
 And so as muche goodnes aye muste be seene,
 As in the kynge, to be in the Quene ;
 And how many vertues longe to a kynge,
 Lyke vnto your grace, I cannot make recknyng.

ASSEWERUS.

Then, I doute not, but the wyfdome of vs two,
 Knytte both to gether in parfytte charyte,
 All thynges in thys realme shall cumpas so,
 By truth and Iustice, law and equitye,
 That we shall quenche all vice and deformitie.

HESTER.

Then at my beginning I beseeche your grace [space.
 That I may shew my mynd, whyle I haue time and

ASSUERUS.

Speake at your libertie ; I wyll heare it gladlye.

HESTER.

Then I wyl be playne, for veritie hath no pere,
 And for a pryncipall of thys my tale,
 And eke his subiectes both greate and smale,
 In honoure and wealth : yea, all the prouince,
 So riche and so stronge, that they maye conuince
 All their enemyes, where so euer they dwell,
 That woulde inuade, resiste or rebell.

And where goddes feruyce and hospitalitie
 Doeth decaye, and almes to the poor all,

There maye be wealth in places two or three,
But I assure you the most part in generall [cial
Neither haue meate nor money, nor strength substan-
Fytte to doe you seruice, when ye haue nede ;
Which is no good order, me thynkes, in very dede.

Let God alway therfore haue hys parte,
And the poore fedde by hospitalitie ;
Eche man his measure, be it pynte or quarte,
And no man to muche, for that is great ioberdie,
A meane to lose all, as I doe feare me ;
For when all is gathered together in a heape,
It may fone be conueyed, cariage is good cheape.
Thys I speake with trew heart and mynde,
Befechyng your grace to take it in good kynde.

ASSUERUS.

Of these matters another tyme moore at large
We shall speake, and of dyuers other mo. [charge
Aman, see our seruautes doe accomplishe their
To awayte upon oure Queene, and that also
In haste vnto oure waredrobe see ye goe
For riche apparell of golde and pall,
As well for her selfe, as for her ladyes all.

AMAN.

Than, if it please you to licence the
Queene,
As to her pleasure awhyle shall befeeme.

Here departith y^e
queene & Aman,
and all y^e maid-
ens.

ASSUERUS.

And we for a season thys busynesse wyll ceafe,
And oure selfe repose for our pleasure and ease.

Here entrith PRIDE syngynge, poorely arayed.

To men that be heuy, and wold faine be mery,
Though they feele smarte,
Oft chāce such reckning, y^t with their mouth thei sing,
Though thei wepe in their hart.
Sometime thei daūce, with mery coūtenaūce,
When they had leuer slepe :
Eke thei laugh and grin, whē, by this funne, I wyn
In the heart they wepe.
Who so will accord with this double world
Muste vse suche artes,
Outwardly kinde, in his heart a fende,
A knaue of two partes.
Outward honestie, inward infidelitie,
Bothe rydes on a mule ;
In peace he is bolde, but in war he is colde,
That sooneſt wyll recouyle.
Manye bee that profers, but fewe that offers
Deuoutelye in theyre hearte : [befall,
They faye they can doe all, but when neede doeth
They begynne to starte.
He that is double loues alwaye trouble,
And at no tyme wyll ceafe ;

And yet he wyll not fight, by day not yet by nyghte,
In warre nor in peace.

But such men by battail may get corne and cattell,
Bullyon and plate;

And yf they once get it, let vs no more craue it,
By GOD we comme to late,
Eyther to begge or borowe, except shame or forowe,
Dyspleasure and hate.

Syrs, my name is Pryde, but I haue layde asyde
All my goodlye araye :

Ye wynne I lye ; there is a cause why
That I goe not gaye.

I tell you at a worde, Aman, that newe lorde,
Hath bought vp all good clothe,
And hath as many gownes as would serue ten townes,
Be ye neuer so lothe : [gowne]
And any manne in the towne do by him a good
He is verye wrothe ;

And wyll hym strayte tell, the statute of apparell,
Shall teache hym good :
Wherefore, by thys daye, I dare not goe gaye ;
Threde bare is my hoode.

Pryde was wonte to be a man of iolytye,
Of hye countenaunce and face,
And since Aman raygned, no man hym retayned,
Allmoste in any place :
For Aman, that elfe, woulde no man but hym selfe

Shoulde be proude in dede.
 For, as men say, all pryde he taketh away.
 Well, God fende him good spedē.

ADULATION.

And as for Adulation must chaunge his occupation ;
 It is worth a pease.

PRYDE.

Why so ?

ADULATION.

For my lorde Aman doeth all that he can,
 I assure you without doubt,
 To take vp al flatterers, and al crafty clatterers
 That dwell fourtye myle aboue.

PRYDE.

Yea, but the lawe shal, by order substancial,
 Punyfhe all thosē.

ADULATION.

Yea ; I wil tel you one thing : law now and flatteryng
 Aye together gose.

PRYDE.

Why so ?

ADULATION.

For al law, est and west, and adulatōn in his cheſt
 Aman hathe locked faſte : [tering ;
 And by his crafti patterīg hath turned law into flat-
 So that fyrf and laſte
 The cliant must pay, or the lawyer affaye

The law for to clatter : [this light,
And whē ye wene he faide right, I assure you by
He doth not els but flatter.

PRIDE.

Why so ?

ADULATION.

For yf Aman wynkes the lawyers shrynkēs,
And not dare faye yea nor naye :
And yf he speake the lawe, the other calles hym daw ;
No more then dare he say.
So that was law yester day is no lawe thys daye,
But flatteryngē lasteth alway, ye may me beleue.

PRYDE.

Dyuines y^t do preache, methynkes, they shoulde teache,
And flatteryngē reproue.

ADULATION.

Syr, they haue lefte prechynge, and take them to flat-
Moste parte of them all. [terige,

PRYDE.

I marueyle of that.

ADULATION.

Do ye marueyle ? mary, I wyll you tell
A cause substanciall.
When they preached, and the truthe teached,
Sume of them caughte a knocke,
And they y^t shoulde [haue] affisted, I wote not how
they were brysted,

But they dyd nothyng but mocke.
 And that sawe they, and gate them away,
 As faste as myghte be :
 They folde theyr woll, and purchased a bull
 With a pluralyte :

And lefte predication, and toke adulation,
 And what by mendation, and dyspensation,
 They gat the nomynation of euery good benefyce.

So better by flatteryng, then by preachynge,
 To wealthe they did aryse.
 But yet ye muste beware.

PRYDE.

Where of ?

ADULATION.

That they do not square farre beyonde the marke,
 For yf yt be a good fee, Aman sayeth, that longeth
 Be yt benefyce or parke. [to me,

If he espy to y^e promotion, he wyll streyt geue
 him a portiō,
 A lappe of a thousand markes.
 He shalbe purged cleane, he shall singe neither tre-
 ble nor meane,
 Nor yet speake one worde.

PRIDE.

Is he well seene in adulation ?

ADULATION.

He is wardē of y^e occupatiō, without all iestīge boorde,

And no man so hardy, but by hys auctorite
The same to vse.

Here entryth AMBYTION.

No; for yf he doe, he were better no,
Hys braynes he wyll confewse.

PRIDE.

Why, who arte thou?

AMBYTION.

He that can tell how Aman vseth to warke.

PRIDE.

Is not Ambytion thy name?

AMBYTION.

Yes, for god, y^e same. I was wonte to be a greate
clarke,

But syn Aman bare rewle, neyther horse nor mule
But ys as wyfe as I.

ADULATION.

How so?

AMBYTION.

For all rewlers & lawes, were made by fooles & dawes,
He fayeth verely.

Ordynances & foundation, without consyderation,
He fayeth, were deuySED.

Therfore hys imagination, bringes all out of fashion,
And so all is dysguised.

Sum tyme where was plenty, now y^e barnes be
empti,

And many men lackes bread ; [get,
And wher somtyme was meat, there now is none to
But all be gone and dead.

Beggars now do banne, and crye out of Aman,
That euer he was borne :
They swere by the roode, he eatyth vp all their foode,
So that they get no good, neyther euen nor morne.
And many that be pore, though not from doore to
A begginge they did goe ; [doore,
Yet had they releefe, bothe of breade and beefe,
And dryncke also.
And now the dore standes shet, and no man can we get
To worcke, neither to fyghte :
Wherefore yf warre should chaunce, eyther with Scot-
land or Fraunce,
Thys yeare woulde not goe ryght.

ADULATION.

And where is all this become ?

AMBITION.

As for y^e *domin^o vobiscū*, I dare say nothinge but mū,
Not tyll an other tyme.

PRYDE.

All this is out of seafon, and nothing done by reasoun,
Nor yet by good ryme.

ADULATION.

How say you, Ambition, haue ye not prouision for to
Get promotion, as ye were wonte to do ?

AMBITION.

No, by my holydame, for my lorde Aman
Handelles all thynges so,
That euery office and fee, what so euer it bec,
That maye bee seene and founde,
By his wit he wyl it featche, and or it fal he wil it
catche,
That neuer commeth to the grounde :
So that I repent, that euer I went
Unto the scoles ;
For his large commission maketh me, Ambition,
To dwell amonge fooles.

PRYDE.

And is there no remedye ?

ADULATION.

None that I can spye, whyle he doeth rayne.

AMBITION.

Then, lette vs make merye, euen tyll we dye,
And dryue pyne awaye.

PRYDE.

I hearde once a Fryer, as trewe a lyer
As anye in the countrey :
He preached veramente, that oure testamente,
Alwaye readye shoulde bee.

ADULATION.

For at oure deathe we shall lacke breathe,
And than, fare well wee.

AMBITION.

Then, mayster Pryde, begynne thys tyde ;
Let vs here youre fashion.

ADULATION.

And ye shall here nexte, euen the playne texte,
Of me, Adulation.

PRYDE.

Then, by and by, ye shall heare playnely,
Wythout impedimente,
The tenour of my wyll, if ye take heede therevntyll :
This is my testament.

Al my presumptuous pryme, whether he goe or ryde,
Nowe or elles than,
My heart and corage, for power and language,
I geue it vnto Aman.

Let him kepe of my pryme what he wil, the reste
deuide

Amonge hys whole Garde ; [all
And when they haue it all, what they wyll dooe with-
Aduyce them afterwarde.

If pryme haue a fall, let them be content withall,
As I am nowe :
For as for Pryme lasteth but a tyde,
I assure you,
If to it longe shame, let them a Goddes name,
Take them bothe :
For as I feare mee, so muste it needes bee,
Bee they neuer so lothe.

ADULATION.

And I, Adulation, of the same fashion,
At thys tyme present
To recorde euerye man, geue vnto Aman,
By thys my testament,
All my subteltie, and forged fydelite,
To hym and hys espyes.
I wot they wyll it vfe, trew men to confewse,
And that craftely :
And yf they do in dede, I pray God they may spedē,
Euen as honestly,
As he that from steylyng, goth to sent Thomas watryng
In his yong age.
So they, from pytter pattour, may cumē to tytter totur,
Euen the fame pylgrimage,

AMBITION.

And I, Ambytion, had a commission,
By force of a bull,
To gett what I could, but not as I wolde,
Neyther of lambe nor woll.

Thē bull, nor the calfe, coulde please the one halfe
Of my feruente desire ;
But euer I thought, by God, there was I woulde
haue had,
When I was neuer the nere.
Therfore all my ambition, to gether in a comission
Under my seale,

I geue it to Aman, to the intent that Sathan
 Maye loue hym well :
 That whyle he is here, he maye styll defyre,
 And yet neuer the nere, Sometyme to bee ;
 And when he goeth hence, he maye with him dispence
 By a large facultye,
 That for his fines feuen, or he come to heauen,
 Wyth out bourde or game,
 Sumtyme or tyde, he may for his pryde
 Suffer some shame.

PRIDE.

Now, by wades myll, euerye mans wyll
 Is wonderouflye well.

ADULATION.

And by my holydome, I wene it be wysedome ;
 For folke often chat, howe men dye in estate,
 But so shall not wee.

AMBITION.

No, by saint An ; but yet my Lorde Aman
 Neuer the better shalbe.

PRYDE.

No forse, so God me faue, yf we our wyll myght haue,
 We woulde he shoulde neuer thee.
 Nowe made is our testament, I praye you be content
 Some myrthe to deuyse.

ADULATION.

Let vs beginne with singynge, and conclude with
drinkyng :
It is the newe gyse.

AMBITION.

Then let vs beginne a songe, that wyl last euen as long
Thei depart sing- As hence to the tauerne dore.
yng, and Aman
entreth.

AMAN. *(Et exeunt.)*

Moste noble prynce, and of highest wysedome,
I do not doulte of youre confidartion,
But that you know what I haue bene, eke what I am,
Bothe in wyll and woorde, and occupation,
Of assured thoughte without adulcation,
And as glad to doe seruice vnto your grace
As euer I was to liue anye tyme or space.

And for the same great malice I do fustayne ;
Both of your nobles and communaltie,
To my greate greuaunce, and merueylous payne ;
And eke further, I feare the ieoperdye
Of my lyfe, goodes, credence and honestie,
To cease their malyce vnlesse you put in vre
Your power royall, I can not longe endure.
The sclauderous reportes, the lyes y^t be made,
The fained dectractiōns and contumilions,
The rimes, the railinges, so farre fette abrode,
Both paynted and printyd in moste shamefull wyse.
And, God to recorde, all is but leafinges and lyes.

Was neuer made on man lyke as is on me,
Only for aplymet of law and equite.

In so much that, of late now in dede,
Before all the commins vpon myne and me,
Moste dañable reportes were sett a brode
To my dyshonour and shamefull villany :
And all that were there of that cūpanye,
As I myghte see by theyre countenaunce and voice,
That same alowed and greatly did reioyce :
Wherfore, noble prince, I beseeche youre grace,
Let me be remoued, another to haue my place.

ASSUERUS.

Aman, we harde, wyth deliberation,
Uttered and pronounced by language cleane,
A very elygante and prudente oracion
Of you, as euer to fore was feene ;
By whose tenour we knowe what ye meane :
And haue ye no doughte, so shall we for you prouide
That youre enemies shall damage you on no syde.
We knowe ryght well the woordes enuious to be,
One agaynste an other for fee and office ;
But that to regarde in no wyse nede ye
As longe as ye obserue trueth and iustyce,
From the which we woulde that in no wyse
Ye shoulde degresse ; for if ye do in dede,
Youre owne distruktion shortly ye shall brede.
But for youre conforte harke what I shall tell ;

And for more affistance in this that ye do feare,
We make you lieutenaunte to rewle Israell.
Take heare these robes ; see ye do them weare,
Eke this golden wande in youre hande to beare,
A token of honour and of estate ryall.
God fende you contynuaunce and well to do with all.

AMAN.

Noble prynce, accordinge as I am bounde,
I will do you seruice tyll deathe me confounde.

ASSUERUS.

For a seafon we wyll to our folace
Into our orcharde, or some other place,

Here the kynge
entreteth the tra-
uerse, and Hardy
dardy entreteth the
place.

HARDYDARDY.

A prouerbe, as men say, a dogge hath a
When so euer that it chaunce. [day,
He that wyll drinke wine, and hath neuer a vine,
Muste fende or goe to Fraunce ;
And yf he do not, endure he cannot,
He must nedes shrynde ;
Shrinke ? yea, say that againe, for it is a greate paine
To be with out drynke.
In such case am I : I swere by Goddes pety,
I lacke both drynke and meate.
But, as I say, a dogge hath a day,
For now I truste to get :
My tyme is come for to get some,
If I be not lett.

It is the common worde, Aman is a lorde,
 And Aman is of price,
 And hath, perdyne, all this cuntrie
 At his rwele and deuice :
 And I trust to be one of his yemanry,
 To weare his bage and marke.
 An office I wold beare, and it noughte elles wheare,
 But the keper of his parke.

AMAN.

Meseames, ye are not fytte.

HARDY DARDY.

Ye wene I lacke wytte ; it may well be so,
 Yet afole, when it doth happe, may somtyme chaunce
 to stoppe a gappe
 When wyse men wyll not mell.

AMAN.

Fooles largely will bourde, and tell all theyr thought.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyse men will not speke one worde, till all
 become to nought.

AMAN.

Fooles will tell all, and that troubleth fore.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyse men will say nought at al, till al be gone,
 and more.

AMAN.

Fooles to Idlenes all wayes be prest.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyse men vse such busines it were better they
were at rest.

AMAN.

Fooles let the reformation of common wele.

HARDY DARDY.

And wyse men be so full of imagination,
They wot not how they deale.

AMAN.

Whyse men wolde do ryght,
And foles say nay.

HARDY DARDY.

And fooles be fayne to fyght when wife men rūne
AMAN. [away.

Fooles spend all, tyll they haue nought.

HARDY DARDY.

And wife men carry all, tyll they dare no more craue.

AMAN.

Ye are a foole; ye do but clatter.

HARDYDARDYE.

Many go to scole, tyll they can flatter.

AMAN.

Leave youre clatter, leste ye cume tardy.

HARDYDARDY.

It makes no matter, for my name is Hardydardy.

AMAN.

Is youre name "Hardydardy?"

HARDYDARDY.

Yea, y^t is it verily. I wold, if it plese ye,
Be one of your yomanrie.

AMAN.

As for that, let it passe : we take you for our solace,
And mirthe sumtime to ken.

HARDYDARDY.

I wene, by Goddes grace, one foole in a place
Doth well amongo wife men :
Ye must nedes laughe amongo, and if a foole singe a
I holde you than a grote, [songe.
Some wife man muste be fayn sumtime to take y^e paine
To do on a fooles cote ;
And than perchaunce it is not redie.

AMAN.

Well, ye can speake merely, wherwith I am contente.
Sirs, tarrie you a seafone ; se that farre ye not walke :
I will to the kinge secretly to talke.

Moste victorius prince, and of higheste honour,
Primate of the worlde and president chefe,
By whose wisedome, and pollityke demeanoure,
All the world at this day takes relefe,
Both kynge, page and lorde ; yea, in fentence brefe,
No realme nor region able were to stande,
Onles your councell with them be at hande.

Who compelleth lordes to mainteine their nobilite ?
Who lerneth knyghtes theyr feates marciall,

Or who religion subdewith to humilite ?
Who haue craftes and laborers the worlde ouer all,
In ciuill cytie or village ryall,
Compellethe eche man to hys order and place,
But only the wisedome and polye of youre grace.

Your strength defendith, your wisedome saueth all,
Youre plentye relevithe almoste euery man ;
Such is your honour and order ryall,
That none other councell at this day canne
Reache nor attaine to know how or whan,
Lyke good order or honorable guise,
As you by wisdume dayly do deuice.

So is it, your grace, from very bafe parage
And poore estate, me to hye honour haue brought :
For none my vertues, nor wisedome fage,
But onely youre gooddes haue made me of nought.
God is mi iudge, it is therfore mi thoughte,
And dayly study, aboue all worldly treasure,
That thing to do that is your wealth and plasure.

And yf it please your grace therfore to here
One thynge as I shall make rehersall,
Whan I haue saide I thinke it shall apeare
To youre pleasure and proffitte substanciall ;
And, to be playne, this is it fyrste of all. [dwell,
A greate number of Iewes with in this realme do
A people not goode, nor for youre common weale.
They be dispersed ouer all youre prouince,

With in them selfe dwellyng, defeuered from our na-
 By theyr new lawes they think to conuince, [tion :
 And eke draw unto theyr conuersation,
 And vnto theyr ceremonyes and faction,
 Of our people as many as may be,
 Intendyng to subdew all gentilite.

More ouer, the preceptes of your law
 They refuse, and haue in great contempte.
 They wyll in no wise liue vnder awe
 Of any prince, but they wil be exempte ;
 Wherby good order may sone be interempte,
 And occasion is, as I do feare me,
 Your subiectes to rebell in hope of lyke liberte.

And youre grace knoweth, it is expediente
 Theyre mallyce to increase thus by sufferaunce ;
 For by that may chaunce greate inconuenience,
 And to all your realme importune perturbaunce :
 For theyre posseßions be of substauce
 So greate and so large, that I feare, at the length,
 They wyll attempte to subdewe you by strengthe.

My councell, therfore, to auoide ieoperdy,
 Is that your grace, by your power ryall,
 Shall geue sentence and plainly decree
 To fle thes Iewes in your realme ouer all,
 None to escape ; let your sentence be generall.
 Ye shall by that wynne, to say I dare be bolde,
 To your treasure .x. thoufande pound of golde.

ASSUERUS.

My lorde Aman, we haue harde ryght well
All your oration, which is so elegante,
And so well towched, that nedes we muste fele
And perceyue your minde, your wordes be so
pregnante :
And, as touchinge the Iewes, which be so valiaunte,
Both of goodes and greate pocessioun,
We do agree vnto theyre suppression.

We ryghte well perceiue that vnto them drawe
Much of our people and ientile nation,
Which to our honour, and also to our lawe
Muste nedes be a greate derogation,
A meane to bringe all out of facion :
To quenche them, therefore, we be contented wele ;
In token wheroft, holde here a ringe and seale.

AMAN.

Of your sentence there shall not lacke one clause,
But all shall be done, and that without paufe.
The Pursuauntes call to vs shortly.

PURSYUAUNTES.

If it lyke you, we are here.

AMAN.

These letters deuised we wolde you should applye
To bere furth ; and that dylligently,
With as much haste as may be,
To the rewlers of euery towne and citie,

Streightly commaunding theim all that they maye
The same to execute at their prefixed day.

PURSEUAUNT.

To his hye pleasure we shall make vs preste,
And tyll it be done we wyll take no reste.

AMAN.

We be glad we haue attained our purpose :
I trust it shall abate the hie corage
Of Mardocheus ; and eke all those
That be hys clyantes brynge to repentaunce.

HARDYDARDYE.

Mary, sir, they be lyke to take penaunce.
It woulde greue any man, yonge or olde of age,
Without his head to goe on pylgrimage.

AMAN.

Thei haue deserued it, and they shall haue it ;
It is for themy accordynge.

HARDYDARDYE.

If I shoulde bewray that some men doe faye,
It were a mad bourdynge.

AMAN.

Say what ye lyfste.

HARDYDARDY.

So woulde I, yf I wiste ye wolude not [be] angrye.

AMAN.

Ye haue libertie, as ye pleased be,
To stande or tumble.

HARDYDARDY.

Men say in dede, ye shall lose your head,
And that woulde make you stumble.

AMAN.

Why so ?

HARDARDY.

Thei say it is conuenient should be fulfilled y^e testa-
Of Ambition, Adulation, and Pride : [ment
They gaue you all their pryd and flatteryng,
And after that faint Thomas watring there to rest a tide.
And men thynke at hoste with them was the holy
Theyre testament was made so holily : [ghoste,
Wherfore all that they sayed cannot be take or sayed,
But as a prophesie.

AMAN.

Well, ye are uerely, disposed merely
Now for to talke ;
And I am fuerly minded secretely
For my solace to walke.

Et excat.

Here entreth a Iew and speaketh.

O lorde ! what a thinge is crudelite,
Whan to it is annexed couetous and Pride :
It distroyeth both towne and contrey,
Eke all regions on euery fyde.
All is for him to lyttell, his mouthe is so wide ;
His rigour rauenous spares not to spill,

Both man and childe, to haue his owne will ;

This rauenous wolfe, Aman I do meane,
 That hath perswaded the kynge to kill and flea,
 And from all this prouince to auoid cleane,
 All men and women and children that be
 Iewes borne, and of the Iewes consanguinitie.
 The precept is set up men to remember,
 And it shalbe executed the .xiii. day of December.
 Alas ! that euer shoulde fortune suche rage,
 From so cankered a caytyfe to procede.
 It is hys mynde, my head I ley to gage,
 All those to fley, I assure you in deede,
 That wyll not by flattery hys presumptions fede.
 He woulde be glorified aboue creatures all,
 And yet I trust, as Lucifer depe he shal fal.

ANOTHER IEWE.

The Mantuans thoughte it a greate punishmente
 To be proscribed from theyre goodes and lande,
 As reciteth Virgill, that poet eloquente :
 Much more is our payne, ye may vnderstande,
 That shall lose our lyues, vnles God take in hande
 Us to delyuer, or els we not canne
 Auoide the murder of this carnifex Aman.

AN OTHER IEW.

He shall by this murder our goodes wynne,
 And him selfe enlarge his pride to auaunce,

And when he hath all he shall be new to begynne,
Ever more to gett by some other chaunce.

MARDOCHEUS.

Yet at the laste all shall come to mischaunce,
For both him and his god shall make tame,
And for theyre pryde and pyllage fende them
worldly shame.

HESTER.

Mardocheus, wthy youre companye,
We haue harde youre lamentation,
To our grefe and displeasure verely ;
Yet we truste, by meke supplication,
Fyrste vnto God by humble oration,
And than to the king by defyre cordyall,
A meane to fynde for to sauegarde ye all.
Call in the chapel, to the intent they maye
Syng some holy himpne to sped vs
this day.

Than the chap-
pell do singe.

After this prayer, and our former abstynens,
To the good Lorde I call for cumforte,
To inspyre the prynce, and his mynd incense,
That I may optayne now at my resorte
To redeme the Iewes, all the hole sorte ;
Eke to dysclose the falsoed fauell and fraude
Of this cruell Aman, to thy prayse and laude.

ASSUERUS.

O goodly Hester, our most noble Quene !

Of personage pearles, and in wisdome alone,
 In corage and countenaunce none lyke is seene,
 So discrete in dallyance was neuer none.
 Loe, here our wand : approch nere to this place,
 Here thei That we may kiffe you, and in our armes
 kiffe. embrace.
 What aske you, ladye, and what do you demaunde ?
 Halfe our realme is yours, yf ye commaunde.

HESTER.

Noble prince, and our espouse most deare,
 Since that to aske ye haue geuen me libertie,
 I befech your grace, with heart most entier,
 That it may please you this day to dine with me ;
 Eke my lord Aman I woulde be glad to see,
 At the same banket for to take repaste.

ASSUERUS.

Call vs in Aman, that we may go in haste.

AMAN.

I am here ready to atende vpon your grace.

ASSUERUS.

Here must bee Then let vs go, while we haue tyme
 prepared a banket in y^e place. and space.

Lady Hester, our moste beloued Quene,
 So pewer and so exauisite is thys repaste,
 Both of wine and meate, that no better may beene ;
 Your mirth eke and manners so pleasaunte to atteste,
 That for to departe we make no maner haste :

Eke our presence, we knowe, is to youre pleasure
Farre better than gold or any worldly treasure.
Wherfore, as we fayde, we wolde ye shoulde
demande,

And at your pleasure your petition make.
The one halfe of our realme, yf ye it commaund,
We shall with departe, only for your fakē,
And of it to you a playne surender make :
And the more ye aske, wyth louinge intente,
The more we shall geue, and the better be contente.

HESTER.

Noble prynce, your hye magnyficens,
Your bounte, and espieciall grace,
So ofte and so kyndlye doeth incense,
To make request from profite to purchase,
So y^t lenger delay were in me great trespassē ;
And by y^t also your grace right wel may it thinke
That finally your loue vnto my heart did finke.
Wherfore, this faououre since I haue obtayned
Of your grace to haue any my requeste,
This I do aske, with true harte vnfayned,
And wyth charitie, of all virtues best,
That throw all your reame, both east and west,
As manye as bee of the Iewyshe nation,
Your grace wil them pardon at my supplication.

Affuryngē you I am of that nacion,
Borne, and eke brede in Ierusalem,

Yet I and all they by one condempnac[i]on
 To deathe are determined through all this realme.
 No remedy, lesse your pardon vs redeme.
 We woulde rather we myght be folde to bondage,
 Than thus to peryfhe by fury and outrage.

ASSUERUS.

What is he, or what is hys authoritie,
 That is so bolde thys act to attempt ?

HESTER.

It is Aman, that by cruell enuy
 Is oure mortall enymye and wold vs interrupt,
 That our lyfe and godes from vs were adempte :
 Then wold he rule all, and if he myght to all get,
 And all shoulde not suffice, so hie his heart is fet :
 Hys pompe and his pryme so much is indede,
 That yf he had all, it coulde him not suffice ;
 At thys tyme hys treasure youres doeth excede,
 And yet content is he in no wyfe,
 But to gette moore daylye he doeth deuise.
 The commons he extorteth tyll they bee lame ;
 He takes the profyt, and ye beare the name.
 But better it were that he shulde suffer payne,
 Than thus by crafte your honour to dystaine ;
 By his false leafinges he putteth other in blame,
 Deludinge youre grace when he lyft to fayne :
 And no man so worthy for to suffer payne

As he him selfe, by his poyson and gall
Hath deceyued you, and eke youre commons all.

ASSUERUS.

He signified vnto me that the Iewes did
Not feede the poore by hospitalitie ;
Their possessions, he sayde, were all but hydde,
Amonge them felues lyuyng voluptuouflye,
Thinkyng the same might be verely
Much better employed for the common weale,
Where now it litle profitte, or neuer a deale.

HESTER.

Noble prince, as for hospitalitye
Of the Iewes dwellinge in your regyon,
It is with them as alwayes hath bene
Sins the beginning of their possession,
Which God to them gaue, of his mere mocion :
Eke great knowledge both of cattell and of grayne,
That none to them like houshold coulde maintayne.

Is not of Abraham the hospytallyte
In scripture noted and of noble fame,
But one honoringe when he receiued three,
The trenite sygured in the same ?
Both Isaake and Iacob had a lyke name,
Of whom the twelue tribes descended be,
Which euer dyd maintaine hospitalitie.
Sinse God, therfore, hath begunne theyr housholde,
And ay hath preferued theyre hospitalitie,

I aduise noman to be so bolde
 The same to diffolue, what so euer he be :
 Let God alone, for he shall orderly
A fine ad finem, both here and there,
Omnia disponere suauiter.

ASSUERUS.

O kaytiffe moste crafty ! o false diffembler !
 With thy flatteringe tonge thou hast deceyued me.
 All noble princes by me may be ware
 Whom they shall truste and put in auctorite ;
 Eke whom they shall promote to ryches and
 dignite.
 But we shall teache the good for thine ingratitudo,
 And by the[e] all other theyre prince to delude.

AMAN.

O Lady Hester, moste noble princesse !
 Of thine honour and goodnes soueraine,
 Extende to me that pitie, or else doutles
 To deathe I am dressed and mortall payne.
 I wotte I haue deserued it for certaine,
 And againste the my offence is great :
 Wherefore, vneth I dare thy goodnesse entreate ;
 But trueth is, the merite of thys is better,
 And God it more accepteth a thousande fold,
 Agaynst whome the offence is greater,
 And of them that of iniurie coulde not tell me ;
 Wherefore to speake somewhat it makes me bolde :

To encrease thy merite and rewarde heauenlye,
Saue my life, and I thy seruaunte shall be.

HESTER.

Aman, this matter so heinous is in dede,
That of our honour we wyll nother speake nor speede.

AMAN.

Alas! then I am vtterlye marred;
I must streighe die, it can not be deferred.

ASSUERUS.

O thou kaytyffe! canste thou not be contente
With the mischeffe by the done before,
But the quene wylt oppresse, we beinge presente?
What nede we call for euidence moore?
Make him sure and fast, and therto bind him sore.
We will that oure counsell shortlye deuice
How we shalle bestow him accordyng to iustice.

ARBONA.

There is, in the house of this traitour Aman,
A paire of galowes of fistie cubites hie;
Vpō them he had thought, either now or than,
To haue caused Mardocheus to die.

ASSUERUS.

Leade him hence, and vpon them by and by
See that ye hange him, and so stoppe his breathe:
Without fauoure see that he suffer deathe.

HARDYDARDYE.

Other folkes be tardye as wel as Hardy dardy,

By this reckeninge.

A fyr, besyde belles, bacon and somewhat els,
Must nedes haue hanginge.

ASSEWERUS.

Hanginge doe serue, when they that deserue
Are false feytoures.

HARDY DARDY.

And it commes to lottes of heringes and sprottes,
Which be no traytours,
To hange in the smoke, til they chaunge their cloke
From white to redde.

ASSEWERUS.

But such do no wronge ; wherfore they do not honge
Tyl they be ded.

HARDYDARDY.

Ye speake somewhat like, for it toucheth the quicke
To be hanged in good heale.

ASSEWERUS.

Yet none nede to care, that is wyfe and ware,
And truly wyll deale.

HARDYDARDY.

Haue ye not rede of Nafo Ouide,
That eloquent Poet ?

Nor Valery, which telles merely
The proper feates ?

How the smith Perillus, like a *tuta vilus*,
Made a bull of bras ;

He had thought iwis, to haue pleased king Phalaris,
But yet he did much wурse.

ASSUERUS.

Why so ?

HARDYDARDYE.

I wene, by God, he made a rodde
For his owne ars.

Phalaris coulde not gete with in the bull to shett :
Lo, here beginnes the game ;
Wherfore, in dede, he toke for nede
Perillus, maker of the fame.

In he did him turne, and made the fier to burne,
And greatly to increace ;
He cast him in such heate, and eke in such sweate,
He fried him in his greace.

ASSEWERUS.

What meane you by this ?

HARDYDARDY.

I wyll tell you, by gis, my whole intencion :
I meane, my master is the fyrste taster
Of his owne inuencion.

The gallhouse he made both hye and brode,
For Mardocheus he them mente ;
And now he is faine him selfe, for certaine,
To play the fyrste pagente.

ASSUERUS.

He that deferues Payne is worthy certaine
Euen for to haue it.

HARDYDARDY.

Therfore, God fende all thoſe, that will ſteale mens
That once they may goe naked. [clothes,

ARBONA.

If it please your grace, this traitoure Aman
We haue put to deathe, as was youre cummaundymēnt.

ASSUERUS.

Then ſhall we ſtreighte, as well as we canne,
Beſtowe his goodes; for he made no teſtamente.
Lady Hester, this is our intent:
The house of Aman, with all his treasure,
We geue it you, do with all youre pleaſure.

HESTER.

I thanke your grace with harte entyre.
Nowe dare I be bolde to ſhewe you the playneſſe
Of my minde, ſince Mardocheus is heare.
If it please your grace, the truthe is doutles,
All be it or now I did it not confeſſe,
This Mardocheus is for certayne
My fathers brother; no longer I wyll it leyne.
A gentyll man he is, for lynyally
He is borne of the ſtocke of Beniaminy.

ASSUERUS.

We be ryghte gladde we know his linage;
Hys truthe to vs before was knownen well:
We wyll him aduaunce accordyngē hys parage.
Holde, Mardocheus, here is our rynge and feale,

It is our truste ye wyll with iustice deale ;
We commytte, therfore, vnto your wyfe discrecion,
Of all thys prouince iudgemente and corection.

MARDOCHEUS.

I thanke youre grace, trustinge ye shall not heare
In all thynges but as iustice doth requyre.

HESTER.

Noble prince, and our espouse moste deare,
I beseeche youre grace, at my supplycation,
The precepte youre grace fente at Amans desyre
Againstste me and all the Iewishe nation
May be reuoked, and vpon conuocation
A new, deuis'd by them that can do best,
And that fente forthe to set the Iewes at reste.

More ouer, lett the realme be perused
By them that be of your hye councell ;
And if any haue the lawe abused,
Of all the Iewes with in youre common weale,
Let them not spare correction to deale,
And strayghtly constraine them selfe to addresse
To obserue that law God gaue them by Moses.

The Iewes be the people of God elected,
And weare his badge of cyrcumficion ;
The dayly prayer of that hole secte,
As the psalmes of Dauid by gostly inspiracion,

Eke holy ceremonies, of Gods prouision,
To God is vaileable, that nothing greater,
And al the whole realme for the fares y^e better.

ASSUERUS.

Stande ye up, Lady, and approche ye neare :
Your petition we graunte it gladlye.

HESTER.

Than, if it please your grace to heare,
This epistle is made to the fealyng readye.

ASSUERUS.

Let it be red, that it may by and by
Be sealed and consigned, and so furthe sent ;
And than, I truste, ye shall be content.

SCRIBA.

Here the
Scribe doeth
rede y^e kiges
letter. We, Assuerus, kynge and highe regent
From India to Ethiopia plaine,
Send gretinge and straighte commaundement
To all the heades and rulers sertaine,
Wylling they should vpon a great Payne,
In a hundredth prouinces and seuen and twentye,
All men compell to this our decrete.

All though it be so our preceptes that be fente
Be of dyuerse nature and playne repugnant,
When ye know our mynd, ye shalbe contente
To thinke it no lyghtnes nor wytte inconstante,

But the neceffytie of tymes varyant,
And as cause requereth for the vtylyte
Of our hole reame, heedes and comynalte.

And to the entent ye may know our playne mynde,
The sonne of Amadathy, called Aman,
A Macedone borne, and lyke to theyr owne kynde,
Not of our nacion, as all men tell can,
Whiche by his subteltye, both now and than,
Our gentelnes so in fecteth for certayne,
That neare we were lyke all Iewes to haue slayne.

We fauored hym that he was called
Our father, and all men dyd to hym honoure ;
But his harte wyth pryd so strongly was walled,
That by his flyght and crafty demeanoure,
Had we not espyed his subtile behauoure,
He wolde haue dystroyd quene Hester, our wyfe,
And from vs, at the lengthe, haue taken our lyfe.

But as for the Iewes, we found them innocent
And without all blame, though to death they were
dyth,
Wherfore Aman we thought it conuenient
To hang hym tyll the death, accordyng to ryght,
Within Sufis, our noble cetye of myghte.
Not only our dede, nor yet theyr chans nor fate,

But Goddes owne Iustice, what so euer they prate.

This our precepte and hye commaundemente
 We wolde to all cities ye shoulde declare.
 This is our purpose and veri entente,
 The Iewes to theyre lawes them selfe shoulde prepare
 Duely to kepe them, and not from them square ;
 And no man to hurt them, see ye remember,
 As it was mente the xiii day of December.
 Dated at Sufis, this is certayne,
 The iiij day of December, the iii yeare of our raine.

ASSUERUS.

This is well ; fe it be sealed anon,
 And that euery citie of them may haue one.
 Now, madam, I truste ye be contente.

HESTER.

Yea, and that veramente.
 May it now please you your selfe to repose ?

ASSUERUS.

Very well ; saue fyrst we wol disclose
 Parte of our mynde, which we thinke necessary :
 If it be well hard, we truste it shall edifye.
 My Lordes, by this fygure ye may well se
 The multitude hurte by the heades negligence,
 If to his pleasure so geuen is he,
 That he will no paine take nor dilligence :
 Who careth not for his cure ofte loseth credence,

A prouerbe of olde sume time in vface,
Few men that serue but for theyre owne aduauntage.

HESTER.

And yet the seruantes that bee vntrue
A whyle in the world theyr lyfe may they leade ;
Yea, theyr welth and worshippe dayly renewe,
But at the length, I assure you in dede,
Theyr fauell and falsehed wyll come abrede,
Whiche shall be to them more bytter than gall :
The hygher they clyme, the deper they fall.

ASSEWERUS.

Let us then cesse this conuocatione,
And this tyme dyssolute this congregacione.

HESTER.

That lyke as here they haue lyued deuoutly,
So God graunt them in heauen to lyue eternally

ASSEWERUS.

To the which we committe all this company.

FINIS.

Imprynted at London by Wyllyam Pickerynge
and Thomas Hacket, and are to be folde
at theyre shoppes.

N O T E S.

PAGE 12. In the place.] That is, in the open space in which the performers stood, and recited their parts.

P. 13. And in loue so breme.] “Breme” here means *superlative*: in general it is *violent, outrageous*.

P. 14. Call in Mardocheus.] We are to suppose that Mordecai was standing back, and now comes forward.

P. 16. And falsely convince.] “Convince” is here used for *conquer*, or *overcome*, as in Shakespeare, *passim*. See again lower down in the page.

P. 18. That soonest will recoyle.] Probably, as the rhyme serves to show, the original spelling was *recule*, Fr. *reculer*.

P. 19. Ye wynne I lye.] Ye *ween* I lie: so in the preceding page, “when by this, I *wyn*.”

P. 20. Adulation.] If Adulation did not enter with this speech, he must have come in with Pride on p. 18.

P. 22. Without iestīge boorde.] “Jesting bord” is tautologous; for a *bord*, or *boord*, is a jest, and it was often so used.

P. 23. For all rewlers and lawes.] Ought we not to read “For all *rules* and lawes,” etc.?

P. 27. Sent Thomas watryng.] St. Thomas-a-watering was at that time a common place of execution near Southwark.

P. 28. He shoulde neuer thee.] *I. e.* never *thrive*, from the Anglo-Saxon *thean*, a not very uncommon old word. “No force,” in the previous line, is equivalent to *no matter*.

P. 29. Most noble prynce.] Assuerus obviously comes in at the same time as Aman. “Considartion” in the second line of Aman’s speech is, of course, an old misprint for *consideration*.

P. 32. To weare his bage.] It was the custom of old for livery servants to wear *badges*, with the arms, etc., of their masters.

P. 32. Wyll not mell.] *I. e.* will not *meddle*.

P. 34. Secretly to talke.] Here we must suppose that the king re-enters, from his orchard, to which he had retired on p. 31.

P. 36. It is expediente.] *Sic in orig.*; but perhaps a misprint for *inexpediente*.

P. 37. Here a ring and seale.] With these words the king must make his *exit*, but there is no note of the kind. Stage-directions are often to be supplied by the reader.

P. 39. Cannot be take or sayed.] There is most likely a misprint in this line: perhaps “sayed” here ought to be *layed*.

Page 41. Than the chappell do singe.] This stage-direction shows, in all probability, that the performance was by the Children of the Chapel Royal, or at least that they assisted, and sang here out of sight.

P. 41. Fauell and fraude.] *I. e.* speech and fraud, from the Lat. *fabula*, Ital. *favella*. The word occurs again on p. 55.

P. 42. So pewer and so *exhausite*.] Perhaps a misprint for *exquisite*.

P. 44. And wold vs interrupt.] In a former instance this word is printed *interempte*, and here the rhyme seems also to require it.

P. 53. To death they were dyth.] To death they were *dight*; or prepared.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS tract was unknown to Ames and Herbert, but Dibdin has a notice of it (ii, 386) with some very inaccurately transcribed quotations: he used a copy then in Heber's library, the present location of which we have not ascertained.

It is evidently a translation from the French, although it has hitherto been treated as an original poem: such words as *poche*, *garsons*, *fenesters*, *volenty*, *corsage*, *tesmonage*, *crayntes*, etc., speak for themselves, as regards the language to which they belong. Moreover, whoever rendered the piece into English does not seem always to have clearly understood the original. "The Romaunt of the Rose" is expressly mentioned, with its author, Johan de Mehune, on page 13; but nothing is said of Chaucer's famous version of it.

We do not attempt to apologise for the plainness, and even coarseness, of some of the expressions and allusions: we might as well object to the terms often employed by Chaucer, necessary to the point and humour of his narrative, and belonging to the manners of his age. Our purpose here is to represent the language of the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII such as it was, and not such as it may have been rendered by modern refinement, when we are often more afraid of words than of deeds.

In our day we sometimes endeavour to compensate for laxity of morals by scrupulosity of expressions. We do not, of course, prefer pieces of a lighter and looser character, but we reprint them as we find them, as true representations of thought and language at the dates when they made their appearance. We would rather relinquish our undertaking, than mutilate what is only intended for a very select body of readers.

The obvious misprints are not a few, and in some cases we have adhered to them, in order that the reader might judge of the real state of the original. Thus, we have “nyght” for *nygh* (p. 4), “sotweth” for *soweth* (p. 5), “swarte” for *thwarte* (p. 7), “romanute” for *romaunte* (p. 13), “pleasure” for *pleasance* (p. 14), &c. On p. 7 is a line where “and” is worse than surplusage as regards the metre, because it perverts the sense.

A passage in Shakespeare’s “Much Ado,” etc., Act II, Sc. 3, is illustrated by a line on p. 18, where “nothing” is so printed, though it there means *noting*. On p. 18 we have also an early instance of the use of the name of Wat for a *hare*, as in “Venus and Adonis,” where our great poet so beautifully and pathetically describes “the dew-bedabbled wretch” flying before the hounds.

The tract is ended by Wynkyn de Worde’s well known tripartite device, which we have not thought it necessary to add; nor the coarse woodcut figures at the beginning, which have no connexion with the subject, and were only prefixed for mistaken ornament, and vulgar attraction.

J. P. C.

Here begynneth the
Complaynte of them that ben to
late marched.

Here begynneth the complaynte of them
that ben to late maryed.

AFTER playes, sportes, and daunces of solace,
We must thynke to come to prosperyte,
After that God of his haboundaunte grace
Wyll prouyde how that I may gourne me,
In mynde I purpose wedded to be.
In a better lyfe may no man lyue in
Than to be maryed, and lyfe out of synne.

All yonge louers sholde them so affyle,
That they loue trewely, and so for to lyue ;
With ardaunte wytte and perfyte style,
All vnto goodnesse themselfe for to gyue :
Than may they be sure that they shall thryue.
So wyll I lyue in maryage clene and pure,
To Goddes be houe and increasinge of nature.

To longe haue I lyued without ony make,
All to longe haue I vsed my yonge age ;
I wyll all for go, and a wyfe to me take
For to increase both our twoos lynage :

For saynt Iohn sayth that he is sage
 That ayenst his wyll doth him gourne,
 And our Lordes preceptes hym selfe for to learne.

There is no greter pleasure than for to haue
 A wyfe that is full of prudence and wysdome.
 Alas, for loue nygh I am in poynte to raue !
 These cursed olde men haue an yll custome
 Women for to blame, both all and some ;
 For that they can not theyr myndes full fyll,
 Therfore they speke of them but all yll.

Now syth that I haue my tyme vsed
 For to folowe my folyfhe pleasaunces,
 And haue my selfe oftentymes fore abused
 At plaies and sportes, pompes and daunces,
 Spendynge golde and syluer and grete fynaunces,
 For faut of a wyfe the cause is all :
 To late maryed, men may me call.

The holy sacramente of maryage,
 Before holy chyrche, was ordeyned
 For to increase humayne lynage :
 He that doth other wyfe is not receyued
 Before God : thus was man guerdoned
 With woman for to lyue at his owene wyll :
 He is a fole that elles where doth nature spyll.

I haue done as the labourer doth
That somtyme is payned with trobyll grete,
For he lefeth his payne, for certayne soth,
That in the hye waye soweth his whete :
Well I perceyue that I dyde me forgete,
Or that I put me in to housholde ;
I haue lost my feed, my worke is but colde.

Women and maydens, both good and yll,
With me I helde my selfe for to please,
The one dyde rebell, the other abode styll,
Other made me well at myn eafe.
Cupydo than came me for to ceafe,
Venus lyghted her bronde of fyre :
For such seruyce, suche guerdon and hyre.

Thus rauysshed in this sayd abusion,
I was taken with a cantelous wyle,
That me thought to make conclufyon
Of my weddynge within a whyle.
But yet dyde they me begyle ;
They caused me for to make grete dyspence,
For I was no foner wed, through my neglygence,

I wolde do make comune, I wys,
My proper goodes ; so was I lyght
Of wytte, and was all wayes redy, as is

A man of armes in poynt to fyght.
Other whyles I went me ryght
In to places my selfe solysfytynge ;
But nother frequented that beyng.

Yf I withhelde ony praty one,
Swetely ynough she made me chere,
Sayenge that she loued no perfone
But me ; and therto she dyde swere :
But whan I wente fro that place there,
Vnto another she dyde as moche,
For they loue none but for theyr poche.

I had fyue or sixe companyons
That haunted with me euery houre ;
But I haue knownen to suche garfons
In secrete they haue done focoure,
Yf that they enjoyed my paramoure,
With grete Payne durste I it to them faye :
Force me was to kepe counseyll alwaye.

I wote well that I haue ryght fore varyed,
For to haue wylled for to lyue alone,
For to haue ben to late maryed,
For that I haue herde so longe a gone,
For she that abandoneth to more then one,

I dare wyll swere, and ther with it sust[a]yne,
That she abandoneth vnto a dosayne.

Folyshe regardes, full of vanyte,
I keft ouer twarte and eke contrauers ;
To daye I had peas, rest and vnyte,
To morowe I had plete and processe dyuers :
Breke I dyde dores and fenefters ;
Sargeauntes met me by the waye,
And enpryfoned both me and my praye.

Subiecte I was to a meyny of bawdes,
And vnto a grete company of brothelles,
Whiche to me brought an hepe of rybaudes,
Dronkardes that loued well good morselles,
Knaues and theues that wolde pyke quarelles.
I gaue them clothes, I knewe not theyr vfe ;
There is none so subtyll but loue doth hym abuse.

Alas ! I haue all my tyme spent and lost,
Whiche for to recouer is impossyble ;
Spent haue I nature, at grete expens and cost ;
Agenst the ryght canon and of the holy byble,
Offens done to God neuer ceasyble ;
In daunger for to forfayte bothe soule and lyfe,
By defaute for to haue taken vnto me a wyfe.

Lyke vnto a best, an hors, or an asse,
 That careth not for to tomble in the fen,
 Yf that ony with me playenge there was,
 An other to helpe I wolde go then :
 Mo gallantes a man sholde se than ren
 After a wentche, and lepe and hytche,
 Than dogges do about a farowenge bytche.

She wolde to no maner a man escondyte ;
 Eche one she appetyted for to receyue,
 Takynge therein pleasure and delyte,
 To the ende theyr syluer for to haue :
 But in the stede chyldren to conceyue,
 Botches, pockes and goutes they engendre,
 In hedes and in legges and in euery membre.

In this maner of sykenesse many ther be
 That ben Impotentes hanged and dede,
 But lytell semblaunce they make on to fe
 Taken as they ben, not beggynghe theyr brede.
 Haft you to be wedded, thus I you rede,
 Vnto the ende that ye be not cappable
 Of this grete daunger, deedly and vncurable.

Now am I out of this daunger so alenge,
 Wherfore I am gladde it for to perseuer ;
 Longe about haue I ben me for to renge,

But it is better to late than to be neuer.
Certes I was not, in my lyfe tyll hyther,
So full of ioye that doth in my herte inspyre :
Wedded folke haue tyme at theyr defyre.

Out am I now of thought, dole and mone,
Lyuynge euer more ryght amorously,
For I haue a wyfe by my selfe alone,
At my commaundement both late and erely ;
And yf it happen that I loke heuely,
My wyfe me kyffeth, and than she me colleth,
And ryght woman there she me consolleth.

To that I wyll haue done she is redy,
Neuer wyll she ayenst my wyll faye :
She doth to me the best that she can truely,
Nothing of my volenty she doth me naye.
Yf I be angred or trobled ony waye,
Redy she is to chaunge my purpose,
Vnto the ende that I may haue all my repose.

I haue me all to longe refrayned ;
Furnyshe I can not to all her pleasyre,
And for to promyse her I am constrainyd
More then I can do to her defyre.
She appetyteth it moche, and doth me enspyre,

Gorgyously shewynge her fayre corsage,
But I am all caduc, and wery for age.

I ought to haue by this many chyldren,
Some sporte and playe, & some at fyre syttinge,
Other in the felde to shote, lepe and ren,
And some hardy, some mery and tryumphynge,
In whom I sholde haue all my delytyng ;
But to late maryd, withouten dout,
May neuer se his chyldren ren out.

My wyfe shewed to me her proper dugge,
On the mornynge her delyte for to make,
And to haue me for to playe nugge a nugge.
Alas ! I wolde it full fayne forfake,
But force it is suche lessons to take,
And to ryse vp erly, as I thynke best,
In the mornynge, and go vnto my rest.

Whan I se her lye in shetes fayre and whyte,
As rede as the button of the rose,
With good wyll wolde I take than delyte ;
Neuertheles I lete her haue her repose,
For it is force that I cast agayne on the close,
And to make a pawse than I am conioynt,
For thynstrument is not yet well in poynt.

But yet somtyme I me constraine
To take nature folace, thus thynke I,
But all fodeynly I me refrayne,
For I do fere to be to foone wery,
And than I slepe with courage all drery,
And yet am I, I can not passe
Vpon women more than euer I was.

Constrayned I am to be full of Ialoufy,
Seynge that I can not content her mynde
Touchynge the playe of loue all softlye :
Often ynough, the experyence to fynde,
She me assayeth and tourneth by kynde,
Castynge vnto me her beggyng legge,
But I do slepe ; I care not for suche a begge.

With her eyen pleasaunte castynge a regarde
In chaftyng a laughter amerous,
Than with a praty smyle she doth me larde,
And that maketh me somewhat joyous ;
But comynge to a bed delycyous
For to holde the spere in a full hande,
It plyeth and fayleth, for wyll not stonde.

Whan I herde her bable and langage,
Her gentyll termes spoken so properly,
I do me wyshe for to be in to the age

Of eyghten, neyntene, or foure and twenty :
 Suche assautes than gyue wolde I,
 That for it sholde haue no nede to craue
 Of the grete pleasure that she sholde haue.

If that she go to banckettes and daunces,
 She doth none offence therin certayne :
 Nedes she must haue her pleasaunces
 In some place to make her glad and fayne ;
 Wherfore I dare well say and fusteyne
 That after with me I wolde haue her ledde,
 If ony soner I had ben to her wedde.

We twayne sholde haue all our yongenesse,
 After maryage custome and ryght,
 Pased in joye, solace, and gladnesse,
 And is wherfore I haue me pyght :
 Force it is to me that the fyre be night,
 That at a nede I can not haue quenched.
 To late maryed is for to be complayned.

It is sayd, that a man in feruytude
 Hym putteth whan he doth to woman bende ;
 He ne hath but only habytude
 Vnto her the whiche well doth hym tende.
 Who wyll to householde comprehende,

And there a bout studyeth in youth alwayes,
He shall haue honoure in his olde dayes.

Some chyldren vnto the courtes hauntes,
And ben puruayed of benefyces ;
Some haunteth markettes and be marchauntes,
Byenge and fellynge theyr marchaundyses,
Or elles constytuted in offyces ;
Theyr faders and moders haue grete solace,
That to late maryed by no waye hafe.

I be wayll the tyme that is so spent
That I ne me hasted for to wedde,
For I shall haue herytage and rente,
Both golde and syluer and kynred ;
But syth that our Lorde hath ordeyned
That I this sacrament take me vpon,
I wyll kepe it trewely at all season.

Theophrastus vs sheweth in his prose
That in maryage all is out of tune ;
So doth also the romanute of the rose,
Composed by mayster Iohan de mehune :
Yet neuertheles it is all comune,
That they neuer were in bonde of maryage,
Wherfore at all auentures is theyr langage.

Matheolus, that was holden fo wyfe,
 For to blame women was all his ebate,
 Suppose that he was maryed twyfe,
 For he was fo olde that balde was his pate ;
 For he came the last tyme fo very late,
 That in hym there was no puyffaunce,
 Amyte, solace, joye ne pleasure.

But whan that a man may do no more,
 He blame that that he can not do :
 To late wedded the surplus, therfore,
 May not furnyshe as other may do ;
 For whan he wened to satysfye, lo,
 Nature at nede wyll not hym preuayle :
 Suche wenes do to well that other whyle fayle.

Yf that there be ony tryfelers
 That haue wylled for to blame maryage,
 I dare well faye that they ben but lyers,
 Or elles God fayled in the fyrste age :
 Adam bereth wytnesse and tesmonage,
 Maryed he was, and comen we ben ;
 God dyde choyse maryage vnto all men.

Now sith it is thus befall,
 Why than ought we it to blame,
 Vs for to put we ben holden all,

So sholde we alwayes holde with the fame ;
Or elles holy scripture fayeth it is shame,
And that alleggeth all predycatours,
Our Lorde God hateth all fornycatours.

I am now fory that I haue no rathe
Put my selfe into maryages rout,
For many a folyshe loke it hathe :
It hath me cost here and there about ;
But yet my soule is in grete doute,
For God fornycatures punyssheth,
And out of this realme he them banyssheth.

There is no man lyuyng that can commyt
Without outen the worke of nature,
But he in maryage doth commyse it,
As vs telleth the holy Scripture :
It is than foly to ony creature
Thus for to blame his creafon
For ony maner of folyshe opynyon.

All they that by theyr subtyll artes
Hath wylled for to blame maryage,
I wyll fusteyne that they be bastardes,
Or at least waye an euyll courage,
For to faye that therin is feruage

In maryage, but I it reny,
For therin is but humayne company.

Yf ther be yll women and rebell,
Shrewed, dispytous and eke felonious,
There be other fayre and do full well,
Propre, gentyll, lusty and joyous,
That ben full of grace and vertuous ;
They ben not all born vnder a sygnet :
Happy is he that a good one can get.

To late maryed now helpe than me
To make my forowes and complayntes ;
For by my fayth, I swere to the,
I haue suffred many dolours and crayntes,
And haue sustayned mo attayntes
Than euer dede Wat after the hounde :
At dyspence I lyued, and that haue I founde.

Galantes, playne ye the tyme that ye haue lost,
Marry you be tyme, as the wyse man sayth :
Tossed I haue ben fro pyler to post
In commyffynge natures werke alwayes :
I haue paffed full many quasy dayes,
That now vnto good I can not mate,
For mary I dyde my selfe to late.

Rychely in a raye ought for to go
These women that be obedyent ;
Better than these cursed wyues do
That ben not to theyr husbandes pacient.
To take a wyfe was myn intent,
Goddes lawes to kepe and them to obserue,
Sauynge of nature, and heuen to preferue.

Afore that euer I was maryed
Bordeles I haunted, and places of infame,
But I am now vnto a wyfe alayed,
The worde to holde, and honoure Goddes neme.
That wycked man I holde to blame
That foloweth eyyll ruell, and wyll not amende,
Vnto his soulles helth, and honoure to pretende.

Whan a man to olde age is faden and fall,
Lerne this lesson, herken my sentence ;
Fewe frendes meteth he with all
That wyll to his pouerte take ony intellygence.
Wo worthe, than crye they, of the expence
That they haue spent vnto youthes lust !
And now they must dye for hunger and thurst.

Better it is in youth a wyfe for to take,
And lyue with her to Goddes pleasaunce,

Than to go in age for Goddes sake,
 In wor[l]dely sorowe and perturbaunce,
 For youthes loue and vtteraunce,
 And than to dye at the last ende,
 And be dampned in hell with the foule fende.

The auctour 

Rychenes in youth, with good gouernaunce,
 Often helpeth age whan youth is gone his gate ;
 Both yonge and olde must haue theyr fustenaunce
 Euer in this worlde, foo fekyll and rethrogate :
 Ryght as an ampte, the whiche all gate,
 Truffeth and caryeth for his lyues fode,
 Eny thynge that whiche hym semeth to be good.

Crysten folke ought for to haue
 Open hertes vnto God almyght,
 Puttynge in theyr mynde thyr foule to faue,
 Lernynge to come vnto the eternall lyght,
 And kepe well theyr maryage and trouth plyght ;
 Nothyng alwaye of theyr last ende,
 Duryng theyr lyues how they the tyme spende.

Here endeth the complaunt of to late maryed,
 For spendynge of tyme or they a borde,

The sayd holy sacramente haue to long taryed,
Humayne nature tassemble, and it to accorde.
Enprynted in Fletestrete by Wynkyn de Worde,
Dwellynge in the famous cyte of London,
His hous in the same at the sygne of the Sonne.

FINIS.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

GEORGE WHETSTONE, a captain in the army, and the author of the following very rare tract, being called away in 1586 to serve in the Netherlands, left the publication of it to the care of his old friend and fellow-poet, Thomas Churchyard. The fourteen Roman Catholic conspirators, for the assassination of Elizabeth, and for the succession of Mary of Scotland to the throne of England, were executed as traitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 20th and 21st September, 1586. This event took place very shortly before Whetstone was sent abroad; and his industrious and ready pen immediately employed itself in describing the deaths of the criminals, and in enforcing and enlarging upon their guilt. For this service, we may presume, he was promoted and employed under the Earl of Leicester; and Churchyard, in his "Discourse" of the wars in the Netherlands, 1602, 4to., sign. O 2, gives an epitaph made by Whetstone, while abroad, on the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

It will be observed that what follows is a supposed dialogue between persons of the names of Walter, "a godly divine," Weston, "a discreet gentleman," and Wilcocks, "a substancial clothier;" the last having witnessed the dying conduct of the conspirators, and undertaking to describe it to the two others, who remark and moralise upon the various circumstances. Whether Walter and Wilcocks were real persons, it is not of much importance to decide; but it is evident that Weston, "the discreet gentleman," was Whetstone himself, whose name was colloquially pronounced Weston.

There must have been two editions of what follows, the last containing a notice of the decapitation of Mary Queen of Scots; but at the time the first was published, she was only under

accusation, although the author strongly urges the fitness of proceeding to extremities with her. Of the edition we have employed, we believe, only a single copy exists; of the second edition, two exemplars seem to be recorded. The work comprises many interesting particulars not contained in Stow, Camden, or any other authority; and it is therefore of considerable historical value. The object of the writer was that it should be popular, and that it should influence public opinion in favour of the acts of the government: its very popularity was, doubtless, the cause of its scarcity.

The haste with which it was passed through the press is proved upon many pages, for the misprints are numerous, and some of the names are almost unintelligibly corrupted: who, for instance, would recognize in "the King of Marowes" (p. 34) the Emperor of Morocco; or the assassin of the Prince of Orange, Gerard, in Jarngs (p. 48), or in Jarngo (p. 57.) Protew for Proteus (p. 36) would seem to be a fancy on the part of Whetstone, because he gives the same heathen divinity precisely the same spelling in his "English Mirror," (p. 240) which also came out in 1586.

Of the victims to the law we need say little. Salisbury was the father of the Captain Owen Salisbury (the follower of the unhappy and misguided Earl of Essex), who was killed at his lordship's mansion in 1600-1, and who was unceremoniously thrown into a hole in St. Clement's Churchyard. See the "Life of Spenser" (published by Bell and Daldy, 8vo., 1862), vol. i, p. xvi. From the same work, it appears that the young, and much pitied Chidiock Tichbourne had his grief bitterly aggravated by the fact, that a daughter was born to him very shortly before his execution. This circumstance was not known to the elder Disraeli, when he wrote the very interesting account of Tichbourne in his "Curiosities of Literature," p. 233, edit. 1838.

THE CENSURE OF a loyall Subiect :

Vpon certaine noted Speach and

behauours of those fourteene notable Traitors,
at the place of their executions, the xx. and
xxi. of September last past.

*Wherin is handled matter of necessarie
instruction to all dutifull Subiectes : espe-
cially, the multitude of ignorant people.*

Feare God : be true to thy Prince :
and obey the Lawes.



AT LONDON.

Printed by Richarde Iones, dwelling at the Signe
of the *Rose and Crowne*, neere
Holborne bridge. 1587.

CURTEOUS reader: my good friend M. G. W. at his departure into the Countrey left this most honest work to be censured by me, being right well assured by the continuance of our true friendshippes that I would not deceiue him with a flattering iudgement: and (trust me) vpon a considerate reading I found it a little booke containing a large testimony of his loyaltie to his Prince and countrie, a sweet conforte and most sound counsaile for good subiects, concluding by many fair examples of Traitors foule endes, that the rewarde of Treason is destruction, and after death lasting infamie. The matter agreeing with the condition of this troublesome time, I haue aduentured to posseſſe thee with the benefite thereof, before I made account vnto him of my liking, which is that no good subiect can mistike the same; and I made the more hast herein because some wicked perjons, that will not be admonished, haue now by new conspiracie desired our

*publique sorrowe ; and by their discouerie haue brought
an vniversall ioy into the church of God. Giue God
thankes for his wonderfull preseruation of her Ma-
iestie : serue him, and read this booke, which trulye
promiseth thee that such miscreate persons shall neuer
prosper in their deuices. No more, but feare God, and
thou shalt fare well.*

Thy louing friend, T. C.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, SIR
William Cicill, Knight, Baron of Burleigh,
Lord high Treasurer of England, and one
of the Queenes Maiesties most honora-
ble and prudent priuie counsell: a long
continuance of honour, and
prosperous estate.

RIIGHT honorable and prudent Lord, the vngra-
tious Emperor Commodus, vpon the accusation
of a guilty conscience, caused fourteen or fifteen dis-
creete Roman Gentlemen to be thrown into the
riuer Tyber, for no other offence, but because they
soberly talked of the vertues of the good Emperor
Marcus Aurelius, his father; alleadging that they
could not praise his father without the reproving of
himselfe: and certainly, although Commodus did
euil, he spake the trueth, for the commendation of
virtue is euermore a reproche to vice: which prin-
cipal (right honorable) considered of the one part by
your manifold seruices done vnto the Queenes most

excellent Maiestie, to her blessed realm, and generally to the true church of God; and of the other side weyed by the most odious treasons conspired by many rotten subiectes, whereof iustice lately hath cut off certaine of the principall, whose vile purpose reached to the life of her sacred Maiestie, the subuersion of their countrey, and generall calamity in the church of God, no other concluſion can followe, but that the reuerence of your publique seruice will alwayes reuiue the hatred of their treasons, and that the reproch of their treasons will neuer suffer the reuerence of your fidelitie to die. Therefore (most graue Lord) desirous to honour (with all duetifull affection) your godly vertues, as the comforte of all good men; and also to acknowledge ſome especiall fauours shewen vnto my ſelfe, vnder your ſound protection, I present (for the generall instruction of my countreymen, the subiects of England) my obſeruances of certain noted ſpeach and behauoirs of thofe fourteene notable Traitors, which lately ſuffered for their treasons; truſting that this censure, by the ſentence of all good ſubiects, will merite the acceptaunce of my former bookeſ, which hitherto haue

escaped the disgrace of publique reproofe. Protest-
ing, in the behalfe of my writing, that my desire hath
euermore bene to instruct all men, and not to iniure
the worst of the wicked. And now to conclude, that
vertue may have her sample by your Lordship, and
vice her shame by these traitors, in the name of expe-
rience I aduise all men, whose heades clime aboue
the height of their present conditions, to make loyall
and honest actions the ladders of their aduancement,
which will commend them with a beloued life or an
honorable death, when treason is the hatchet that
feuereth life and ioyneth infamie to death. The
Lord be with your Lordshippe in all your affaires,
for whose health and honorable prosperitie the good
subiectes of England continually pray.

Humbly at your Lordships

commandement,

G. W.

A CENSURE, IN FORME OF A Dialogue, of certaine noted speach, & beha- uiours of fourteeene notable Traitors at the place of their executions, &c.

The speakers { WALTER, a godlie deuine.
WESTON, a discreet Gentleman.
WILCOCKS, a substancial Clothier.

West. Neighbour Wilcocks, you are well welcome home.

Wilk. I humbly thanke your worshippe.

West. What is the best newes at London ?

Wilk. The best newes are, fourteeene of thofe ranke traitors, that fought to bereaue the Queenes most excellent Maiestie of her life, (which God long preserue) haue made their confession at the gallowes ; for my eies saw their traiterous harts burned, and bodilesse heads aduanced to the view and comforte of many thousands of people.

Walk. You fawe a happie ficht, for the quietnesse and safetie of the Queenes most excellent maiestie, and general comfort of al good subiects, and a fearefull example to al traitors : but for as much as they

offended in the highest degree of treason, as traitors resolued to kil the Queens Ma. (whose life almighty God long preferue) to spoile her nauie, to cloy the ordinance, to kil some of her maiesties honorable priuie councell, to moue a generall rebellion, and what in them lay to procure a forraigne inuasion, all which beeing treasons of such danger as the least of them closed vp the doores of mercie, it seemeth conueniente that theire executions shoulde be with more feuerity then the common iudgement of Traitors.

Wilk. Their iudgements and executions were alike, saue that the first seuen were executed with lesse fauour then the latter seauen.

Walk. What difference was there in their executions?

Wilk. Their iudgements were, to be drawn to the place of execution, there to be hanged vntil they were halfe dead, their bowels to be brente before their faces, etc. And truly the first seaven, as the most mallitious (if there be any difference in treason) were executed somewhat neere the feuerity of their iudgement: the other seauen were so fauourably vsed, as they hung vntill they were euen altogether dead, before the rest of their iudgement was executed.

Walk. Their treasons were so odious as, Perillus

Bull, or the extreamest cruetie that pollicy may invent, wold be too milde to punish them: so that the least fauour that might be shounen vnto them was a token of exceeding mercye in her Maiesty, and mildeenes in the iustice of England.

Wcſt. There were neuer people gouerned with more mercie, then the people of England vnder the raigne of our most gratiouse Queene Elizabeth (whose prosperitie the Lord long continue); and truly I heard many wise men say that the greatnessse of her Maieſties mercie (applyed to an olde prouerb, *Ouer much pittie spoileth a cittie*) is verie daungerous to the peace of England: and ſome haue taken example by a fable of a frozen ſerpent that a pittiful husbandman found, which he reuiued at his fire, but as ſoone as the ſerpent had gotten ſtrength it ſtong the husbandmans children: euen ſo, theſe hollowe ſubiects (I pray God I may not ſafelye name moſt Papists) which run into many dangers of the lawe, yet her Maieſties mercie ſo faououreth them, as it is to be feared, they liue but to recouer ſtrength to perſecute her Maieſties ſubiects.

Walk. In very deede mercie breedeth presumption in the wicked; but no doubt almighty God (that for the cruetie which raigned vpon the earth drowned all the world, ſaue Noah and his famelye) is ſo well pleased with mercie, as he feldome ſuffereth

it to be the cause of inconuenience, especially where temperate iustice is ioyned with mercy : and although the example of the pitifull husbandman and the frozen serpent may be well applied vnto her Maiesties mercie and the papists malice, yet when the serpent stong his children, the husbandman grieuously beate him : euen so, when these kinde of people turne her Maiesties mercye to publique disturbance, Justice will doe her office, so that they shal hardly escape the censure of her Maiesties lawes.

West. God bring them to shame and confusion ! But, neighbour Wilcocks, I pray you shew vs the names of the Traitors, and manner of their executions.

Wilk. Vpon the twentith day of September, being tuesday, Iohn Ballard, a priest, and first perfwader of Babington to these odious treasons, was laid alone vpon a hurdell ; and six others, two and two vpon a hurdell, were drawne from Tower hill through the Cittie of London vnto a fielde at the

The place of their execution was sometime the meeting place to consult of their treasons. vpper ende of Holborne, harde by the high way side to S. Giles, where was erected a scaffolle conuenient for the execution, and there vpon a paire of

gallowes so high, and withal the place was so rayled to keepe off horsmen, as the people might plainly see the execution.

West. I am much deceiued, if there were not a great multitude of people assembled to see the execution?

Wilk. I cannot number the thousands, but by computation there were able men enough to giue battaile to a strong enimie: but one thing I especiallye regarded, that although the assemblye were wonderfull great, and the traitors all goodly personages, clothed in silkes, and euerie way furnished to moue pittie, and that the order of their execution was a fearefull spectacle, yet the odiousnes of their treasons was so settled in euery mans heart, as there appeared no sadnessse or alteration among the people at the mangling and quartering of their bodies: yea, the whole multitude, without any signe of lamentation, greedylye behelde the spectacle from the first to the last.

Walk. Truly, they that beare dutiful hearts towards the safetie of the Queenes Maiestie, and peace of their countrey, would not but greatlie reioyce at their destruction which fought the general subuersion of the estate; beside the kind affection and motherly loue that her Maiestie published by her gratioues letters

Her Maiesties louing affection towards her good subiects. vnto the L. Maior and state of London: wherein her Maiestie protesteth (and fundrie of her gratioues proceedinges

fullie witnessefeth) that she desired no longer to liue, then while in the whole course of her Maiesties gouernement she carried her selfe in such sort, as might not onely continue their loue and goodwill, but alfo encrease the same, are causes strong enough to commaunde the multitude to rejoyce in nothing more, then in the destruction of those that pretend any hurte vnto her Maiesties person. But, good neighbour Wilcocks, continue your purpose concerning their execution.

Wilk. The first day the Traitors were all placed
 The order of the vpon the scaffolde, that the one might
 Traitors execu- beholde the rewarde of his fellowes
 tions. treason. Ballard, the Priest, who was the first broacher
 John Ballard the of this treason, was the first that was
 priest executed. executed ; and after that his bowels and
 traiterous heart were thrown into the fire, his head
 (feuered from his shoulders) was set vpon the toppe
 of the gallowes.

Weſt. By the way, I praye you what confession
 made this traiterous Priest at the time of his
 death ?

Wilk. He denied not his treason, died an obſti-
 nate papist ; and in his protestation he doubtfullie
 ſaid, if he had offended the Q. Maiestie, or any man
 els, he was forie, and ſo conditionally desired forgiue-
 nes : and to declare (at full) his traiterous mind he

faid, " I am sory I haue bin so scandalous, but most sory I haue bin so remis in my delings."

Walk. The malicious affection of his heart towards the Q. Maiestie appeared euен in the trembling paf-
fage of death ; that whereas his treasons were so im-
pious, odious, and damnable as the most wicked (I

Ballards sophisti-
call asking of the
Q. Maiestie for-
giuenesse. meane his confederates for the most part) confessed, as the common fame goeth, that they exceeded the great-
nesse of her Maiesties mercie, which may not be mea-
sured, wher there is any measure in offending ; and yet in his desire of remission at her Maiesties hands,
he added this condition (if), as one that doubted he had offended her highnesse. Wel, leaue we this dif-
fembling traitor a pray to the crowes, and his soule to Gods iudgement : good neighbour, on with your tale to the next.

Willk. Next vnto this priest, Anthony Babington
Anthony Babing-
ton Esquire exe-
cuted. was made ready to the gallowes, and in euery point was handled like vnto Ballard.

West. Little may be the mone ; bad was the best : but what obserued you in his end ?

Willk. A signe of his former pride ; for whereas the
A note of Babing-
ton's pride. rest, through the cogitation of death, were exercised in prayer vpon their knees, and bare headed, he whose tourne was next,

stode on his feet with his hat on his head, as if he had bene but a beholder of the execution : concerning his religion he died a papist ; his treasons were so odious, as the sting of conscience perswaded him to acknowledge himselfe to be a most grieuous trespasser against God and the Queenes maiesty.

West. I wonder that men are so bewitched with the inticements of these Jesuits, as they holde it a holly matter to lay violent hands vpon the Lordes
Note this contro- annoyncted; and at their death their
uerfie. owne consciences perswade them, that
the imagination of such wickednes is damnable.

Wilke. Pride, enuie and ambition are the rootes of treason, the body of treason is murther, and all that mischefe may deuise ; the fruites of treason are ruines of kingdomes and common wealthes : the generall reward of treason is the destruction of traitors ; and for that shame and perpetual infamie lead them to the gallowes, to collor, if it were possible, their treason, they make religion their ground of rebellion, and with this holly shew strengthen themselues ; but when Justice hath deliuered them to the Hangman, death sommoneth their wickednes before their consciences, and then the feare of Hell maketh them openly to confesse the matter to be damnable, which they took to be a holly ground of rebellion.

West. I am well satisfied : now, good neighbour, forward with the rest.

Wilk. Next Babington, Sauadge was made ready
John Sauage Gent for execution.
executed.

West. This notable traitor (as the fame goeth) was the man that conferred with D. Gifford at Paris ; and by the confirmation of the English fugitives at Rhemes was resolved to kil the Queenes Maiestie, whose defence the God of hoastes euermore be. It is likewise said, that vpon the apprehension of Ballard, the priest, Babington hastened this Sauadge to dispatch his resolution ; and that he only deferred the matter but for making of a court like sute of apparell.

Walk. God by fundrie examples preferueth the innocent from the violent handes of the wicked, euen in the pride and greatest hope of their purposes. Hamon erected a gallowes for Mardochetus, the Jewe, and he and his tenne sonnes suffered thereupon : the false Judges had got sentence of death against chaste Sufanna, but by deuine prouidence the stones dashed out their The odiousnes of owne braines : but where the practize treson in Gods sight. tendeth to the murder of annointed Princes, the odiousnesse of the matter so highly offendeth the Maiestie of God, as he miraculously hath defended notable Tyrants from the murthering

fwordes of traitors. Comodus was a wicked Emperor, and to kill him the traitor Quintianus waighted at the entrance of the Amphi[the]atre : his daggar
 Tirants miracu- was redy drawne, his heart was resolute,
 louslye preferued and his hande was striking the stroke,
 from Traitors handes. the Traitor cried, *This the Senate send-
 eth thee*, by which fore-warning Quintianus was staied, and the Emperor escaped vnhurte. The day before Scevinius determined to kill the Archtyrant Nero, he put an olde rustie daggar to grinding, he made his testament, he franchised his bonde men, and got rowlers in readines to wrappe woundes in ; by which tokens Milcheus, his seruante, gathered he wente about some waightie purpose, and so accused him to the Emperor : Scevinnius straighwaires confessed that his entent was to haue slaine the Emperor. If God plucketh wit and prudence from Traitors that purposed to kill such notable tyrantes, it is constantlye to be beleueed that with the shielde of his strength he wil definid righteous Princes : among whom our most gratiouse Elizabeth is crowned with the soueraigne renown of vertue, in which dignitie the king of kings long continue her Maiestie. The murther of a Prince is so odious as nature crieth

Mute persons and out against it. King Croessus had a yong babes cry yong sonne that from his birth was out against the murther of Princes. mute, and yet when one of King Cyrus

souldiors, taking him for a common person, was redy to kil him, the infant cried out, " O ! kill him not, for he is the king my father." Aliben Ragel in his *Judicials* reporteth a stranger matter of a kinges sonne of his countrey, that brake foorth of his mothers entrals to giue his father warning of his enemies, and presentlie after his birth cried out, " I am born in an vnfortunate hower, to be the messenger of no better tidings, then that my father the king is in present danger to loose both his life and kingdome." Which notice signified, the infante presently died : we hereby perceiue howe the person of an anointed Prince is so sacred, as nature maketh a passage for suckling babes and dumb personnes to deliuer the same from danger ; and withall the traitor is so open to destruction, as the preacher faith to the traitor, a birde of the aire shall bewray thy voice, and with her feathers she shall bewray thy wordes. Dathan, Corath and Abiran, they and all that they had went downe quicke into Hell because of their rebellion ; which is a great witnes of the saying of S. Paule, who forbiddeth to Rom. 13. resist against the magistrate, *For he that resisteth receaueth vnto himselfe damnation.* And certaintely, whosoeuer marketh the sequel of treason, shall find an hundred examples to one to proue the end of traitors to be miserable.

Weſt. Vpon Gods prouidence in frustrating the

mischieuous purpose of Sauadge the Traitor, M. Walker, you haue deliuered matter of necessarie instruction for all subiects, especially the common multitude, to learne, whoe are manye times tempted to rebellion with allurementes of godly and honest apparence, when it plainly appeareth that there is no warrant (yea, that destruction followeth) to rebell against tiranous Princes.

Walk. The serpent inticed Eue, and Eue Adam, to disobeys Gods commaundement in eating the forbidden fruite, with this subtille perswasion : "If you eat of this fruit you shall not dy the death, but your eies shall be open, and ye shall be as Gods, knowing both good and euill" : euen so with subtille perswasions are the simple multitude euer more drawne vnto rebellion. When the noble King Henrie the eight banished

The Popes practises to moue rebellion.
the Popes imperiall authority out of England, the Popes instrument, Cardinal Poole, thought ciuil commotion to be the readiest way to bring the same in againe : and to bring [it] to better effect, he perswaded the Northren men that no man should eat any dainty meat in his house, neither should any one be married, but he should pay a tribute for the same vnto the king. In king Edward the Sixt his daies, there was almost a general rebellion throughout England : the papists tempted the commons to rebellion with per-

swasions to throw down inclosure, and for them selues
foysted in to haue their olde religion, and acfe of six
articles restored : the banishment of straungers hath
bene the caufe of many commotions ; but my coun-
Counſail against fail is, that my louing brethren, the sub-
rebellion. iects of england, open not their eares to
ſuch pleſing perſwafions, leſt rebellion enter into
their harts, and ſo vengeance light vpon their whole
bodies : vpon the holliest ground of rebellion deſtruc-
tion of traitors hath euermore growen. The North-
ren men had but a bad prooſe of two rebellions,
when they had the croſſe and banner of fve wounds
borne before them. God placeth kinges in their
kingdomes, and he alone wil haue the diſſoluing of
them : if Princes be good, let vs be thankfull to God
for them : if they be tirannous, let vs looke into our
ſinnes ; for God ſendeth tyrants to puniſh the ſinnes
of the wicked, whoe faith, I will doe vengeance on
my enemies by my enemies. God (faith Iob) mak-
Tirantes are the eth the hipocrite to raigne for the ſinnes
ſcurges of Gods vengenſe. of the people. In Oſea (God ſpeaketh
thus), I will giue thee a kinge in my furye. And in
Efaye, Affur is the rod and ſtaffe of my furie. Be
Princes good or bad, let ſubiects be obedient, leaſt
(for their diſobedience) God take away the good,
and double the tyranny of the bad.

W^{eſt}. I would this counſell were grafted in all

mens hearts : then, no doubt, the rotten branches of rebellion would soone be cut off. Now, good neighbour, on with your matter.

Wilk. When Sauadge was executed, Barnwell was made readie to die.

Robert Barnwell
Gent. executed.

West. And what of him ?

Wilk. He died an obſtinate Papift, and for his treason he made conscience his beſt excuse.

Walk. He had but a rotten conscience, that was infected with the murther of a vertuous Queene : and ſince his conscience was ſo bad, I hope but a fewe that heard him but forbad their conscience to pitty him, other then charitably to be ſorrowful for his error, which was damnable.

Wilk. After Barnwell, Tichburnes tourne was Chediock Tich- burn Esquire exe- cuted. next : he was a goodly yong Gentle- man, and certainly his humilitie and mone moued much compassion : he was not fetled ſo much in papistrie as the other, but he was ſo much fetled to the proud humor of Babington, as his head could no longer ſettle vpon his ſhoulders. In his mone (which I very well marked) he compared his ſtate to Adam, who faid hee was placed in Paradice, and ther inioyed all the pleasures of the earth ; he was onely forbidden to eate of the fruite of one tree, but for his transgrefſſion Tichburnes la- mentation moued many to pittie.

he not onely procured wretchednesse and miserie vpon his owne heade, but vpon the heades of all his posteritie. "So (qd he) I that wanted nothing, but had helth, welth and friends, and so might long haue liued, if I could haue forborn to haue bin vntrue to my Prince ; but, alas ! for my offence I haue brought myself unto this miserie, by which my good mother, my louing wife, my four brethren and six sisters, yea, our whole house, neuer before attainted, is infamed, and our posterity for euer like to be vndone."

Walk. His lack of grace is to be lamented, and by his ouerthrowe al men are warned to make choice of good company ; for the olde prouerb is verified, *Euill companie corrupt good manners.* And truly, the iniurie that he hath done vnto his wife, his mother, and to so many brethren and sisters, and, to conclude, to his whole posterity, is a fearefull example to feare men from treason, especially the Nobility and better sort of Gentlemen ; for they thereby not only lose their life and liuing, but the honor of their house is corrupted : neither seemeth it an iniury against reason, that in punishment of treason a number beare the burden and blot of one mans fault, when for the vertue and dutifull seruice of one man, a number in his posterity receaue both honor and many other temporall blessings. Further in his confession, or comparing his offence to Adams,

it concluded he likened her Maiestie to the plesaunt and glorious fruite, so pretious in Gods eies, as he forbad Adam and all other to lay violent handes vpon, and thus by the mouth of her enemies God causeth her sacred excellencie to be blazed.

West. You put me in remembraunce of a tale that a gentleman, a trauelor, once told me ; who being at Rome when Pope Gregorie ther liued, and finding at the English Colledge, ouer the armes of England a Phenix drawn, which the Pope did appropriate to himselfe, the Gentleman, dutifuly reverencing her maiestie as his soueraigne and Phenix of the worlde, in scorne of the Pope wrote these verses :

*And reason good the Lion should
the Phenix stand belowe,
For though the leaues bewray the tree,
the fruite the goodnesse shewe.*

Applying in secreat zeale the construction therto of this fense : The armes of England to leaues, as but the generall badge of her kingdome, and the Phenix he did propriat to the vertues of her Maiestie, as her excellent beautie and glorie of the world. And of the contrary parte the matter was well taken, I know not by what mistaking.

Walk. It is like enough that the meaning was perceiued, for the pollicie of the Pope and his

fauourers is to turne all to their honours, that in the market place blazeth not their dishonor; as for example. A pleasant Frier being appointed to preach before the Pope and his Cardinals, who, marking with what maiestie and pompe they entred into S. Peters church, as one rauished with their brightnes,
A pleasant sermon before the Pope. he scoffingly cried out, " Fy of S. Peter, fy of S. Paule! fy, fy vpon their beggerlye Apostels! what reckoning is to bee made of their religion, when the honor therof consisted in casting forth of deuils, clen sing of lepors, raising the dead, in making the blinde to see, the deaf to hear, the domb to speak, and the lame to go? the good they did was to beggers, and their liuing was as beggerly: bareleg and barefoot they wandered from country to cuntry; their raiment was simple, their diet thin, and their deaths violent. But honor and reuerence be to the Popes holines! the glory of his religion is visibly seene: he is able to make kings and to dispose kingdomes: his raiment is of golde, and his victuals the plentie of the earth: he dwelleth and dieth in pallaces, and is buried like a God," &c. This sermon was so wel liked, as the Frier was invited to dine with the Pope; who, to relish his good sermon, excused himselfe by the weakenes of his braine, that could endure no strong fauor: when his meaning was demaunded, hee aunswere, Since Em-

perors and Kinges kiffed his holines feet, he thought his lot would be but to kiffe the homeliest part of his holines; al which was wel taken, and yet perceiued to be vnhapelite ment. For if the Pope shold reuenge euery dry bloe, he and his Cardinals would soone set Rome in an vprore: but if you make no publique profession of the gospel, for all other offences Rome wil beare with you, and for a few peter-pence the Pope will pardon you.

W^eſt. God bleſſe me from ſuſh pardons that bring many men to the gallowes!

Charles Tilney a pensioner execut-
ed. *Wil.* Tilney, one of the Q. Maiesties pensioners, next vnto Tichburne made worke for the hangman.

W^eſt. By ſtatute lawe it is pettie treason for a ſeruant to murther his maifter or maiftris, being but a ſubie^ct: how detestable a treason is it then for a fworne ſeruant to lay violent handes on his annoiſted Prince! The offence being in the extreamest degree of finnes, the punishment ought to be according to the ſeuereſt censure of Justice.

Walk. Euery mans houſhold, wel gouerned, reſemblēth a common wealth, wherein ſeruants ought to live in the awe and ſubiection of ſubie^cts: and among the Romans there was an ancient lawe that The ancient ſerui-
tude of ſeruants. authorised the maifter to puniſh the offences of their ſeruants with death;

but the wicked pollicy of men hath alwaies ben such, as where open power was to weak, ambition, enuie and money allured the familiar seruants and meaner persons to Emperors, Kings, and men of al estates to lay violent hands of their maisters, and to betray them to death. Iudas, one of the Apostels, betraied our Sauiour Iesus into the hands of the Jewes. King Alexander was poisoned by his phisition Theffalus : the death of the Emperor Commodus was compassed by the practize of his sister Lucilla. Many haue had their banes by their wiues, as king Candaulus ; some by their sonnes, as the great Turke Baiazet the nienth, &c. ; but innumerable that haue been destroyed by the treason of their seruants.

West. I hope these odious attempts wil discouer them ; and for that they are crept into seruices of accompt by subtilty, it shal be the part of euery good subiect to certify their Lords (who are, perhaps, vnacquainted with their religion) of such dangerous seruants.

Wilk. The last of these seauen that suffered was Edward Abington Esquire executed. Abington : his father was an officer of good credite in her maiesties house, and for many aduaancements was bound to say, *God sauе good Queene Elizabeth* ; but his sonne was a notable Papist, an Archtraitor, and at his death did all that in him lay to settle a feare in the heartes of the

ignorant multitude with a speach, that ther could not
 Abington's threat- choose but be a great effusion of blood
 nings. in England very shortly.

Walk. Gods prouidence maketh it apparent that the prophifes of traitors proue not euermore scripture : Throgmorton, the traitor, said before one yeare were expired, the prosperitie and peace of England should be tourned into general calamitie ; but the date thereof is out, and I hope the destiny past. No doubt he knewe of a number of mallitious enemies vnto the state, and with the spirite of their wickednesse he blundered foorth his prognostication ; but let

Examples of great comfort to the godlie, and of no les terror to the wicked. all good subiects to their comfort, and traitors to their confusion, knowe that the wicked diggeth a pit and falleth therein himselfe ; and who treadeth

down the hedge a serpent shal bite him : ther is no wisdom, there is no vnderstanding, there is no counsell against the Lord : *The horse is prepared against the day of battaile, but the Lord gnueth the victory.* Proverb 21. The Jewes had S. Paule in prifon ; yea, fortie of them vowed that they wold nether eat nor drink vntil they had slaine him ; but God (according to the Psalmist) in due time defended him ; yea, in that distresse he came and stode by Paule, and thus comforted him : *Be of good cheare, Paule, for as thou hast testified of me at Ierusalem, so muste thou beare*

witnesse also at Rome. The Angell of the Lorde led Peter foorth of prison ; the Angell of the Lorde defended Sidrach, Misaack and Abednago in the burning fire ; the Angell of the Lorde stopped the Lions mouthes, that shoulde haue deuoured Daniell ; the Angell of the Lorde, with a drawne fword, tould Iosua that he was the chiefe of the Lordes bande. A comfortable faying and a true experiment, that this holie Angell of the Lord with a drawne fword (although not visibly seen) standeth betweene the godly and their enemies ; and then, though the wicked come armed, with horses, chariots, and an hoast of men, they shal be ouercome with their subtil deuices, and their fwords shall go through their own harts. The Lord will haue the pride of the vncleane Pope

The disgraces of the Pope since K. Henrie the 8 first vnmasked his abhomination. abased, and al the world striue in vain to set him vp again : if his friends look into his disgraces since victorious King

Henrye the eight first vnmasked his abhomination, they shal finde no comfort to take his part : he was then in his strength, and the greatest princes of christendome his friend ; yea, for the Popes cause they were K. Henries greatest enemies : the

Cardinal Poole moued the French K. against K. Henrie the 8. Pope sent Cardinal Poole ambassador to moue the French K. against the K. of England : the French made many braggs, but bit little : the mighty Emperor Charles

the 5 prepared a great nauie at the Popes request to trouble the peace of England ; the fauoring of whose inuasion cost the Marques of Exeters head, but this attempt prospered not ; but, which had likelihood to do more hurt then all the boast of forrain power, by the practice of Cardinal Poole, 20000 rebels in Lincolnshire, for religions sake, had put themselues in armes, but when they vnderstood of the K. power comming against them, they cried for pardon, and leaft their chieftaine D. Mackerel, Monk, called Captain Cobbler, to the censure of iustice. In february following the Pope, by his instrument, compassed a meer commotion in Yorkshire of 40000 rebels ; but, by the prouidence of God, the night before the armies should ioine, they were severed by a mighty fal of water, in somuch as vpon a pact by the captaines of both sides the rebels were appeased and departed without blodshed : in the 3 yere of K. Edward the 6, the Pope, to set vp his authority in Eng. by his sedicious instruments moued generall rebellions through Eng. ; but they were ended with the destruction of the kings rebellious subiects. Q. Marie, though vnfound in religion, had the better hand against her rebels, whom, no doubt,

The Pope stirred
the Emperor Char.
the 5 against K.
Henry 8.

Commotion in
Lincolnshire by
Cardinal Poles
meanes difmaid by
the Kings power.

Rebellion in the
North by Gods
prouidence quiet-
ed.

General rebellion
in K. Ed. the sixt
his daies punished
and pacified.

God therin fauoured for her godly father K. Henry the 8, as he did the Idolater Abdias for his greate grandfather Dauids sake. But the manifold disgraces which our soueraign lady Q. Elizabeth hath giuen vnto this bloody Pope (out of whose tirany, euen from her very cradle, the Angel of the Lord hath miraculously deliuered her Maiesy) open the incomparable strength of Gods prouidence, and offer cause of admiration to the whole worlde. When (for our sinnes) Queen Mary committed both the word and the sworde to the hipocrisie and tyranny of the cleargie, good Lady, her life was assayled with a thoufand publique and priuate practises; but the Angel of the Lord stil stode between her and her harmes, and from the fetters of aduersitie loosed, and crowned her Maiesie with the supreame dignitie of this realme; and as a prognostication of his ruine by her renown, the yeare that God placed her royall throne, The Popes friends he displaced these Christian Princes, dropped away when Queene Eli- the Popes great friendes—the Em- zabeth was peror Charles the fist, the Queene of Hungary, Queene Mary of England, two kings of Denmarke, Bona Sferza Queen of Polonia, Henrie the third the French king, Ierolme Pruoli Duke of Vennice, Hercules Daeste Duke of Ferrara, and Paule the fourth, Pope of Rome—that these fetled friends of the Pope being remooued, other Princes,

A figure of the Popes fall. better affected, or at least not so hurtful to the passage of the gospel, might occupy their places. The Pope and all his fauorers, while their strength yet lasted, shot to deprive her Maiestie of her crowne and dignitie : God so strengthened her Maiestie as by her power the French were dishonorably driuen out of Scotland, ^{Victorie against the French.} and by her wisedome both realmes were deliuered from forraine bondage ; yea, the King of Scottes is bound to confess that from God and her Maiesties goodnesse he and his posteritie posseesse a kingdome. This peaceable victorie against the French discomfited the Pope a few yeares : in fine, Pius Quintus set D. Merton, an English fugitiue, a worke to raiſe a commotion in the north parts ; ^{Victorie against the Earle of Northumberland, the Earl of the northren rebels.} the Earle of Northumberland, and others entred into open rebellion : the very sound of her Maiesties power dismaed them, and happy was he that could run fastest away. The principals fled, but escaped not the iuſtice due vnto traitors : the Earle of Northumberland was foone brought vnder the censure of her Maiesties lawes, and according to his deferte was beheaded at Yorke ; the Earle of Westmerland euer after, for a bare allowance, was subiect to the proud controlement of euery raskal Spaniard ; Felton, to

The Earl of Northumberland beheaded.

Misery of the Earl of Westmerland.

drawe her Maiesties subiects from dutifull obedience, set vppe the Popes Bul vpon the Bishop of Londons gates, but (God be praised) the hornes that shold haue gored the innocent turned into a halter to Felton executed. hang maister Felton: the Pope ex-
pected no good successe by open force, and therefore he now armed his practises with Machiuels

Madder and Bar-
lowe executed. pollices. Madder and Barlowe were made instruments to murther some principal Maiestrates, but their confusione was speedy, and their purpose frustrate. This wily Pope with an ambitious humour then infected the principal

The Duke of Nor-
folke beheaded. Pear and most popular subiects of Eng-
land: his treason was so dangerous as the person of the Queens maiestie and the peace of England could not be in safetie, vntil the Duke was set lower by the head; in whose confusione, by Gods prouidence, the peace of England was no way troubled. The conspiracie of Throgmorton, Aple-

Q. Elizabeths
death practised by
nigromancie. yard, Brooke, and others had no better successe, than in helping some of those wicked members to the gallowes. The Pope and his instruments, seeing the pollicie of man preuailed not against the Lords annointed, they set the deuill a worke to destroy her sacred maiestie. The notable

D. Storie execu-
ted. traitor Dr. Storie (whom God woulde haue cutte off by the censure of her

Maiesties lawes) confessed that certaine persons (of whome there is yet that liueth, by vertue of her princely word and mercy) vndertooke to destroy her excellency by Nigromancie; but the deuill had no power where the Angel of the Lord was the shielde

Stukeley's treason frustrate. of his annointed. By the folliciting of

the Atheist Stukeley the pope tooke hart of grace, by open force, to alter the godly gouernment of England; and for his better strength, Stukeley thought to haue compassed the K. of Portingals armie, after an ende of his battail with Mulei Maluco, King of Feze and Marowes, but Gods prouidence turned his hope to an idle fancy; for in that battail

Stukeley slaine. the K. of Portingale was slaine, his army was discomfited, and Stukeley was cut off from disturbing of the peace of England. But yet to keepe the Popes purpose a foote, Iames fitz Morrice, an Irish traitor, took vpon him to be the Popes

captaine, a man, both for courage, iudgement, and experience better armed to do mischiefe then Stukeley: and to make passage for forraigne power, he conuayed himselfe into Ireland, where he foone allured the Earle of Deasmonde, sir Iohn his brother, and others vnto rebellion: but such was Gods iustice (when the Traitor Fitzmorrice least thought

The traitor Fitz-morrice slaine. to be surprised), hee was casuallie slaine, before he saw any succeffe of his treason.

D. Saunders supplied his place, and after him followed the Italian and Spanish forces: it was Gods good prouidence to giue her Maiest. so honorable a

The Popes forces in Ireland put to fword. victorie as not one man escaped to carrie newes, saue a very few that were

spared to reporte the mercie and power of her Maiestie: Doctor Saunders wandred vp and down

D. Saunders died of a frenzie in the mountaines. in the mountaines like a rogue, and died of frenzie; the Earle of Deaf-

monde was driuen to liue like a begger in the mountaines, and to finish his miserable life

The Earl of Deaf-mond beheaded. after his accustomed and sauage manner, had by an Irish man his head stroken off in his caben; sir Iohn, his brother, like a wolfe in the

Sir John Deaf-mond beheaded. wooddes, wandring to seeke some pray, was taken and headed after his owne

vsage. When the practize of the Pope concerning open rebellion was thus rent in peeces, necessitie droue him, by his vagrant Iesuits, in euery corner to found sedicious Schimeons proclamation, which was to entertain murtherers, thieues, Atheists, and all maner of discontented persons into the seruice of the Pope, to the intent that they should murther the Q. Maiestie, and alter the state of this gouernment both in matters of religion and pollicy: these Iesuits that in disguised habits, some like ruffians, some like seruingmen, and the most like courtiers, notwith-

standing they transformed themselues at plesure like vnto Protew, and made their night walks like owles, yet Gods prouidence hath deliuered their champion, Campion and diuers seditious Ie-
suits executed. Campion, and diuers others of them, into the hands of iustice ; and iustice by orderly trial afterward condemned Campion and some of the most malitious of the Iesuits to the gallowes, whereof a number of good subiectes wondred at their deformities, and plainly saw that the Lord of hoasts heaped the deuices of the wicked vpon their own heads, and shewed foorth the vncomely priuities of Babilon according to promise.

Weſt. With your fauour, fir, I the leſſe maruel Original of the Ie-
ſuits. that these Iesuits sow their seditions in ſuch diſguife, warlike and ruffianly order, and intice men to violent murther, without diſtinction of persons, when their firſt founder, Ignatius Layola, was a Spanish ſouldier, who, decreped with woundes, to keepe himſelfe from beggiſg in age diſguife himſelfe with the habite of holineſſe, and with counterfeiſt miraclē began this holy order ; not vnlike to the curtifanes of Rome, who, when the ſale of their bewtie is paſt, profeffe themſelues Nunnes to get them a liuing by cloiſter brokadge in their age.

Walk. In very trueth, ſince the time that it pleaſed Rebellion coulor-
ed by religion. God to make the glorie of himſelfe, and the paſſion of his ſonne Iefus, to

be knowne and reuerenced among the Gentiles, the godly embrased religion to nourish their soules, and the wicked dissembled religion to pamper their carnall bodies; and when that experience discouered that the multitude were like vnto a barrel that is ready to receaue euery liquor, and that with hasty running they followed euery new doctrine, the ambitious Atheist straight deuised some new forme of deuinity to rob God of his glorie, many men of their liues and liuelyhode; but, which is most to be lamented, huge millions of their saluation. In the primitiue church there were such a huge sight of heretiques, as christendome resembled a mighty armie, where the souldiers, vnder a number of feuerall ensignes, followed feuerall Captaines; for after euery heretique followed a multitude of people. The en-

Ambition and en-
uie is the cause of
all heretiques. uious Monke Sergius, through enuie that his heresie in Constantinople was put to silence, deuised the damnable secte of Mahomet; and to strengthen his purpose, he picked foorth Mahomet, the most proud, arrogant, and insolent person of Arrabia, to take vpon him to be a prophet, and by magick wrought such counterfeit miracles, as to this day a great parte of the world are ledde with his error: seeing what force followed the banner of new religion, deuised a religion different from Mahomets, by the strength of his followers grewe in fine

to be the great Sophie of Persia, the vnnaturall enemie to the great Turke. The number of orders of Friers had their beginning, for the most part, from ambition or enuie ; and to this day there is a malitious hatred among them, as whosoeuer wil read Erasmus Dialogue called Fumis shal well perceave : and seing the knaueries of the old orders of the friers waxed so publique as the date of their credit weared out, your reason is probable that the wounded souldier Layola deuised this newe order of Jesuits, vnder the habite of holinesse to sustaine his age in the reputation of his youth ; and at this day there is in Italy a newe order, called the fellowship of the Trinitie, wherin are Tinkers, Tailers, Tilers, and al mecanicall crafts men : and questionles, if some notable Nigromancer, to worke some false miracles, would enter into their fraternitie, the dignitie of their order would foone outway the credite of the Iesuits. But to our former purpose : if the Deuill and all his furies ioyned with the Pope and his disciples, their pollicies should take no effect against Gods prouidence. The murthering Iesuits thought they had sped of their purpose, when they had ouercome the hairebraine gentleman Sommeruile to murther her Sommeruile hang-ed himselfe. Maiestie (whome the Lord alwaies keepe out of the violent handes of Traitors) : indeede they had picked foorth a dangerous instrument, as a

man so gracielesse he was fearlesse to lay violent handes vpon himselfe : but in his confusion was seene the prophesie of the Psalmist, *His owne tongue made him fall, and all that hearde him laughed him to scorne* : he was first discouered by the suspition of his owne speach, and by his ouerthrowe it was perceaved that God shotte at him with a swift arrowe which wounded him, he made such haste to his deserued death. As this traitor hanged himselfe the night before the appoynted day of his execution, the close

Ardington hang- ed. Traitor Ardington was by Sommeruils discouery brought to confusion. The

Throgmorton exe- cuted. dangerous traitor Throgmorton, as cunning as he disguised his odious treasons, was in-

trapped in the fnares which he set for his countries destruction, and worthelie died with the sword which he had whetted for the innocent.

The odious Atheist Parrie had the rewarde of his Parry executed. fellowe traitors : he had the place and opportunitie (which prudence, I hope, will keepe al

other suspitious persons from), and yet, as gracieles as he was, the very maiesty of her Maiesties countenance made him loose his resolution, with the selfe fame vertue that appeared in the faces of the two magnanimous Romanes, Marius and Crassus, where of the one with the motion of his eies, and the other with the stoutnesse of his speach, redeemed them-

selues from death. The prouidence of God in beraauing the traitors of so valiant a Captaine as the Earle of Northumberland euery good subiecte to his conforte perceaueth, who had so deeply entred into disloyaltie as his owne conscience condemned him, and therfore to saue the honor of his house flew himselfe. If the popes instruments had iudgement to way that no one that actually practised her Maiesties death or depriuement hetherto escaped the visible vengeance of God, if her Maiesties goodnes and their duty could not moue them to loue, yet the assurance of punishment and the continuance of shame might feare them to be

When it pleaseth God to harden the harts of the wicked, he likewise blindeth their iudgements.

disloyall: but, alas, those whose hearts are hardned haue their iudgements blinde, and their affections swift to run vpon destruction. Pharao was warned with diuers plagues that hee should not hinder the departure of the children of Israel forth of Egyp, yet he would needs follow them to his vtter destruction. The report of the fouldiours concerning the glorie of Christs resurrection sufficed to haue conuerted the Iewes, but to their condemnation, the Deuill and money sealed this error in their harts, that his disciples stole him away by night. Gods iustice strooke Mahomet with the fallinge sicknesse to make him

Visable warning of
God turned to
strengthen the er-
rors of wicked.

knowe and repente his blasphemie; but to strengthen the peoples misbeleefe the deuil taught him to say that his passion proceeded of the conference with an angel, whose deuine presence his earthly shape could not endure. Vpon the principal day of the sauage murther in Paris, as a token that Gods word should florish in dispite of their crueltie, a withered tree bare greene leues in the churchyard that receiued many a murthered carcasse; and yet the papistes, on the contrary part, applied this prophising example to the second florishing of their Romish church: thus blinde they are in the successe of their errours and wickednesse, as euermore to tourne the presage of their ruines to the appearance of their prosperitie. And with thefe vaine hopes Babington and his fellowe traitors were ledde vnto the follies and falles of the aboue named vnloyall subiects: and therefore, howsoeuer they perswade themselues, and threaten the multitude with a change of their prosperitie, so long as we feare God and be true to her Maiestie, our peace wil vndoubtedly last, and the disturbers thereof are like to taste their fortunes, like to them that bought the horse Seian, whose maisters had euermore miserable endes.

Weſt. You haue aunſwered a matter, which raiſed much feare and a great deal of ſpeach amongſt the common people, ſo comfortably and truly as cannot

but be the cause of great ioy and contentment vnto the ignorant multitude, and no doubt a spectacle of great terror vnto Traitors, to punish whose offences no torture can be to[o] violent. This Abington was the last of the first seaven that were executed; but forasmuch as the common brute was that the other seauen condemned and iudged should be executed the day following, I would gladly know if you saw their executions, what speaches they uttered, and what behauour they vsed at their death?

Wilk. I stayed to heare and see the order of their deathes; and according to the generall expectation of the whole multitude, the daye following, being the

Thomas Salsbury,
Esquier, executed. 21 of September, Salsburie was laid alone vpon a hurdel, and other six, two and two, vpon a hurdel, were drawne from Tower hill through the cittie of London vnto the former place of execution. Salsburie was the first man that suffered, and in all points was handled as the seauen that suffered the day before, saue that he and the The latter traitors
executed with ex-
ceeding fauour. latter six were executed with this fauour, that they were suffered to hang vntill they were fully dead, before the rest of their execution was performed.

Weſt. It seemeth by their fauourable handling that although the greatnes of their offences egged the fworde to take away their liues, yet the outward figne

of their repentance obtained some compassion at their deathes.

Wilk. In very deede, albeit that Salsburie was blinded with the superstition of papistrie, euen at the point of death, yet he mildly acknowledged his greeuous offence towards the Queenes maiesy, and in his last commendation charged all Catholiques (for so he onely accompted the Papists) that they should leaue to attempt to set vp their religion by violent hand; and by double and treble repetition he counselleſt them to pacience, and earnſtly forbad them all maner of violence.

Violence forbiden by Salsburie.

Walk. This gentleman, by his execution, shewed all traitorous papistes the assured reward of treason; and by his profitable admonition a more necessarie doctrine for them to followe, then the feditious perſwasions of al the Iefuits in the world: he was a Papist at point to die, so that it standeth with reaſon that through the onely working of his conſcience he published to the world that the violent courses of ſubiects were odious, when we doubt not that Ballard and other Iefuits had once blowne into his eares that the ſame was meritorious. All maner of violence by which the life of man is taken away is murther, except the execution by the fword of iuſtice, which beſongeth to the Kinge and his minifters onelie

where the gouernement is Monarchia ; except also the violence done in righteous warres, and other slaughters by casuallie. And whosoeuer looseth his life by any other violence, the same man is murthered, whose blood God will seuereley punish. God punished the murther committed by Caine with a most bytter curse ; and yet that there might bee no protection in murther, God faide himselfe *That whosoeuer slewe the reprobate Caine, it should be auenged seauen folde.* God requireth the blood of innocents at the handes of Kinges and annointed Princes. To punish the faulte of King Dauid in seeking the death of Vrias, God tooke away the life of the childe which Dauid had by Vrias wife : furthermore, in the time of King Dauid there was three yeares famine, and Dauid demaunded the cause why ? and the Lorde faide it was for Saule, and the house of bloode, because he slewe the Gybonites. According to the opinion of Erasmus, the confenter in murther is as guiltie as the dooer. Iudas that betraied Christ, and Pilate, that adiudged him death onelye to please the Iewes, carried the burthen of murther in their consciences, and by the horror thereof wrought their owne destructions, that either might die by the violent hande of the moste wicked perfonne aliue. The heathen men of Milite, when they saw the viper to hange vpon Paules

The odiousnesse of murther.

finger, euen from the very hatred of nature they murmured and faide—*This man must needs be a murtherer, whome though he haue escaped the danger of the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to liue.* Nature taught the Infidels to beleue that vengeance followeth murther. And then reason may perswade Christians to assure themselues that the blood-thirstie are worse then Infidels, and cannot escape the fworde of vengeance: seeing then that Kinges, if they shead anye bloode otherwise then by the fworde of iustice, and Judges, if they adiudge death for hatred, feare, or gaine, by Gods righteousnesse are punished as murtherers. What may they expecte that in couers laye violent handes of annointed Kinges, or without collour of authoritie murther the innocente? If the eies of their vnderstanding were not blinde they might see a doubtefull successe in their purpose, and the open confusion of themselues. I haue reade of a number both of good and badde Princes, and also of other, which haue bene bereaued of their liues by the violent handes of secreat traitors; but among a hundred you shall hardly read of one murtherer that hath escaped the torture of Gods vengeance. Brutus and his partakers murthered Julius Cæsar, but not one of them escaped a violent death: yea, the common people so loued Cæsar, as, to be reuenged, they violently ran

vpon all the friendes of Cæsars enemies ; and by way of instruction, the opinion is generall that if for our sinnes it had pleased God to haue suffered our most excellent queene to haue fallen into the violent handes of these vilde Traitors, her maiesties louing subiects, being the most of the better sorte, and the whole sway of the commons would, without respekte of persons, haue violently intreated euery knowne Papist as the Romane multitude did the friends of Cæsars enemies. And to continue this terror to murthering Traitors with latter examples : the Archbishop of Pisa, together with the kindred of the Saluiatij, the famely of Pazzie, and other the ancient houses of Florence, enuying the popular fauour of

Conspiracie of Florence ; murther pretended against the Medici punished.

Segnior Iulian and Lawrence de Medeces, who then principally gouerned the state of Florence, conspired to murther the two Medeces. To preuent suspition, and to bereaue the brethren of publique succour, which in the streetes they were like to finde, the conspirators made choice of the church for their slaughter house ; and vpon a Sunday, at mid mas, one of the conspirators flew Signior Iulian, and Laurence de Medeces by Gods prouidence escaped into the Sacchristia. The fuddaine brute of this assault set al the cittie in an vprore : the conspirators cried, “ Libertie !” and the multitude, “ Life to the Medici, and vengeance vpon

the conspirators!" To be briefe, within the space of three howers, the Archbishop of Pisa was hanged, Ieames Saluiatij, Ieames de Pazzi, Anthony de Volterra, and diuers others of the conspirators, were flaine in the furie of the people: Barnard Bandin was led naked into the market place, and there hanged: the rest of the conspirators, their seruants and fauourers, were in this sort ouerthrowne; and which is most grieuous, their posteritye haue euer since bene subiects to the monarcall gouernment of the house of Medeces. Galeas, the sonne of Frauncis Forze, and Duke of Millen, for his odious vices and extreame tyranny was generally hated of all the people of the cittie: he slew his mother, and by fear of force abused the greatest part of the virgins and faire women of Millen: so that to redeeme the citie from this seruitude and tyrannie, three yong Gentlemen of anciuent houses in Millen conspired the Dukes death: their names were Charles Viscounte, Iohn Andrea, and Ierolme Olgiat. These gentlemen kept their resolucion, and as the Duke was attending hearing of mas said by the Bishop of Coma, they so violently assailed Galeas as they left him dead in the church.

The murther of the tyrant Galeas, Duke of Millen, punished. God suffered this vengeance to light vpon the tyrant, yet in his iustice would not suffer the conspirators to escape vnpunished: Andrea and Viscounte were both flaine in

the hurley burley of the people; Olgiat was afterward apprehended by the ministers of iustice, and, albeit he redeemed the cittie from a great bondage, yet for that the good that they receiued proceeded from an euill action in Olgiat, they executed him as a common traitor. The late King of Scottes was Murther of the late K. of Scots pun-
ished. fauourers, and (according to the published records) the greatest procurers of the faide murther, were by common iustice drawne to commit almost all the murtherers into the hands of the hangman; and such as escaped, or were not bounde vnto the censure of the law, could by no meanes shift them-selues from the vengeance of God. Iohn Iarngs, that first assailed the godly Prince of Orrenge, had Murther of the godly Prince of Orenge punished. the common reward of traitors; and the most odious Atheist, Balthazar Serack, that flew him, notwithstanding the blessing of the Pope, the commendation and threatening of the king of Spaine, exchanged the pistoll wherewith he flew the Prince for tortures to execute himselfe. I could aleadge infinite examples to dissuade men from violent murther, which Gods prouidence many waies preuenteth, when his iustice neuer leaueth the murtherer vnpunished. It is a special pollicy that the Iesuits vse to draw yong gentlemen to these desperat treasons; for if they had iudgements to obserue the

infortunes of such practisers, or experience to looke into the currants of time, they should see the attempt as vaine a matter as to throwe stones against the starres, or with a knock of their head to leauell a mountaine, that seek to displace a beloued Prince.

West. I pray God, the good counsel of this traitor Salsburie may setle obedience in al mens harts ; and the better to bridle the malitious affections of the disloyall, they [may] assure themselues, by their outward appearance, that the multitude will entreate them (and all their partakers) as the Romanes did the quellers of Cæsar, or as the Florentines did the conspirators against the Medeces.

Wilk. After Salsburie was with al possible fauor Henry Dun Gent. executed. stripped into his shirt; who seemed very penitent for his grieuous offence, and after that, with very earnest perfwasion he had likewife diffwaded the Romish Catholikes from attempting any matter of violence, was executed with exceeding much fauour.

West. This Dun, as the report goeth, liued (reasonably) wealthely; but it seemeth the humour of the Ambitious humour of Dun. man was not contented with a reasonable vocation, as appeared by his vain imagination; who, in Trinitie terme last, coming into the Kings Bench office, among other pleasent speach to one of his familiars, “ You will marueil (q. he) to

see mee, within one quarter of a year, to walke vp and down with twenty men after me": whervpon an acquaintance of his plesantly answered, that he feared he shoulde first see him followed to the gallows with a thoufand men.

Walk. Dun shewed his desire, and the other red his destiny: and in this obseruance you haue shouen
The roote of rebellion. the working cause of most treasons; for though, to draw the affections of the multitude, religion or some other publique benefite be the pretence, ambition and desire of dignity is

Admonition for the ambitious. the welspring of rebellion: but these that wil fly without wings are like to fall before they be wife. He that is born to be a feruant ought in no wise to looke for double and treble attendants: dignitie is like a phane on a high tower, which is subiect to the chaunce of Fortune, as the other to the chaunge of the winde; and whoe so will fitte therevpon sure, hee must, like the snaile, get ex-perience with flowe climing, least in taking a swifter course, like vnto a birde, he be remooued with the least stome that is throwne, I mean with the least disgrace of fortune. If mens mindes grow bigger then their natural conditions, there are many examples of vertue to imitate, which have raised fundrie men from the carte to the highest degree of honour, when in climing by treason many millions of honorable estates

die dishonorably, and to their posteritie leaue no better inheritance then infamy. Let the ende of this traitor be a warning example to all ambitious humored men, that destruction followeth presumption, and that the climing of pride will haue a falle.

Wilk. When the execution of Dunne was finished, the next that plaied his parte was Iones : this traitor, by that which was easie to be gathered of his behauour at the gallowes, was a close papist of a shrowd reach, and a very dangerous member in this common wealth ; for notwithstanding he protested he dissuaded Salsburie from this odious enterprise, his owne tale shewed that his counsail proceeded of a fear that he had, that the proud humour of Babington threatned an ouerthrowe of their purpose, rather then any dutieful zeale that he bare towards the safetie of the Queenes maiesy : for he neither would himselfe discouer his treason of the highest degree of treasons, neither did hee councell his friende Salsburie to preuente his owne danger in discouering the conspiracie of his companions ; yea, when the odiousnesse thereof broke out into publique knowledge, contrarie to the general duetie of a good subiect, and in contempt of a special warrant derected vnto him, he not onely refused (as he himselfe confessed) to apprehend Salsburie being in his house, but so far as he might succored him after

Edward Jones
Esquire executed.

that he was published to be of the most wicked conspiracie. One especial thing that neuertheles moued a number to pitty him aboue the rest, with vehement wordes he protested, that though he was a Catholique in religion, yet he so deepeley weyed the liberty of his countrey, as that he would [be,] and euer was, redy to spend his life in withstanding any forraigne enemie, French, Italian, Spanish, or whatsoeuer. The tollerat-
Forraign inuasion
reprouced by Jones. ing inuasion, by whose opinion, was so far from nature and Christian duetie as no excuse, nor punishment might satissie the crime.

Weſt. It is a wonder that papists, who holde it damnable to harken to the counsels of Protestants, are not admonished by the censures and warnings of papistes themselues at the point to die; but contrary to the iudgemente of their fellowes consciences, in that fearful paſſage they follow the feditious perſwasions of Iefuits, that they ſhal greatly work the libertie of their countrey in deliuering the ſame into the handes of forraigne gouernors: otherwife they would neuer haue giuen ſuccour and aid to the Italian forces in Ireland, or (as it is one eſpeciall point of their treaſons) in all their conſpiracieſ to practize a forraigne inuasion.

Walk. Thoſe whoſe hearts it pleaſeth God to harden haue neither eies to looke into their owne danger, nor iudgement to conſider of their owne

benefit: and no doubt this traitor, hauing his conscience prepared to die, saw the odiousnes and vnnaturalnes of this kind of treason, which the corruption of his life little respe&t, or rather fauoured; for as the case standeth with the Papists (God be praised for blessing her Maiestie and the Maiestrates with such prudent foresight), he that settleth his hearte to treason inclineth his affection to forraign inuasion, as

Forraigne inuasion vnnatural. otherwise out of hope to see the wished successe of his desire: but since it pleased

God to commend by this publique enemie the natural liberty of a mans countrey, and by conclusion to discommend his fellowe traitors who continually labour the bondage thereof, it shall not be amis for our instructions to enlarge our conference with the odiousnesse and vnnaturallnesse, and the Papists owne dangers, in this Archtreason. We see that if two mastiues egerly fight, neuertheles at the fight of a beare they part themselues and flie vpon their natural enemie: forraigne seruitude is as vnnaturall and odious to euery nation as the beare to the mastiue; to be ridde of which seruile yooke, at such time as Titus

Example by the Iewes. Vespasian besieged Ierusalem, notwithstanding there were thousandes of the citizens dailye slaine with ciuill fraies, yet at euerie assault of the Romanes, the Iewes ioyned so assuredly together, as if the multitude had beene but one band.

We read in Chronicles of a number of good men that haue bin ingratefully and vnkindly intreated of their own country, and of a very few so badde (vntil this wicked age) that preferred a stranger to the Examples of louers gouernment of their natvie country. of their country. Themistocles, the good Athenian, was vniustly banished Athens, and for succour was driuen to go to K. Artaxe[r]xes, the Athenians fworn enemy: Artaxerxes, glad of this aduantage, laboured to guide his army against Athens; and when the Captain could no longer withstand the kings importunitie, he drunke buls blood, and died rather then he would reuenge the ingratitude of his country with forraigne bondage. There was mortal hatred betweene two worthye Captaines, Cretinus Magnetius and one Hermias, so that the whole countrey was occupied with their discord; but when the K. Mithridates assailed their countrey, Cretinus Magnetius voluntarily banished him selfe, that the ielosie of their hatred might not hinder the publique seruice of his valiant enemy Hermias. The traitor that for his priuate aduancement laboreth to betray his country would, if his countries danger so required, be loth to follow the example of K. Codrus; who, vnderstanding that the liberty of his country stod vpon the losse of his life, he presently, in the habite of a flaue, entred the camp of the Peloponians and Dorians, his ene-

mies, and there quarelled vntil he was slaine. To do their countrey seruice, Ancurus, K. Midas son, and Curtius voluntarily leaped into a deuouring gulf of the earth : Caius Gracchus sacrificized his own daughter ; and the noble Roman Seuola aduentured alone to kil Porsinus in his camp. In ancient time men bore this zeal toward their country, that a number in defence therof ran vpon violent death. If these general traitors had but experience to consider of ther own thraldom, they could not be so redy to welcome the forraign enemy with one hand, as they woulde bee forward to throwe him forth with al their force. The Popish Cleargie, whoe with Cardinall Poole say *Roma mihi patria est*, helpte the Spaniarde into England : the King of Spaine and his counsellors laboured for the monarcal diadem, and as the time then serued they thought, and it is verye like,

The purpose of the King of Spaine in Queene Maries daies. they had wrought diuers of the nobilitie to fauour their purpose : it is easie to be iudged the euill that they meant vnto their enemies, when they purposed to deale thus with their friends : they determined first by their help to cut short such of the nobility as they found contrary to their desire, and then they meant to make their friends safe with honorable dignities abroad, whereof they should take such found possession, as they should neuer see England again, as who soeuer hath seene

a letter, in forme of an admonition, written by the godly martyr M. John Bradford, to the nobilitie of England, may more largely perceiue. Bernardin de

A pollicie of Bar-
nardin de Men-
doza. the late ambassador for Spain
(who trained Throgmorton, a principall

traitor, and many others no doubt vndiscouered, to make a passage for a forraigne inuasion), after his forced departure out of England, diuers times hath said, that if he had continued stil in England, he wold not haue left a Papists head of any account standing vpon their shoulders, meaning that before the comming of the Spanish power, to leaue no man of estate or reckoning that might lawefullye looke to strike a stroke in their gouernment, for the Spaniard will be *Domine fac totum* wheresoeuer he ruleth; and where is then the reckoning of those traitors that looke for dignitie by this vnnaturall treason?

West. You haue already red their fortunes; and I praye God, both by the falles and follies of these traitors that all Englishmen may haue their harts (to withstand the forraigne enemye) strengthened with the protestation of Iones his tongue at the hower of death. Amen.

Willk. After Iones had paide the price of his treason, with all possible fauour, Charnock was ex-
John Trauis and
John Charnok
Gent. executed. cuted, and after him Trauis, both men, as it seemed, betwitched with an igno-

rant deuotion, for that in their endes there was nothing to be obserued but their praying to our Lady, calling vpon Saintes, ioyned with a number of ceremonies, crossings and blessings, so that it appeared that in their prayers they were bound to a forme more then vnto faith.

Walk. The Pope can finde out no instrument so constant for his purpose as the ignorant person bewitched with his superstitious deuotion, for he resolutely followeth whatsoeuer is giuen him in charge: such a one was hair-braine Sommeruile that intended to kil her Maiestie, whose life (as the life of Englands happines) God long continue! and such an other was young Iarugo that first wounded the godly Prince of Orange, whoe was so simple as hee perswaded himselfe that the Pope had the power, and would cause him to doe the deed inuisible; and therefore the Pope was wont to practise moste rebellions by the ignorant multitude, who, so long as they were blinded with his errors, were euer constant in the execution of his pollices: and certainlye, although the simple ignorance and error of these two traitors were to be bemoned, yet the danger of their treasons considered, their executions were very necessary, both for example and her maiesties safetie.

Weſt. You say very truly.

Wilk. When the hangman had giuen these two
Robert Gage fencelesse Papists his heauy blessing,
Gent. executed. Gage prepared himselfe to dy : he be-
gun his protestation, that there was neuer a subiect
more bound to a Prince, then his father was to her
Maiestie ; and from that true acknowledgement of
her Maiesties gracieousnes fell to excuse himselfe of
Her M. gracieous- the odious treasons for which he died ;
nes commended but vpon so weake a ground, as the
by this traitor. simplest iudgement then present found, by the order
of his own confession, that he was a dangerous instru-
ment for the Pope. He confessed that he accompa-
nied Ballard, the Seminarie Priest, into Yorkshire ;
Gages hipocrisie. and that he wrote a letter for the faide
Priest to a French man or a Spaniard of accompte
beyond the feas, and in al the course of his confession,
in indifferent iudgements, he accused him selfe to be
à hollow subiect and a found Papist.

West. This cunning traitor, Gage, coulde neuer
haue made a confession of more infamye vnto him-
selfe, then in acknowledging the Queens most excel-
lent fauour shewed vnto his father, which a dutiful
sonne ought to esteeme a benefit vnto himselfe : and
so, to double reproch his treasons, he condemned him-
selfe of ingratitude ; which vnnatural fault Periander
euermore sentenced with death. But in my opinion
if the Queen were les mercifull, the Papists would be

Her maiesties more faithful; for truly their punishment is so milde, as, by the faith of an
mercy renowned in Rome. honest man, I heard in Rome a Popish Prieste, in the
presence of other fugitiues, wish to be her Maiesties
prisoner in the Fleet, rather than to enjoy his liberty
of conscience in Rome.

Willk. It is verye likely that the vnseruiceable
Priest was regarded in Rome as olde dogges are
The almes of with their maisters; when the date of
Rome. their hunting is out, the sentence of
their hanging is at hand: for I haue heard how those
marked people (that holy scripture wils vs to beware
of) are welcome to Rome, and no lesse rewarded of
the Pope, when those that by their outward counte-
nance promise not a rebellious spirite are entertained
neither with the one nor the other.

West. You put me in remembrance of a speciall
difference that I obserued in Rome, which well con-
firmeth your opinion, and is not impertinent to our
conference. Being in Rome, Anno dommini 1580,
there was presented unto the Pope a nota[b]le
English shifter, who named himselfe Seamer, a one
eyed person, and such a one as had abused fundry
greate estates in Germanie: this man being in want,
and withall vnlearned as he could hardly read En-
The disposition of glish, was a futer to the Pope to be en-
them discrbed by tertained into the English Seminary,
these examples.

and ther to be instructed in the profession of the Iesuits. He soone obtained his purpose, and with a blessing of crownes was shortly after commended to Rheames, and what there became of him I haue not heard. At the same time there came to Rome an English Gentleman, wonderfullye dronken with the zeale of the Romishe religion : he had sometimes a proper lyuing, and good store of money lefte him by his father, which for the most parte he consumed in the fellowship of the Papists : in fine, he was enioyned by his confessour (I thinke vpon pollicye, because he hadde little lefte to maynetayne him) to refrayne from the drinking of wine, and from the eating of all manner of flesh ; in the execution of which pennance (for that in Italie there was smal store of fish, and no beere or ale) he was, for the moste parte, drien to liue with bread and water : this gentleman was so strict in obeying pennance, and so deuout in the Popes holinesse, as of a number of Papists he was derided, and of some other tickled, that he was a very Sainte vpon earth. But what woulde Rome and all the Seminaries of Italie doe for this ignorant and deuout gentleman ?—Vnto the shame of all Papists I truly certifie, that with many a weary step, in the deepe of winter, he arriued at Rome : he was (not without some repining) enter-tained with eight daies allowance in the English

Colledge, but one daies succour aboue he could not compasse : he laboured to be admitted into the fellowshipp of the Iesuits; he was flatly denied, and in recompense of all his toile, charge, and zeale he was constrained to leaue Rome with a bare purse to seeke some new blinde aduenture. His vsage made me abhor the hipocrisie of Papists, and inwardly to lament the blindnesse of my poore countryman. We departed frome Rome together, my selfe minding to go vnto Vennis, and he to Madona Delorata. To shewe all the follies of the man in our iorney were A blinde deuotion. tedious, and more ridiculous : at euery two miles end there was (lightlie) a chappel, and where he found our Lady, or any other Saint, fair painted, he would there kneel down and pray ; but if the images were in bad attire, he euermore past them ouer with the salutation of his cap. Many a mile he stepped foorth of his way to reuerence some old Friers relick : at Loreto he turned their lewd lie of The Papistes faine our Ladys house into English, and to our Ladys house was by miracle purchase the Iesuits fauour he did al brought from Ierusalem into Italie. the dueties of a Romish Catholique ; but for all his sute they wolde not admit him into their society. Thus wandred he al the dead winter from religious house to religious house in Italy ; and yet, for al his pennance and straitnes of life, the poor Gent. could not gette a resting place. The reason was

as you haue faide, and I wel obserued he shewed an apparence of an ignorante zeale, and no signe of a dissentious spirit.

Walk. Wel, leauwe we these dissembling Iesuits to the iustice of God, who visibly punisheth them with shame, and the most of their instruments with destruction: and now, neighbour Wilk., I pray you shewe vs what obserued you in the end of the last of these traitors.

Wilk. The last that suffered was one of the Jeremie Bellamy Gent. executed. Bellamies: his countenance discouered him to be a setled Papist; and as he could say little to saue his life, so at the gallowes he said nothing to defend his death.

Wesl. Although this traitor had but a dul spirit, yet it seemeth he had a mallicious heart: he and his friends succoured Babington and some of his coe-mates, when feare of the lawe and shame of their odious treasons made them shrowde themselues like a Fox in the couert. And it seemeth that they were as resolute to followe the treasons of Babington, as they were ready to relieue him from the daunger of the lawe: otherwise, if this Bellamies brother had One of the Bellamies hanged himselfe in the Tower. had an innocent conscience, he would neuer with violent handes haue hanged himselfe.

Wilk. God be praised that these rotten branches are thus cutte off; but if his prouidence preuent not

the mischieves, it is to be feared, that of the root there wil grow many other, apt to bring foorth the fruite of publique disturbance.

Walk. In very trueth, necessitie hath made the bloody deuices of the Scottish Q. so common, as no good subiect may iustly be forbidden to deriue the cause both of forraigne and domestike conspiracies from her vnprincely heart: our sacred Q. Elizabeths mercy hath many yeares contended with a number of fearful admonitions, to preserue both the life and honor of this most vnkinde queene: when the Scottes,

Bookes written
against the Scot-
tish Q. forbidden
in England.

her own people, purfued her life and printed her defame, the Queenes Maieſty entertained her, as Augustus did his enemye Cinna: ſhe gaue her her life, that many waies fought her own life, and was ſo carefull of her honour, that ſhe forbad the bookes of her faults to be conuersant among her english subiects, which almost in euery other nation were made vulgar. But Cinna, after three times forgiuenes, became (none ſo) faithful to Augustus; when this Scottish Queen, being three times thrife forgiuen, remained (none more) bloodily infected to Queene Elizabeth, her own hand writings her witnessſes. During the whole course of her abode in Eng., which may be properly called a protection and no imprisonment, ther is nothing more manifest then that her mallice thirſted

the death of her own life. The currantes of her practises were so general as euery good christian prince knew as much, and certified her Maiestie no lesse : in fine, seeing that her pretendings were not only against the person of her Maiestie, but that they also reached to the change of christian religion, some zealous members of the church of God in publique

A book long since
written in French
to sentence the
blody proceedings
of the Q. of Scottes
with death.

writing did set downe the danger of her Maiesties mercy, and in christian pollicy shewed, by many waightly reafons, that God deliuered the Scottish Queene vnto the fword of her iustice, as he did many idolatrous princes into the hands of the Kings of Israel : but our most gracious Queene, notwithstanding these continuall aduertismentes, with a magnanimous hearte digested all this danger ; yea, she was so far from reuenge, as she yeelded not to make her subiects partakers of these forraine counfels, whom next vnder her they principally concerned : lastly, when the continuall importunitiess of her louing subiects, by al the estates of Parliament, tyred her Maiestie with petitions to proceede to the sentence of her own lawes, her clemency found out delay, when iustice would admit no excuse. And since she now liueth onely by the mercy of God and her maiesty, let vs leaue to iudge the determination of either.

The Lord of hoasts be the protector of her

Maiestie and good subiects, who with his holy hande hetherto hath giuen her these peaceable victories so wonderfully, as al the world is occupied with the admiration thereof: and that the same God may blesse her highnesse with a long and peaceable life, I beseech you, accompany me to the church, where with thankful hearts we may praise him for many receiued benefits, and with zealous spirits humbly pray for the continuance of the same.

West. With right good will we are ready to accompany you; and God, for his sonnes sake, either turne the mindes of those that miswifh her maestie, or speedily bring them to the shame and confusion of these fourteene Traitors, that haue worthelye suffered for their most odious treasons. Amen.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by RICHARD IONES, dwelling at the Signe
of the *Rose and Crowne*, nere vnto Holborne bridge.

1587.

LONDON: T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

THE publications from which we have made the following small selection of lyrical poems are all of more or less rarity, and of several only one or two copies are known.

We need not dwell upon the poetical merits of the songs ; for although no names are usually attached to the words, they unquestionably came from the pens of men who were highly gifted, and who threw them off, not as elaborate productions, but generally as the effect of immediate inspiration by passion, or zealous admiration. As may be supposed, the words are generally devoted to love, but graver topics are sometimes touched very appropriately and gracefully ; and what may be called the songs of mirth and hilarity are full of joyous spirit and energy. The love-songs are, in many instances, incomparable for warmth without indelicacy, and for pathos without pretence. The writers seem to have abandoned themselves to the impulse, and to the expression of the moment. Such results were not otherwise easily attainable.

It is not only not impossible, but very likely, that men such as Watson, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Jonson, Daniel, Drayton, or Wotton, allowed their scattered verses (and we know that they were scattered) to be so employed ; if, indeed, they did not pur-

posely contribute these “unconsidered trifles” to the aid of their musical friends.

On going through them, we are struck by the manner in which various modern composers have excellently availed themselves of the old language of love and loyalty: the names of Horn, Hobbs, Hatton, and Phillips, must occur to recollection, as those of skilful and original musicians who have rejected the poor, sickly, and unimpassioned productions of modern times for the genuine language of the head and heart, to be found printed under the music of Lutenists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

Here and there we may more than suspect misprints; as, for instance, on page 27, where it is probable that “grow” ought to be *blow*, and “flow” ought to be *grow*: the line, “Those cherries, &c.,” seems to have been left imperfect; and though it would be easy to remedy the defect, we have not chosen to amend the old copy. On page 31, we read: “Our spanyels couple *them*,” which affords very good meaning, but the rhyme requires *than* (of old used for *then*) in order to complete the stanza. In this respect, however, our ancestors were not by any means strict; they often regarded the sense more than the sound.

We may add that, not a few years ago, we were indebted to the taste and learning of Dr. Rimbault for the opportunity of making the ensuing selection, which, at the proper time, we intend to follow up with other specimens of the same kind.

J. P. C.

LYRICS
FOR
OLD LUTENISTS
IN THE REIGNS OF ELIZABETH
AND JAMES I;

*Being Specimens of the Words of Airs intended
for concerted performance, and
social amusement.*



LONDON :
1863.

W O R L D S
FROM
M U S I C A L C O M P O S I T I O N S
BY
THOMAS CAMPION,
THOMAS MORLEY,
PHILIP ROSSETBR,
MICHAEL EAST,
RICHARD ALISON,
THOMAS RAVENSCROFT,
JOHN BENNET,
THOMAS FORDE.



SONGS BY THOMAS CAMPION.*

THE RIGHTS OF BEAUTY.

GIVE Beauty all her right,
Shee's not to one forme tyed ;
Each shape yeelds faire delight,
Where her perfections bide :
Hellen, I grant, might pleasing be,
And Ros'mond was as sweet as shee.

Some the quicke eye commends,
Some swelling lips and red ;
Pale lookes have many friends,
Through sacred sweetnesse bred :
Medowes have flowres that pleasure move,
Though Rofes are the flowres of love.

Free beauty is not bound,
To one unmoved clime ;
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare ;
My sov'rayne is as sweet and fayre.

* From "Two Bookes of Ayes, &c., composed by Thomas Campian.—London. Printed by Tho. Snodham for Mathew Lownes." Folio, *n. d.*

YOU ALONE.

THERE is none, O ! none but you,
That from mee estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view,
Or charmed eares heare with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces finde :
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kinde.

Women in fraile beauty trust ;
Onely seeme you faire to mee ;
Yet prove truely kinde and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford mee then your sight,
That surveying all your lookes,
Endelesse volumes I may write,
And fill the world with envyed bookees.

Which, when after ages view,
All shall wonder, and despaire,
Woman, to finde [a] man so true,
Or man, a woman halfe so faire.

JACK AND JOAN.

JACKE and Jone they thincke no ill,
But loving live, and merry still,
Doe their weeke dayes worke, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day ;
Skip and trip it on the greene,
And helpe to chuse the Summer Queene ;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a Winter Tale ;
Climbe up to the apple loft,
And turne the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom is mother's boy :
All their pleasure is content,
And care to pay their yearely rent.

Jone can tell by name her cowes,
And decke her windows with green boughes ;
Shee can wreathes and tutties make,
And trimme with plums a bridall cake.
Jacke knowes what brings gain or losse,
And his long flail can stoutly tosse,
Make the hedge which others breake,
And ever thinkes what he doth speake.

Now, you courtly Dames and Knights,
 That study onely strange delights,
 Though you scorne the home-spun gray,
 And revell in your rich array ;
 Though your tongues difsemble deepe,
 And can your heads from danger keepe,
 Yet, for all your pompe and traine,
 Securer lives the silly swaine.

MORLEY'S MADRIGALS.*

THE LOYER'S IMPRECATION.

DYE now, my heart, from thy delight exiled,
 Thy loue is dead and all our hope beguiled !
 O Death ! O Death ! unkind and cruell
 To rob the world of that her fayrest jewell.
 Now shooat at me, now shooat and spare not—
 Kill me ; I care not.
 Think not, O Death ! alas, thy dart will paine me :
 Why shouldst thou here against my will retain me ?
 O heere a doleful wretches crying,
 Or I die for want of dying.

* From "Madrigals to Foure Voyces, newly published by Thomas Morley.—In London by Thomas Est," &c. 1594. 4to.

LOVE'S REMEDY.

IN euery place fierce Love assails mee,
And grieve doth so torment mee,
That how can joy content mee
When hope no whit at all availes mee ?
O ! gentle Love, O ! grant me leffe to grieve mee,
Or grieve me more, and grieve will soon relieve mee.

MY MISTRESS AND THE MONTHS.

APRILL is [in] my mistris face,
And July in her eyes hath place,
Within her bosome is September,
But in her heart is could December.

LYCORIS AND DORUS.

IN dew of roses steeping
Her lovely cheeks, Lycoris fatt weeping.
Ah ! Dorus false, thou haft my hart bereft me,
And now unkind haft left me.
Hear, alas ! heare ! cannot my bewty move thee ?
Pittie me, then, because I love thee.

Aye me ! thou skornst the more I pray thee,
 And this thou doest to slay mee :
 But doe, then, doe ; kil mee and vaunt thee,
 Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee.

THE MORRIS DANCE.

HOE ! who comes here all along,
 With bag-piping and drumming ?
 O ! the Morris daunce is comming.
 Come, come, ladies, come out ;
 O ! come, come quickly,
 And see how trim they daunce about—
 How trim they daunce and trickly.

Hey ! there again, there again ;
 Hey, there again, how the bells they shake it ;
 Now for our town once, and take it.
 Soft awhile, not so fast ; they melt them.
 Piper ! Piper ! Piper be hang'd awhile :
 Knave, feest not the dauncers how they fwelt them ?
 Out there awhile you come :
 I say in,
 There, give the hobby horse more room
 To play in.

ROSSITER'S AIRS.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF A LOYER.

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love ;
And though the fager fort our deedes reprove,
Let us not way them : heav'ns great lampes do dive
Into their west, and strait again revive ;
But soone as once is set our little light,
Then must we sleepe one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love, like mee,
Then bloudie fwords and armour should not be ;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should move
Unles alarme came from the campe of Love :
But fooles do live and wast their little light,
And seeke with paine their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends,
But let all lovers rich in triumph come,
And with sweete pastimes grace my happie tombe ;
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crowne with love my ever-during night.

* From "A Booke of Ayres, set foorth to be fung to the Lute, &c., by Philip Rosseter, Lutenist, &c. At Lonond. (sic). Printed by Peter Short, assent of Thomas Morley. 1601." Folio.

LOVE AND REPENTANCE,

My love hath vowd hee will forfake mee,
And I am already sped :
Far other promise did he make mee
When he had my maidenhead.
If such danger be in playing,
And sport must to earnest turne,
I will go no more a maying.

Had I foreseen what is ensued,
And what now with paine I prove,
Unhappie then I had eschewed
This unkind event of love :
Maides foreknow their owne undooing,
But feare naught till all is done,
When a man alone is wooing.

Diffembling wretch ! to gaine thy pleasure,
What didst thou not vow and sweare ?
So didst thou rob me of the treasure,
Which so long I held so deare :
Now, thou prov'ft to me a stranger,
Such is the vile guise of men,
When a woman is in danger.

That hart is neeref to misfortune
That will trust a fained toong :

When flattring men our loves importune,
They entend us deepest wrong.
If this shame, of loves betraying,
But this once I clearely shun,
I will go no more a maying.

COME AWAY, MY DARLING.

WHAT, then, is love but mourning,
What desire, but selfe burning,
Till she that hates doth love returne ?
Thus will I mourne,
Thus will I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling !

Beautie is but a blooming,
Youth in his glorie entombing ;
Time hath a while which none can stay.
Then, come away,
While thus I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling !

Sommer in winter fadeth,
Glomie night heav'ly light shadeth :

Like to the morne are Venus flowers,
Such are her howers :
Then will I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling !

PAIN THE ONLY ILL.

WHETHER men doe laugh or weepe,
Whether they doe wake or sleepe,
Whether they die yoong or olde,
Whether they feele heate or colde,
There is underneath the funne
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest ;
None are worst and none are best ;
Griefe and joy, and hope and feare,
Play their pageants every where.
Vain opinion all doth fway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in cloudes doe sit
Mocking our poore apish wit,
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glorie imitate.
No ill can be felt but paine,
And that happie men disdaine.

BLIND LOVE AND FORTUNE.

SHALL, then, a traiterous kis, or a smile,
All my delights unhappily beguile ?
Shall the vow of fayned love receive so ritch regard,
When true service dies neglected, and wants his due
reward ?

Deedes meritorious soone be forgot,
But one offence no time can ever blot.
Every day it is renued, and every night it bleedes,
And with bloody streames of sorrow drownes all our
better deedes.

Beautie is not by desert to be woon ;
Fortune hath all that is beneath the funne ;
Fortune is the guide of Love, and both of them be
blind :
All their ways be full of errors, which no true feete
can find.

LOVE AND REASON.

AND would you fain the reson know
Why my sad eies so often flow ?
My heart ebs joy when they doe so,
And loves the moone by whom they go.

And will you aske why pale I looke ?
Tis not with poring on my booke :
My mistris cheeke my bloud hath tooke,
For her mine owne hath me forsooke.

Doe not demaund why I am mute ;
Loves silence doth all speech confute :
They set the noat, then tune the lute :
Harts frame their thoughts, then toongs their suit.

Doe not admire why I admire ;
My fever is no others fire :
Each feveral heart hath his desire,
Els prooфе is false, and truth a lier.

If why I love you should see cause,
Love should have forme like other lawes ;
But fancie pleads not by the clawes :
Tis as the sea, stll vext with flawes.

No fault upon my love espie,
For you perceive not with my eie :
My palate to your tast may lie,
Yet please it selfe deliciously.

Then, let my sufferance be mine owne ;
Sufficeth it these reasons showne :
Reason and Love are ever knowne
To fight, till both be overthrowne.

WOMAN'S FALSEHOOD.

IF I urge my kinde desires,
She unkind doth them reject :
Womens hearts are painted fires,
To deceive them that affect.
I alone loves fires include,
Shee alone doth them delude.

Shee hath often vow'd her love,
But alas ! no fruit I finde :
That her fires are false I prove ;
Yet in her no fault I finde :
I was thus unhappy borne,
And ordain'd to be her scorne.

Yet, if humane care or paine
May the heavenly order change,
She will hate her owne disdaine,
And repent she was so strange ;
For a truer heart then I
Never liv'd, or lov'd to die.

THE IDEA OF HER SEX.

AND would you see my Mistris' face ?
It is a flowrie garden place,

Where knots of beauties have such grace,
That all is worke, and no where space.

It is a sweete delicious morne,
Where day is breeding, never borne ;
It is a meadow yet unshorne,
Whome thousand flowers do adorne.

It is the heavens bright reflexe,
Weake eies to dazzle and to vexe ;
It is th' Idea of her sexe,
Envie of whome doth world perplexe.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it killes the whiles ;
Where Death and Love in pretie wiles
Each other mutuallie beguiles.

It is faire beautie's freshest youth,
It is the fain'd Elizium's truth,
The spring that winter'd harts renu'th ;
And this is that my soule pursu'th.

THE MURDERED LOVER.

WHEN thou must home to shades of under-ground,
And there arriv'd, a newe admired guest,
The beautious spirits do ingirt thee round,
While Iope, blith Helen, and the rest,

To heare the stories of thy finish't love
From that smoothe tongue whose musicke hell
can move.

Then wilt thou speake of banqueting delights,
Of masks and revels which sweete youth did make,
Of turnies and great challenges of knights ;
And all these triumphs for thy beautie's sake.
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
Then tell, O ! tell, how thou didst murther mee.

PROSERPINE'S REVENGE.

HARKE, all you ladies that do sleep !
The fayry queen, Proserpina,
Bids you awake and pitie them that weep.
You may do in the darke
What the day doth forbid :
Feare not the dogs that barke ;
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers mone,
The Fairie Queene, Proserpina,
Will fend abroad her Fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blew
Your white hands and faire armes,
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours harmes.

In myrtle arbours on the downes,
The Fairie Queene, Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
Holds a watch with sweet Love :
Downe the dale, up the hill,
No plaints or groanes may move
Their holy vigill.

All you that will hold watch with Love,
The Fairy Queene, Proserpina,
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove.
Roses red, lillies white,
And the clear damaske hue
Shall on your cheekes alight :
Love will adorn you.

All you that love, or lov'd before,
The Fairie Queene, Proserpina,
Bids you encrease that loving humour more :
They that have not fed
On delight amorous,
She vowes that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus.

THE JUST MAN.

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltlesse hart is free
From all dishonest deedes,
Or thought of vanitie;

The man whose silent dayes
In harmles joyes are spent,
Whome hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needes neither towers
Nor armour of defence,
Nor secrete vautes to flie
From thunder's violence.

Hee onely can behold
With unafrighted eyes
The horrors of the deepe,
And terours of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heav'n his booke,
His wisedome heavenly things.

Good thoughts his onely friendes,
 His wealth a well-spent age ;
 The earth his sober inne,
 And quiet pilgrimage.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

THE fypres curten of the night is spread,
 And over all a silent dew is cast ;
 The weaker cares by sleepe are conquered,
 And I alone, with hideous grief agast,
 In spite of Morpheus charmes, I watch doe keepe
 Over mine eyes, to banish carelesse sleepe.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintnes close,
 And then the mappe of Hell before me stands,
 Which Ghosts doe see ; and I am one of those
 Ordain'd to pine in sorrowes endles bands ;
 Since from my wretched soule all hopes are reft,
 And now no cause of life to me is left.

Griefe ceaze my soule, for that will still endure
 When my cras'd bodie is consum'd and gone :
 Beare it to thy blacke denne, there keepe it sure,
 Where thou ten thousand soules doest tyre upon,
 Yet all doe not affoord such foode to thee
 As this poore one, the worser part of mee.

COLD CUPID.

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be :
The kindly heate unto my heart is flowne,
To cherish it that is dismaid by thee,
Who art so cruell and so steedfast growne ;
For nature, call'd for by distressed harts,
Neglects, and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeke with careles blood are stain'd,
Nurse not one sparke of love within their harts,
And when they woe, they speake with passion fain'd,
For their fat love lyes in their outward parts ;
But in their brests, where Love his court should hold,
Poore Cupid sits and blowes his nailes for cold.

CUPID'S FIRE.

MISTRIS, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
In your faire shrine that flame doth rest,
Yet never harbour'd in your brest.
It bides not in your lips so sweete,
Nor where the rose and lillies meete,
But a little higher,
There, there, O ! there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starrie pearcing eyes,
There Cupid's sacred fire lyes :
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy :
Nor woe I for a smile or kiffe ;
So meanely triumphs not my blisse,
But a little higher
I climbe to crowne my chaste desire.

BEAUTY WHEN BEAUTILESS.

THOU art not faire for all thy red and white,
For all those rosie ornaments in thee :
Thou art not sweet, though made of meer delight ;
Nor faire nor sweet, unlesse thou pitie mee.
I will not sooth thy fancies : thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beautie without love.

Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure
My thoughts with beautie were it more devine :
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure ;
I'le not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now shew it, if thou be a woman right ;
Embrace and kiffe, and love me in despight.

JAMY AND BESSIE.

IT fell on a sommer's day,
While sweete Bessie sleeping lay,
In her bower, on her bed
Light with curtaines shadowed,
Jamy came : shee him spies,
Op'ning halfe her heavie eies.

Jamy stole in through the dore ;
She lay flumb'ring as before :
Softly to her he drew neere ;
She heard him, yet would not heare.
Bessie vow'd not to speake,
He resolv'd that dumpe to breake.

First a soft kiffe he doth take ;
She lay still, and would not wake :
Then his hands learn'd to woo ;
She dreamp't not what he would doo,
But still slept ; while he smil'd,
To see love by sleepe beguil'd.

Jamy then began to play :
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still, through this sleight,
Deceiv'd in her owne deceit.
And, sence this traunce begoon,
She sleepes ev'rie afternoone.

LOVE AND A LUTE.

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
 Her voice revives the leaden stringes,
 And doth in highest noates appeare,
 As any challeng'd echo cleere ;
 But when she doth of mourning speake,
 Even with her sighes the strings do breake.

And as her lute doth live or die,
 Led by her passiion, so must I ;
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,
 My thoughts enjoy a sodaine spring ;
 But if she doth of sorrow speake,
 Ev'n from my hart the strings doe breake.

MADRIGALS BY MICHAEL EST.*

THE LADY OF THE MAY.

IN the merry month of May,
 In a morne by breake of day,

* From "Madrigals to 3, 4, and 5 parts. Newly composed by Michael Este.—In London Printed by Thomas Este. 1604."

Foorth I walked by the wood side,
Wheras May was in her pride ;
There I spy'd Philliday and Coridon.
Much adoe there was, God wot :
He wold love, and she would not.
She sayd, never man was true ;
He sayd, none was false to you ;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should have no wrong.

Coridon would kiffe her then :
She sayd, Mayds must kiffe no men,
Till they did for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witnes truth,
Never lov'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as feely shepherds use,
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which long had been deluded,
Was with kusses sweet concluded ;
And Philliday, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

LOVE'S RIDDLE.

THE Spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be greene ;
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;
 I faw the world, and yet I was not feene.
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

FAREWELL TO HOPE.

YE restles cares, companions of the night,
 That wrap my joyes in foulds of endlesse woes,
 Tire on my hart, and wound it with your spight,
 Since Love and Fortune prove my equall foes.
 Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
 Welcome, sweet grieve, the subiect of my laies.

NIGHT AND DAY.

JOVE of my life, that hath my love in hould,
 Vouchsafe to read these lines my hart doth send ;
 And having read, some pittie, deere, unfould
 'To these sad abstracts drawing to their end.
 Let those sweet eies that stellafie the light,
 Show equall power, and dayefie my night.

ALISON'S HOUR'S RECREATION.*

UNCERTAINTY.

THE sturdie rock, for al his strength,
By raging feas is rent in twaine ;
The marble stome is pearst at length
With little drops of drifling raine.
The oxe doth yeelde unto the yoake,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stoute,
By yelping hounds at bay is set ;
The swiftest bird that flies about
At length is caught in fowler's net ;
The greatest fish in deepest brooke
Is foone deceiv'd with subtle hooke.

HONEST LOVE.

REST with yourselves, you vaine and idle braines,
Which youth and age in lewdest lust bestow,
And find out fraudes, and use ten thousand traines
To win the foyle where nought but sin doth grow.

* From "An Howres Recreation in Musick, &c. by Richard Alifon.—London Printed by John Windet, the affigne of William Barley, &c. 1606."

And live with me, you chaste and honest mindes,
 Which do your life in lawfull love employ,
 And know no fleigtes, but friends for vertue findes,
 And loath that lust which doth the soule destroy.

For lust is fraile, where love is ever sound,
 Lust outward sweet, but inward bitter gall ;
 A shap of shewes, where no good ware is found,
 Nor like to love, where honest faith is all.

So that is lust where fancy ebs and flowes,
 And hates and loves as beauty dyes and growes ;
 And this is love, where friendship firmly stands
 On vertues rock, and not on sinfull sands.

WIT AND WILL.

THOUGH wit bids will to blow retreate,
 Will cannot work as wit would wish :
 When that the roch doth taste the bait,
 Too late to warne the hungrie fish.
 When cities burn on fiery flame,
 Great rivers scarce may quench the fame :
 If will and fancie be agreeede,
 Too late for wit to bid take heed.

But yet it seems a foolish drift
 To follow will, and leave the wit :

The wanton horfe that runs too swift

 May well be stayed upon the bit ;
But checke a horse amid his race,
And out of doubt you mar his pace,
Though wit and reason doth men teach
Never to clime above their reach.

CHERRY RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face

 Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherrie ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries &c. (*sic*)

 Of orient pearle a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
 They looke like rose buds fild with snow.
Yet them no peere nor prince may buy,
Till cherrie ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,

 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Thretning with piercing powers to kil

All that aproch, with eye or hand,
 These sacred cherries to come nie,
 Till cherrie ripe themselves do crie.

RAVENSROFT'S DISCOURSE.*

THE SERVANT TO HIS MISTRIS.

My mistris is as faire as fine,
 Milk-white fingers, cherry nose ;
 Like twinckling day-starres looke her eyne,
 Lightning all things where she goes :
 Faire as Phœbe, though not so fickle,
 Smooth as glasse, though not so brickle.

My heart is like a ball of snowe,
 Melting at her luke-warme sight ;
 Her fiery lips like night-worms glowe,
 Shining cleere as candle-light.
 Neat she is, no feather lighter,
 Bright she is, no dazie whiter.

* From Thomas Ravenscroft's "Briefe Discourse of the true (but neglected) use of Charactering the Degrees, &c. London, Printed by Edward Alde for Tho. Adams. 1614." 4to. It is stated that some of the airs are by John Bennet, and others by Ravenscroft. The titles are from the old copy.

THE MISTRIS OF HER SERVANT.

LOVE for such a cherry lip
Would be glad to pawne his arrowes :
Venus heere to take a sip
Would fell her doves and teame of sparrowes :
But shee shall not fo :
Hey no, nony no ;
None but I this lip muste owe.
Hey nony, nony no.

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
Ganimed would wayte no longer ;
Phebe heere one night to lye
Would change her face, and looke much yonger :
But shee shall not foe :
Hey no, nony no ;
None but I this lip must owe.
Hey nony, nony no.

THE URCHIN'S DAUNCE.

By the moon we sport and play ;
With the night begins our day :
As we frisk the dew doth fall ;
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three ;
And about go we !

THE FAYRIES DAUNCE.

DARE you haunt our hallowed greene ?
None but Fayries heere are seene.

 Downe and sleepe,
 Wake and weepe :
Pinch him black and pinch him bleu,
That seekes to steale a lover true.
When you come to hear us sing,
Or to tread our fayrie ring,
Pinch him black and pinch him bleu,
O ! thus our nayles shall handle you.

FOR THE HEARNE AND DUCKE.

LUER, Faulkners, luer !
 Give warning to the field :
Let flye ! let flye !
 Make mounting Hearnes to yeilde.

Dye, fearfull Duckes,
 And climbe no more so high.
The Nyas Hawke
 Will kiffe the azure skie ;
But when our soare Hawkes flye,
 And stiffe windes blowe,
Then, long to late we Faulkners crye
 Hey lo ! hey lo ! hey lo !

A HAWKES-UP, FOR A HUNTS UP.

AWAKE! awake!
The day doth break;
Our spanyels couple them.
Our hawkes shall flye
Lowe, meane, or high,
And trusfe it, if they can.
Hey troly, lolly ly lo!

Then rise, arise!
For Phœbus dies
In golde the dawne of day;
And coveyes lye
In fields hard by:
Then, sing we care away.
Hey troly, lolly, ly lo!

A HUNTS UP.

THE birds they sing,
The deare they fling;
Hey nony, nony no!
The hounds they crye,
The hunters they flye,
Hey trolilo, trolilo!
Cho. The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up!

The wood resounds
 To heere the hounds ;
 Hey nony, nony no !
 The rocks report
 This merry sport,
 Hey trolilo, trolilo !

Cho. The hunt is up, &c.

Then hye apace
 Unto the chafe,
 Hey nony, nony no !
 Whilst every thing
 Doth sweetly sing,
 Hey trolilo, trolilo !

Cho. The hunt is up, &c.

TOSS THE POT.

WE take no thought, we have no care,
 For still we spend and never spare ;
 Till of all money our purse is bare,
 We ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Toffe the pot, toffe the pot ! let us be merry,
 And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We drinke carouse with hart most free,
 A harty draught I drinke to thee ;

Then, fill the pot againe to me,

And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Toffe the pot, &c.

And when our mony is all spent,

Then sell our goods, and spend our rent,

Or drinke it up with one consent,

And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Toffe the pot, &c.

When all is gone, we have no more;

Then let us set it on the score,

Or chalke it up behinde the dore,

And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Toffe the pot, &c.

And when our credit is all loft,

Then may we goe and kiffe the poft,

And eate browne bread in steed of roft,

And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Toffe the pot, &c.

Let us conclude as we began,

And tosse the pot from man to man,

And drinke as much now as we can,

And ever tosse the pot.

Cho. Toffe the pot, toffe the pot! let us be merry,
And drinke 'till our cheekeſ be as red as a
cherry.

DRINKING SONG.

TRUDGE away quickly, and fill the black bole
Devoutly as long as we bide.
Now, welcome, good fellowes, both strangers and all,
Let madnes and mirth set fadnes aside.
Of all reckonings I love good cheere
With honest folkes in company,
And when drinke comes my part to beare,
For still, me thinks, one tooth is drye.

Love is pastime for a king,
If one be feene in phisnomie ;
But I love well this pot to wring,
For still, me thinks, one tooth is drie.

Masters, this is all my desire ;
I would no drinke should paffe us by :
Let us now sing and mend the fier,
For still, me thinkes, one tooth is drie.

Mr. Butler, give us a taste
Of your best drinke so gently ;
A juppe or twaine, and make no waste,
For still, me thinkes, one tooth is drie.

Mr. Butler, of this take part ;
Ye love good drinke as well as I ;

And drinke to mee with all your hart,
For still, me thinks, one tooth is drie.

Cho. Trudge away quickly, &c.

Now welcome, good fellowes, &c.

FORDE'S MUSIC OF SUNDRY KINDS.*

THE CHANGE.

Now I see thy lookes were fained,
Quickly lost and quickly gained.
Soft thy skin as wool of wethers,
Hart unconstant, light as feathers ;
Tongue untrusty, subtle sighted,
Wanton will, with change delighted.
Syren pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Of thine eye I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came my error,
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy sighes I deemed pitty :

* From "Musick of sundrie Kindes, set forth in two Bookes. Composed by Thomas Forde.—Imprinted at London by John Windet. 1607." Folio.

Thy false teares, that me agreeved,
First of all my trust deceaved.

Syren pleasant, &c.

Fainde acceptance when I asked,
Lovely words with cunning masked ;
Holy vowes, but hart unholie :
Wretched man ! my trust was folly ;
Lilly white, and pretty winking,
Sollemne vowes, but forrie thinking.

Syren pleasant, &c.

Now I see, O, seemely cruell !
Others warme them at my fuell.
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance :
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure ;
Beauty is a fading treasure.

Syren pleasant, &c.

Prime youth lafts not, age will follow,
And make white those tresses yellow ;
Wrinckled face for lookes delightfull
Shall acquaint the dame despitefull,
And when time shall date thy glorie,
Then, too late, you will be sorry.

Syren pleasant, &c.

LOVE RENOUNCED.

WHAT, then, is Love, sings Coridon,
Since Phillida is growne so coy ?
A flattring glasse to gaze upon,
A busie jest, a serious toy ;
A flowre still budding, never blown,
A scantie dearth in fullest store ;
Yeelding least fruite where most is fowne :
My dailie note shall be therefore,
Heigho, heigho ! ch'll love no more.

Tis like a morning dewie rose
Spread fairely to the funs arise,
But when his beames he doth disclose,
That which then flourisht quickly dies :
It is a selfe-fed dying hope,
A promisde blisse, a falvelesse fore,
An aimelesse marke, an erring scope,
My dailie note shall be therefore,
Heigh ho ! &c.

Tis like a lampe, shining to all
Whilst in it selfe it doth decay ;
It seemes to free whome it doth thrall,
And leades our pathlesse thoughts astray.
It is the spring of wintred harts,

Parcht by the summers heate before,
 Faint hope to kindly hope converts :
 My daily note shall be therefore,
 Heigh ho ! &c.

BEAUTY'S SHRINE.

UNTO the temple of thy beauty,
 And to the tombe where pittie lies,
 I, pilgrime, clad with zeale and duty,
 Do offer uppe my hart, mine eyes.
 My hart, loe ! in the quenchlesse fire
 On Love's burning altar lies,
 Conducted thither by desire
 To be beauties sacrifice.

But pittie on thy fable herse
 Mine eyes the teares of sorrow shed :
 What though teares cannot fate reverse,
 Yet are they duties to the dead.
 O mistresse ! in thy sanctuarie
 Why wouldst thou suffer cold disdaine
 To use his frozen crueltie,
 And gentle pitty to be slaine ?

Pittie that to thy beauty fled,
 And with thy beauty should have liv'de,

Ah ! in thy hart lies buried,
And never more may be reviv'de.
Yet this last favour, deare, extend
To accept these vowes, these teares I shed,
Duties which I, thy pilgrime, send
To beauty living, pitty dead.

LOVE TILL DEATH.

THERE is a ladie, sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleasde my mind !
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her jesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voyce, my hart beguiles,
Beguiles my hart, I know not why ;
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning lookes,
Will make a lawyer burne his booke :
I toucht her not, alas ! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt my armes,
Judge you, that thinke such sports were harmes,

Wert any harm ? no, no, fie fie !
For I will love her till I die.

Should I remaine confined there
So long as Phebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to denie,
Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged, and doth range
Her countrie, so my love doth change ;
But change she earth, or change she skie,
Yet will I love her till I die.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

Not full twelve yeeres twice told a wearie breath
I have exchanged for a wifshed death.
My course was short, the longer is my rest,
God takes them soonest, whom he loveth best ;
For he that's borne to day, and dies tomorrow,
Lofeth some dayes of mirth, but months of sorrow.
Why feare we deth, that cures our sicknesse,
Author of rest and end of all distrefes ?
Other misfortunes often come to grieve us ;
Deth strikes but once, and that stroke doth relieve us.

A MISTRESS DESCRIBED.

How shall I, then, describe my love,
When all mens skilfull arte
Is far inferior to her worth,
To praise th'unworthiest part ?

She's chaste in looks, mild in her speech,
In actions all discreet,
Of nature loving, pleasing most,
In virtue all compleate.

And for her voyce a Philomel,
Her lips may all lips skorne ;
No sunne more cleare then is her eye
In brightest summer morne.

A mind wherein all vertues rest,
And take delight to be,
And where all vertues graft themselves
In that most fruitfull tree.

A tree that India doth not yeeld,
Nor ever yet was feene ;
Where buds of vertue alwaies spring,
And all the yeare growe greene.

That countries blest wherein she growes,
And happie is that rocke
From whence she springs ; but happiest he
That grafts in such a stocke.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is a tract for which literary antiquaries were many years in search: a copy of it, perhaps the one we have used, and certainly the only one with which we are acquainted, was employed by Dr. Whitaker in his "Loidis and Elmete," fo., Lond., 1816; but he omitted a full third of it, did not observe the old spelling, and changed part of the original language. We give it entire, because the earlier portion relates to, and materially illustrates, one of the dramas imputed to Shakespeare. The later portion refers to a different and a deliberate murder.

Although the "Yorkshire Tragedy" was published in 1608 with Shakespeare's name on the forefront, and although many critics have held that the language proves the authorship, it has never been included in any edition of his works. There is, we are confident, nearly as firm ground for ascribing the "Yorkshire Tragedy" to our great dramatist, as for assigning to him "Pericles" or "The Two Noble Kinsmen;" yet "Pericles" has generally been published with "The Tempest," "Macbeth," etc.; and the "Two Noble Kinsmen" has never been inserted in any re-impression of the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher, without the information that Shakespeare also had a share in it.

We are to bear in mind that the "Yorkshire Tragedy" has reached us, like many other plays, in a comparatively mutilated state; and that, as it was one of four distinct dramas acted on the same day, the author himself may have abbreviated it as much as was consistent with his views, while other portions may have been omitted by performers or printers: the opening scene (which, we imagine, was, for the sake of dispatch, by another hand) has been so reduced in its proportions, as in parts

to be scarcely intelligible ; it fits on to the rest most clumsily and defectively. It will be seen that the drama and our tract correspond remarkably ; but we do not trace any such particular coincidences of expression, as to lead us to suppose that the narrative was founded upon the play. That narrative is full of proofs of the haste with which it was put together and printed, although it was not entered at Stationers' Hall until some months after the sad occurrence, to which Stow's continuator and others allude. It happened on St. George's Day 1605 : Malone, (*Suppl.* ii. 631) referring to Stow, erroneously fixes it a year earlier.

Of a ballad, and a pamphlet, called "The Arraignment, &c. of Mr. Calverley," which were recorded in the Registers of the Stationers' Company about the same date as the tract, we can say nothing : their existence is not now known ; but, considering how unexpectedly such productions are sometimes brought to light, we do not despair of recovering them. We suspect that they were entered so long after the catastrophe to which they relate (viz., in July and August, 1605), because there had been some unwillingness on the part of the literary licensers to shock public or private feeling by authorising the circulation of the story through the medium of street-performers.

The drama was not licensed until 2nd May 1608, possibly on account of difficulties often put in the way of publishers in obtaining theatrical manuscripts ; but we may feel sure that it was acted at the Globe Theatre very soon after the unhappy news reached London ; and the suppression of all names in it is one indication of the fact : they are supplied in the following pages, but for Caverley we must throughout read *Calverley*.

J. P. C.

¶ Two most vnnaturall and bloodie Murthers :

The one by *Maister Cauerley*, a York-
shire Gentleman, practised vpon his wife,
and committed vpon his two Children,
the three and twentie of Aprill
1605.

The other, by *Mistris Browne*, and her seruant
Peter, vpon her husband, who were executed
in Lent last past at Bury in Suffolke.
1605.



Printed at London by V. S. for Nathanael Butter
dwelling in Paules churchyard neare Saint
Austens gate. 1605.

Maister *Cauerleys* unnaturall and
bloudie murther, practised vpon his
wife, and committed vpon *his children*.

THREE hath happened of late within the countie of Yorke, not farre from Wakefield, a murther so detestable, that were it not it desires record for example sake, humanitie could wish it rather vtterly forgot, then any Christian heart shuld tremble with the remembrance of it.

Within this county was bred a gentleman, one M. *Cauerly* of *Cauerly*, a man whose parents were such, as left him feuen or eight hundred pounds a yeare, to inrich his hopes, cherish his content, and make him fortunate. His father dying before he had reacht the yeares of priuilege, during his nonage he was warde to a most noble and worthy gentleman in this land ; in all which time his course of life did promise so much good, that there was a commendable grauity appeared euen in his youth. He being of this hope, vertuous in his life, and worthy by his birth, was sought vnto by many gallant gentlemen, and desired that he would vnite his fortune into their families, by matching himselfe to one and the cheife of their daughters.

Among which number it happened, being once inuited for such a purpose (a welcome gueſt) to an antient gentleman of cheefe note in his country, (hee came) where in ſhort time was ſuch an interchangeable affection, ſhot in by two paire of eies to one paire of heartes, that this gentlemans beſt beloued daughter was by priuate assurance made Maifter *Cauerleys* beſt beloued wife: nor could it bee kept ſo cloſe betweene the paire of louers (for loue will diſcover itſelfe in louing lookeſ) but it came to the fathers knowledge, who with a natural ioy was contented with the contract; yet in regard Maifter *Cauerleys* yeeres could not diſcharge his honourable gardian had ouer him, the father thought it meete (though the louers could haue wiſhed it otherwaies) to lengthen their deſired hafe, till time ſhould finiſh a fit howre to ſolemnize their happy wedlocke. Maifter *Cauerley* hauiing ſpent ſome time there in decent recreation, much abroad, and more at home with his new Miftrefſe, at laſt he bethought himſelfe that his long ſtay made him long looked for at London. And hauiing published his intended deſparture, the father thought it conuenient, though the vertuous gentlewoman danced a loth to depart upon his contracted lips. Maifter *Cauerley* came to London, and whether concealing his late contract from his honorable gardian, or forgetting his priuate and

publicke vowes, or both, I know not, but Time, mother of alterations, had not fanned ouer many daies, but hee had made a new bargaine, knit a new marriage knot, and was husband by all matrimoniall rites to a courteous gentlewoman, and neere by marriage to that honourable personage to whom he was ward.

Rumor, with his thousand tongues and ten thousand feete, was not long in trauel before hee had deliuered this distasted message to his first Mistresse eares, who, looking for a more louely commendations, and hauing hearde but part of that, such as truely it was, the winde of her sighes had so raised vp the tide of her teares, that shee clipped the report, ere it could bee tolde out, into many peeces. And as shee would still faine haue asked this question (Is it so indeede ?), shee was faine to make vp her distracted fillables with the letters of her eyes. This gentlewoman, Maister *Caunerleys* wife (if vowes may make a wife) tooke, with an inward consideration, so to heart this vniust wrong, that exercising her howres onely in continual sorrow, shee brought her selfe to a consumption ; who so plaide the insulting tyrant ouer her vnblemished beautie, that the ciuill contention dwelt in her face of white and redde was turned to a death like palenes ; and all her artires wherein the spirite of life mixed with blood doth runne, like giddie subiectes in the empire of her bodie, greedie

of innouation, tooke such vngentle parte with this forraigne vsurper, that where health before was her peaceable soueraigne, now distracted sicknes and feeble weaknesse were her vntimely conquerors : yet vnder this yoake of grieve shée so paciently indured that, though she had great reason, a foundation whereon shé might haue build arguments to haue curst his proceedings, and where others woulde haue contrasted fillables both of reproach and reprooфе agaynst him, shée onely married these letters togither : I intreate of God to grant both prosperous health and fruitfull wealth to him and his, though I am sicke for his sake.

But to Maister *Cauerley*, who hauing finished this wrong to this gentlewoman, and begun too much distresse to her that he married (as too foone appeared) : for though the former, conquerd by the gentlenesse of her nature, forgaue his fault, yet reuenge being alwaies in Gods hand, thus it fel.

This gentleman had not liued many months with his wife, but he was so altered in disposition from that which he was, and so short from the perfection which he had, as a body dying is of a life florishing : and where before his thoughts onely studied the relish of vertue and her effects, his actions did now altogether practise the vnprofitable taste of vice, and her fruites.

For though he were a man of so good reuenew as before, hee continued his expence in such exceeding riot, that he was forced to morgage his lands, run in great debts, entangle his friends by being bound for him, and in short time so weakened his estate, that, hauing not wherewithal to carry that port which before he did, he grew into a discontent, which so swaid in him, hee would sit fullenly, walke melancholy, bethinking continually, and with steddy lookes naild to the ground, seeme astonisht that when his wife would come to desire the cause of his sadnesse, and intreate to be a willing partner in his sorrow ; for,

Consortium rerum omnium inter nos

Facit amicitia,

hee would eyther sitte still without giuing her an aunswere, or rising vppe, depart from her with these wordes : A plague on thee ! thou art the cause of my sadnesse. The gentlewoman, which without question this report is true of, neuer so much as in thought offended him, and hauing beene sundry times cursed without cause, once came to him, and making hir teares parlee with her words, she thus intreated him : Sir, maister *Cauerley*, I beseech you by the mutuall league of loue which should be betwixt vs, by the vowes we made together, both before and at our marriage, and by that God that registers our thoughts, tell me what I haue done, the remembrance of which

should afflict you, or what I may do that might content you : as you defire the three louely boyes you haue beene father vnto should grow vp and make your name liue in your country, acquaint me with your griefes ; and what a wife can shew to manifest her loue to her husband, shal be perfected in me. Maister *Cauerley*, fixing himselfe with a stedy eie vpon her, at last delivered this : I now want money, and thou must help me.

O ! Master *Cauerley* (quoth she), though God and your selfe know I am no cause of your want, yet what I haue to supply you, either in iewels or rings, I pray you take ; and I beseech you, as you are a gentleman, and by the loue you should beare to your children, although you care not for me, looke back a little into your estate, and restraine this great floud of your expense before your house be vtterly ouerthrowne. You know, sir (quoth she), your land is morgaged already, your selfe otherwise greatly in debt, some friends of yours that are bound for you like to be vndone. But, as she would haue gone forward, hee cut her off with these wordes : Base strumpet ! (whom thogh I maried I neuer loued) shall my pleasure be confined by your wil ? If you and your bastards be in want, either beg, or retire to your friends, my humor shal haue the auntient scope. Thy rings and iewels I wil fel, and as voluntarie

spend them, as when I was in the best of my estate. The good gentlewomans eyes being drawne full of water with these wordes made him no other replie but this: Sir, your will be done. But he fled on in this vehemencie of bloud: I protest by heauen, I will euer hereafter lothe thee, and neuer lie with thee, til thou giue thy consent thy dowrie shall be folde to maintaine my pleasure, and leaue thy selfe and children destitute of maintenance. Sir, (answered she) in al this I will be a wife: what in all this the law will allow me to doe, you shall commaund. See thou doost it (quoth he), for no longer then I am full of money shalt thou partake from me a taste of kindnesse.

Mistresse *Cauerley*, going forward with this intent to sell away her dowrie, was sent for vp to London by that honorable friend whose neece she was, and whose ward he had beene; who hauing heard of her husbands prodigall course, at her comming vp, began to question her about her estate, and whether he bore himselfe as a husband should do in familiar loue to her? The gentlewoman, though she knew how desperate his estate was, and her tongue coulde too well haue tolde his vnkindnesse, she answered both thus: For my husbandes estate, I make no doubt but it is in the same height his father left it to him; but for our loue one to another, I am assured, and I

prayse God for it, wee liue like *Abraham* and *Sarah*,
he louing to me, I obedient to him.

Howfoeuer, (answering this honourable friend) your words are an ornament a good wife should haue, and you seeke to shadow the blemishes his actions haue cast vpon his life : let this suffice you ; I know of his prodigal course, I know how his land is all, or the most part of it, morgaged, himselfe in debt to manie ; yet censuring these infirmities to proceede of no other cause, but from the rash heate of youth, which will in time, no doubt, be supprest by experience ; and for that I beleue your words be true, and am glad to heare of his kindnes toward you, I will take such order for him, as hee shall continue still master *Cauerley*, in the same degree, or better, than ere his ancesters were in *Yorkeſhire* : and at your returne to certifie him withall, that he haſten vp to Court. Nor let the feare of his Creditors abridge his comming vp, for I will protect him, both from them, and alſo prouide ſome place in Court for him, wherein he ſhall finde I am his honourable kinſman.

The good gentlewoman was ſo ſtrucke with ioy at this comfortable promise, that ſhe was ſcarce able to ſpeake out her duetifull thanks. And thinking her husband would be ſatisfied with this preferment, hoping that kindnes would be contracted again be-twixt them, and affiuring her ſelfe there would be

now no neede to make sale of her dowrie, (for that was also a part of her busines) hauing taken leaue of her honourable kinsman, she returned toward *Cauerley*.

During this her absence, master *Cauerley* maintained his accustomed habite, and indeede grew from bad to worse: for mischiefe is of that nature, that it can not stand, but by strengthening of one euill with an other, and so multiply in it selfe vntil it come vnto the highest, and then falles with his owne weight. So Maister *Cauerley* being giuen to exceſſe, rioting, as dicing, drinking, reuellung, and, it is thought, etc., fed one euil with another, and in such continuall vſe, that his body was not in temper without the exercife of finne: for who knowes not, *fine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus?* so, without money pleasure will hardly be maintained.

And this gentleman, hauing now made wracke of his estate, and finding himselfe not able to maintaine his pleasure, when his desire was as great as before (for pleasure being once delightfull vnto the memorie, is as hard to be refiſted as madnesſe) firſt he fel into a hatred with his wife, and in this her absence to ſuch a loathing of his children, that in what company ſoeuer hee had happened, he could not containe his rage, but would openly proclaime his wife was a ſtrumpet, his children were bastardeſ. And although

theyr marriage was made by honourable personages, her selfe nobly descended, from the first houre hee embraced her to that very minute hee didde loathe her. Some would mildly perswade him from this phrensie, others would courteously reprooue him, saying, It was not fitte. And all, whose modestie thought it vnmeete to meddle betwixt man and wife, knowing her vertuous life, didde vtterly condemne him.

But hee continued this publication in all places where he came ; and at one, among the number, there happened a Gentleman to be, who having knowne the discreetenesse of his wife from her very cradle, and hearing him so wilde in his abuses, prepared himselfe confidently to correct him : and hauing beganne his speech of chafticement, the other not induring to be detected, both being foone inflamed, fel to quarrelous tearmes, and in such heate, that Maister *Cauerley* did not spare to say, That hee might wel be his wifes friend, for aught that hee knew ; nay, there was great presumption for it, since he so easily should bee stirred vp in his wifes excuse. The Gentleman, not enduring to heare her reputation, but especially his owne, to be touched, so aunswered Maister *Cauerley*, and agayne Maister *Cauerley* him, that they both agreed to purge themselues in the field. Both mette, and after some thrustes chaunged

betweene them, Maister *Cauerley* was hurt, yet would he not giue ouer ; so that after he became at the gentlemans mercie : but hee of that humane condition not to desire his life, nor so much blood as was, had he not beene vrged, bade him rise, and left him with these words : Maister *Cauerley*, you are a gentleman of an antient house ; there hath beene much good expected from you ; deceyue not mens hopes : you haue a vertuous wife, bee kinde vnto her ; I forget my wrong, and continue your friend.

But Maister *Cauerley* vnsatisfied with this, his hart flew to his mouth as it would haue leapt out after him for reuenge ; yet knowing he could get little by following him, but hurts such as he had already, prepared to turne his wrath another way. Then, looking vpon his wounds and seeing them bleede, said to himselfe, Strumpet ! thou art the cause that I bleede now, but I wil be the caufe that thou shalt bleed heereafter. So, taking his horfe, rode pefently home, where, before his wounds were thoroughly cured, his wife was come from London, and the first greeting was giuen her by her husband was, What ! haft thou brought the money ? Is the land fold ? She answered : Sir, I hope I have made a iourney shall redound both to your comfort and mine : so acquainting him with the precedencie, which was his promised preferment by her kinsman ; and expecting

a louing acceptance, the first thanks he gaue her was a spurn. And looking vpon her as if his eies would haue shot fire into her face, Haue you bin at London to make your complaint of me, you damnable strumpet (quoth hee) that the greatnesse of your friends might ouer fway the weakenesse of my estate ? and I that haue liued in that ranke of will which I haue doone, that freedom of pleasure, should forfake it now ? shal I, being a *Cauerley* of *Cauerley*, stoope my thoughts so low to attend on the countenance of your alliance, to order my life by their direction, and neither doe nor vndoe any thing but what they lift ? which if I refuse to doe, your complaints haue so wrought with them, and you haue so possessed them of my estate, they will inforce mee forsoothe for your good, and the good of my children : was this your tricke to faue your dowrie, the which I fware you should sell ? Was this your going to London ?

The good Gentlewoman, being almost blowne to death with this vehemencie of his wrath, fell at his feete, and desired him to heare her, when (poore soule) she was so full of grieve, she had not the power to speak ; yet hauing eased the way with a few of forows drops, shee beganne to pleade this true excuse to him, that (like one had lost all his senfes) had scarce patience to heare. Sir (said she), God knowes the words I speake haue no fashion of vntruth : my

friends are fully possest your land is morgaged ; they know to whom, and for what ; but not by me, I beseech you beleue : and for anie difference betwixt your selfe and me, which I doubt would offend more then the morgaging of your land, I protest yet ther is no occasion of suspect. If you think I haue published any thing to him with desire to keepe the sale of my dowrie from you, either for mine owne good or my childrens, though it fits I should haue a motherly care of them (you being my husband), passe it away how you please, spend it how you will, so I may enioy but welcome lookes, and kinde words from you : and when all which you call yours is gone, ere you or yours shall want, I wil worke for your maintenance ; neither of which extreamities, sir, neede, if you please, if you will but accept preferment in Englands court, being offred you *gratis*, which many men would purchase with cost, and cannot compasse it.

At which words, thogh thus mildly vttred, and on her humble knees, he was so without cause enraged, that had not one of his men come vp in the instant, and told him there was a gentleman from one of the Universities staied to speake with him, he had offered her present violence.

Maister *Cauerley* went downe to talke with this gentleman, leauing his wife stuffed with greefe vp to the eye-lids : and shee, good soule, hauing eased her

heart with a long fetcht sigh or two, laid her downe vpon her bed ; where in her carefull slumbers we will leaue her, and attend the conference betweene Maister *Cauerley* and this gentleman.

Maister *Cauerley* had a seconde brother, who at this present was of good standing in the Universitie, who vpon some extreamitie Maister *Cauerley* was in, for so he would pleade himselfe to be to his friends when he would haue them bound for him, had passed his bond with his brother for a thoufand pound : this bond was by Master *Cauerley* forfaited ; and this young gentleman being reputed of staied gouernment, the execution was ferued vpon him, and hee at this instant prisoner for his brothers debt.

About this businesse came this gentleman to Maister *Cauerley*, who being master of the Colledge wherin his brother had his instruction, and hauing euer noted his forward wil to the exercise of vertue, in pitty of his estate, being moued thereunto by the young student, came purposelly thither ; who, without long circumstance, told Maister *Cauerley*, that the cause of his comming was to stir vp his conscience to haue regard of his brother, for he heard he was careleffe ; and indeed dealt so sharply and forcibly in laying open to him what scandall all the world would throw vpon him, what judgement by God should fal vpon him for suffering his brother to spend the

glory of his youth, which is the time young men of hope should seeke for preferment, in prison by his meanes ; and did so harrow vp his soule with his inuincible arguments, that in that minute he made him looke backe into the error of his life, which scarce euer in his life hee had done before this instant.

The gentleman, hauing spoke his minde, asketh him what he meant to doe with his brother, for hee now waited his answere ? Maister *Cauerley* made him this milde reply : Sir, I thanke you, both for your paines and good instructions to me in my brothers behalfe, and I must confesse I haue done him much wrong. So, calling for a cup of beere, dranke to him, and bade him welcome. Now, sir, quoth Maister *Cauerley*, if you please but to walke downe and see the grounds about my house, one of my men shal goe along with you ; at your returne I wil giue so sufficient answer, that my brother by you shal be satisfied, and he a prisoner but few houres. The gentleman thanked him, and told him in performing that naturall office, he should both glorifie God, satisfie the world, and he himselfe account his paines profitable.

This stranger is gone to walke with one of Master *Cauerleys* men to ouer-view his ground, and Maister *Cauerley* retires himselfe into a gallery ; where being

alone, he presently fell into a deepe consideration of his state, how his prodigall course of life had wronged his brother, abused his wife, and vndone his children. Then was presented before the eyes of his imagination the wealth his father left him, and the misery hee should leaue his children in. Then hee saw what an vnnaturall part it was, his brother to lie in prison for his debt, and he not able to deliuer him. Then he saw that his wife being nobly descended, vnlesse her owne friends tooke pitty vpon her, should with his children be driuen to beg remorce of the world, which is composed all of flint. Then fawe hee the extirpation of his family, the ruine of his antient house, which hundreds of yeeres together had bin gentlemen of the best reputation in Yorkshire ; and euery one of these out of their feuerall obiects did create a feuerall distraction in him : sometimes he would teare his haire, by and by the teares would flush into his eyes, strait breake out into this exclamation : O, I am the most wretched man that euer mother receiued the seede of ! O, would I had beene flaine in my wombe, and that my mother hadde beene my sepulchre ! I haue begot my children to eate their bread in bitternesse, made a wife to be nothing but lamentation, and a brother to die in care. And as hee was thus tormented in the remembraunce of his owne folly, his eldest son being a

childe of foure yeeres old, came into the gallery to scourge his toppe, and seeing his father stand in a study, looked prettily vppe to him, saying, Howe doe you, father? which louely looke and gentle question of the childe rayfed againe the remembraunce of the distresse that hee shoulde leauue him in. And as the sea, being hurled into hideous billowes by the fury of the winde, hideth both heauen and earth from the eye of man, so he, being ouerwhelmed by the violence of his passion, all naturall loue was forgot in his remembraunce, caught his childe vp by the necke, and staking at him with his dagger, the childe lent him such a looke would haue driuen a hand seauen yeeres prentice vnto murther to an ague: (yet he) O, would it had neuer beene done, it might neuer haue beene told! though his arme seemed twice to remember him of the monstrousnes of the fact, he strook the louely infant into the head, and holding the bleeding childe at his armes length, that the blood might not sprinkle his cloths which had staind his hart and honor, hee so carried it into a neere chamber, where his wife lay asleepe vpon a bed, and the maide was dressing an other childe by the fire: (heere is to be noted, his thirde was at nurse abroade) but the woman seeing him come in in that cruell forte, his childe in one hand, his reeking dagger in the other, the childe bleeding, hee staring, started from the fire, and with

the childe in her armes, cried out : but hee, letting go the boy he had wounded, caught violently the other out of her armes, and, this chamber doore being at the top of a high paire of staires, carried her forth by main strength, and threw the poore woman downe to the bottome, who in tender pity by president of the one would haue preferued the other. The childe that was wounded was all this while crying in the chamber, and with his woful noise waked as wofull a mother, who seeing one childe bleeding, the other lie on the ground (for he had laid the younger downe while he stroue to throw the maid downe staires) she caught vp the youngest, and going to take the elder which was going toward the doore, her husband, comming backe, met her, and came to strugge with her for the childe which she fought to preferue with words, teares, and all what a mother could do, from so tragicall an end : and when he saw he could not get it from her, he most remorckelesse stabbed at it some three or foure times, all which she sauad the childe from by taking it on her selfe ; and, hauing a paire of whale-bone bodies on, it pleased God his dagger so glanced on them that she had yet but one wound in the shoulde. But hee, more crewell by this resistance, caught fast holde vpon the childe, and in the mothers armes stabd it to the heart ; and after giuing his wife two or three mortall wounds,

shee fel backward, and the child dead at her feete. The maid that was throwne downe the staires by him, with the greatnessse of the fall, the staires being high, lay for dead at the bottom : the noife of this had brought the seruants, not knowing of that which was more tyrannous, to helpe the maide, thinking she had fell by mischance, and did their best to comfort her beneath, while the father and the mother were striuing, one to preferue the infant, the other to kill it. The childe which was first wounded sought to get to the doore, and hauing recouered the top of the staires, (by expence of blood, and the greatnessse of the wound) hauing no body to comfort it, fell also downe staires, that the armes of the seruants, helping the maide at the staire foote, were faine to let her goe to receiue him : some caught vp the dead infant, some helped at the maide, all amazed at this tragicke alteration, knewe not what to thinke ; yet one of the men, more hardie then the rest, ranne vp and met his maister in the chamber, where he saw his mistres lie on the ground, and her dead childe at her feete, and saying to him : Oh ! sir, what haue you done ? That which I repent not, knaue, answered hee ; and hauing still his dagger in his hand, came to stab at him ; but the fellow seeking to saue himselfe, as also to attack his maister, they both fell to strugling. Maister *Cauerley*, which was knowne before a man of

weake constitution, was in the strife too hard for the fellowe, who was reported of a very able body ; and in the wrestling together, did so teare him with the rowels of his spurres, both on the face and legges, that there he left him, not being able to followe him. Maister *Cauerley* went downe staires, and pre-sently tooke toward the stable : by the way hee met the gentleman who before was walking to viewe his groundes, who, wondring to see him in such a heate, asked, What ayls you, sir ? He answere, No great matter ; but, sir, I wil resolute you within, where I haue taken order for my brothers businesse. So the gentleman walked in, and M. *Cauerley* hasted to the stable, where finding a gelding readie sadled, backt him and fled away pre-sently. The gentleman coming in, was enterteined with outcries and shrikes, the mother for the children, (for by this time shee was almost recouered), the men seruants at this doleful mischance, and all lamenting a father should bee so vnnaturall. The gentleman doubting that, which was, of Maister *Cauerleys* escape, left all the house making elegies of sorrowe, and betooke himselfe to his pursuite, and hauing forthwith raised the towne, and heard which way hee rode, followed him with the swiftest haste. Maister *Cauerley* againe, beeing well horst, spurd as fast as they, not earnest to escape, but thirstie after more blood ; for hauing an infant of

half a yeare old at nurse some twelue mile off, he, prickt by his preposterous fate, had a desire to roote out all his owne generation, and onely intending to murther it, was careleffe what became of himselfe : hee rode hard for an act of sinne, and they pursued for the execution of iustice. But God, that ordereth the life of a wren, hath then a care of his reasonable creatures ; and though *Caine* was suffered to kill his brother *Abel*, God bound him not to destroy himself. So for Maister *Cauerley*, though God permitted the funne to blush at his vnnaturall acts, yet he suffered him not escape without his reuenge : for when he was at the townes ende, within a bowshoote where his childe fucked, that hee came to murther, and his hart had made sharp the knife to cut his own infants throte, (O God, how iust thou art !) his horse that flew with him from his former tragedies, as appointed by God to tie him from any more guilt, and to preserue the infants life, in a plaine ground, where there was scarce a pibble to resist his haft, the horse fell down, and M. *Cauerley* vnder him. The horse got vp, and breaking from the hold his maister had to stay him, ranne violently toward the towne, leauing Maister *Cauerley* not able to stirre from thence ; where he was soone ouertaken by the pursuit, and indeede ceazde on by those did both lament his fall and pitty his folly. From thence he was

carried to a worshipfull gentlemans, on[e] Sir *John Sauill*, who, hauing heard the tempest of this euill, and knowing from what anceffors hee was descended, did bewaile his fate ; yet being in the place of iustice, hee was enforced to aske him the cause that hadde made him so monstros? He, being like a strumpet made impudent by her continuance in finne, made this answere : I haue done that, sir, I reioyce at, and repent this, that I had not killed the other : I had brought them to beggery, and am resolued I could not haue pleased God better then by freeing them from it. Oh, sir ! answered that worshipfull Knight, you haue done so much, that when you shall your selfe but thinke vpon the terror of death, the remembrance of this wil make you wish you had neuer beene borne. But his heart being for that instant hardened, was from thence committed to one Maister *Keys* house, a Gaile but lately built vp in Wakefield, for at this time the infection of the plague was violent in Yorke.

The way to Wakefield from Sir *John Sauils* lay direct by Maister *Cauerleys* house, against which when he came, he intreated of the multitude that were his conduct, hee might speake with his wife before hee came to prison, who he heard was aliuie, though in great daunger ; that libertie was granted him. The distressed gentle woman, when shee saw

him, forgot both her owne wounds, and the death of her two children, and did as louingly kiffe him and tenderly imbrace him as he had neuer done her wrong : which strange kindnes so strook to his heart, remembryng the misery hee had heaped on her, that imbracing one another, there was so pittifull lamentation betweene them, that had flint had eares it would haue melted into water. And could either words or teares haue perswaded his keepers to haue left him in her armes, she, Mistres *Cauerley*, before the blood was washed off from her cloathes (which he pierced out of her and her infants bodyes) gaue occasion, would haue altered them. But heere they were diuorced, she vnable to rise to follow him, and he inforced to leaue her : and by the way he should passe from his house, the graue chamber of his anceftors, which hee neuer should fee againe. Euen on the threshold lay his two children to take their fare-well with bleeding tongues ; which when hee beheld his eyes were scarce able to beare vp their couers, nor was he distracted with the sight, but all like a pillar of salt ; and the remembrance of their liuely shape refleeted such a natural heate vpon him, that he was melted into water, and had not power to take any farewell of them, but onely in teares.

He was not long before he came to *Keys* house : hee was not long there, but the memorie of his

children fate in his eyes, so that for the one he repented all the day, and for the other lamented all the night: nor can the penne of the diuinest Poet expresse halfe the grieve in wordes, that he conceiues in heart. For whereas before hee tolde Sir *John Sauill* hee was glad hee had ridde the worlde of beggars, hee now employes his houres in these words: I would I had thofe beggars, either I to begge with them, or they to aske heauens almes for mee!

FINIS.

The cruell murther of *Maister Browne* *in Suffolke.*

Within the countie of Suffolke, neare Eastbridge, at a place called Lawson Albie, dwelt an antient gentleman, one Maister *Browne*, who of late had married a rich widdow, one Mistres *Gardiner*. This Maister *Browne* had onely one daughter, which

though she was his base childe, he brought her vp in house with him, and was now growne to womans estate. He had also a seruant called *Peter Golding*, a fellow onely fortunate in his Maisters loue; yet in his seruice he demeaned himselfe so dutifullly, and that in trust was imposed on him so carefully, that his Maister helde him both a nurse to his age and also the principall guide whereby he gouerned his ordinarie affaires, both at home and abroad. Vppon this setled affection his Maister had of him, which *Peter* quickly perceiuing, began to thinke thus with himselfe; that heere were an antient couple, his Maister and Mistresse, of exceeding wealth, no child but one betwixt them, and by the course of nature, their yeares tolde him evidently they were not farre from their graues; which being so, quoth he to himselfe, how should I now, being a man borne to no other fortune but seruice, and seruice is but a poore heritage, beeing alreadie got into my Maistirs loue, so beare my selfe to haue all his lande? Out of this consideration *Peter* sawe no present hope howe to rayse himselfe to fife or sixe hundred poundes a yeare, which his maister was Lord of, but onely by growing into league with his maisters onely daughter, thinking with himselfe, shee being his onely childe, though as wee call it a by blow, yet behauing her selfe dutifullly and vertuously as the young gentlewo-

man did on her part, and hee on the other part humoring him, and satisfying the testie affection which olde men are subiect vnto with content, as hee was well resolued hee coulde, hee perceiued certainly by marrying with her, hee should be not onely his maisters sonne, but also his maisters heire.

Whilst *Peter* intended to strike this stroke for his maisters land, Maister *Browne* about that time was studying howe to gratifie Peters diligence and loue ; and being troubled with the olde mans disease to take a Mouse for a Mountaine, he confidently perswaded himselfe, that *Peter*, in his seruice, shewed himselfe more like a sonne then a seruant ; that wiues loue, daughters loue, nay the diligence of all the whole houshalde beside, made vp together, were nothing to that great care he confessed to himselfe *Peter* had of him, and hauing no sonne, he would adopt that comfort to him. And honest *Peter* should be the man on whom he woulde set this rest, that hee shoulde no longer weare the seruile name of a seruant, but by marrying of his onely daughter bee aduanced to the title of a sonne.

Whilest maister *Browne* was running this chafe for *Peters* preferment, it was *Peters* chaunce to steppe iust in his way, and the inuention beeing fresh in the olde mans memorie, hee presently tolde his minde out to *Peter*. It appeares before, *Peter* needed not

much wooing, and in briefe, maister *Browne* with his owne handes contracted his onely daughter to *Peter*, and assignd out a portion of lande to him, which he should enjoy for a stay, whilst he himselfe liued ; nay, promised him vpon his sonne-like kindnesse, which hee made no doubt of, after his death the inheritance of all he had. Thus was the fishe brought into *Peters* hand by his maister, which he himselfe was setting the net for.

Peter, relying vpon this contract and his maisters promise, made no great haste of the marriage, but continued carefull in his businesse. This gentlewoman to whome *Peter* was contracted (as appeares), though her father could commaunde her tongue, he could not commaunde her heart, but in the absence of *Peter*, who was come vp to London to the Tearme about some suites his maister had there, being glad of the opportunitie, married her selfe to a gentleman and neighbour to her father, one maister *Wentworth*, a man of good reueneue, some thinke with maister *Brownes* consent, because hee was welthy : howsover, the same lande was marked out for *Peter*, hee gaue maister *Wentworth* in marriage with his daughter.

Peter, returning from London and seeing this vnxpected alteration, made his grieve manifest, (for without question, hee by this time did intirely loue

the gentlewoman) and so publisht his discontent, that hee should not onely loose the lande hee might properly call his, but chiefly his wife, that it appeared to his maister.

Maister *Browne*, being a man timerous, (for it is faide of him, that when he was walking alone he would talke to himselfe, and did euer feare he should be murdered) to stop all furie reuenge might studie for such a wrong, called *Peter* to him, perswaded him to patience, told him hee would still continue his good maister; nay, would better any promise he had made vnto him, and, as testimonie thereof, assured him in present possession thirtie pounds a yeare at a place called Dunnage. *Peter* thanked his maister, seemed satisfied; and againe, his maister thought all had beene well: but his maister being gone, hee remembred to himselfe what his owne heart best knew, that he loued the daughter, which loue now appeared was lost. Hee remembred she was contracted to him, yet another had married her; he remembred the land, which was assignd as the portion to him, an other now tilled and reapt the fruit on: and all these remembrances, maister, you, that should haue beene my father, tell me, quoth he, that I haue wrong, and you are guiltie of it; which I being throughly perswaded of in my hart, thirtie pounds a yeare shall not satisfie him, that should haue beene

heire of fие hundred, nor faire wordes tempt me from reuenge, which haue beene wronged in my wife. Yet I wil seeme calme, shew diligence, and creep againe into your loue; but as a serpent in your bosome, that when I seeme most kind, I will be most subtile, and my reuenge most sodaine.

This aforesaid gentleman, maister *Browne*, and that widow which he had maried, liued in great vnquietnesse togither, for two testie olde folkes haue as little agreements when they meete as two windes; which *Peter* taking hold on, wrought himselfe into his mistresse fauour, yet not so farre but he kept in as great as before with his maister. And although this man and wife liued togither like diuided housholdes, shée with her seruants, he with his, shē her dish by her selfe, he the like by his, yet *Peter* carried himselfe so euen towarde bothe parties, that hee had the loue of both: and where their feuerall seruants could not agree one with another, but would expresse their heart-burnings, all yet were at league with him; that through the countrey was a general talke of his commendations, how well hee carryed himselfe, and his maisters loue now appeared more grounded towarde him then before: his outwardly the like to him, though inwardly otherwife.

Peter liuing thus (as it was thought contented), hauing the thirtie poundes a yeare his maister gaue

him, beside the benefite of his seruice, on a day, as mistresse *Browne*, *Peter*, and a kinsman of hers, one *Brian Smith*, were in the parlour together, they fel to conference of the age of man, and the vncertaintie of mans life ; how long this olde man liues, and howe soone this young man dyes ; how this man growes rich by nothing, another is borne wealthy, and dies a begger. Vppon which familiar talke, *Smith* tooke occasion to say to him : *Peter*, you are in the happy estate of those who from nothing but your endeuour are made rich. Howsoeuer, sir, I am, answered *Peter*, I thanke my maister : I would my estate (bee it spoken without ambition) maister *Smith*, were equall with yours. With mine ? quoth *Smith* ; why, my certaintie is nothing, if mine aunt should not out liue my vnkle, when you already are estated into thirtie poundes a yeare : beside, I knowe you are not without a good stocke of money, which you haue thriftily purchased by your seruice. Oh ! but, answered *Peter*, should my master die (as all creatures liues are in Gods hands) before your aunt, what were your estate then ? Why, quoth M. *Smith*, be it spoken I protest (free from desire of either of their deathes) should it happe so, if there be a bliffe to be endowed with earthly possessions, I were happye. You say well, quoth *Peter* ; and if you please wee will haue a wager : what wil you giue me to pay

ten for one if my Maister die not before, or by this day twelue month? O! quoth Maister *Smith*, such an assumption were vnreasonable and vndecent. What a childe are you! said Mistres *Browne*: is it vndecent to win mony? your vnkle is likely to liue; and if you will not, I will. *Smith* answered, if you say so, aunt, though I neither desire his death nor *Peters* money, yet to satisfie your demand, I will venture ten shillings. *Peter* presently answered, And before my Mistres heere, I will make it ten pound, if it prooue not so. The ten shillings was giuen by *Smith*, receiued by *Peter*; and on the former condicition *Peter* sealed Maister Smith a bond, and Mistris *Browne* was the witnesse.

The time was foone slipt ouer; yet some two dayes before the day was expired, Mistris *Browne* and *Peter* were in the same parlour alone, where this bond was sealed, where she straight tooke occasion to say to *Peter*: O *Peter*! your tenne shillings will be dearely bought, for your maister is in health. But, *Peter* answered, Mistris, the day is not yet come, and you knowe death can performe his act vpon a mans life, as foone in a minute as in a month.

For though before this time he had attempted many wayes to murther him, yet performance thereof was thus long by Gods prouidence preuented; but at this time the diuel had possessed him, that now

was the time to finish his reuenge, and saue the painement of his bond ; which his couetous disposition soone harkened vnto, and also perswaded him, that it was so cunningly contriued, that the whole country knowing his masters loue to him, and his as great to his maister, the act being done, and the body found, he of all men should bee least suspected : and, indeed, had not God dwelt in heauen, and looked downe vpon the crueltie of the fact, who neuer suffers murther to be vnreuenged, it was [so] flily conueyed, and so closely acted, that without a diuine inspiration it had neuer beene reuealed, nor discouered.

Neare to maister Brownes was a coppice or groue of his, where *Peter* knewe he euery day at an houre vsed to walke : *Peter* that day was to ride forth a town to receiue money, yet before hee ridde foorth, in this coppice hee had cut downe three ashen stakes, and laide them readie for this his tragicall purpose. Hee dispatched his businesse, receiued the money, and was readie in the coppice at his maisters coming ; and standeth close whilst his maister passed by him, with one of those stakes, behind him, knockt him on the head ; and there left him, taking his horse which he had tied readie for him, and rode home, and made his owne tongue the first demaunder for his maister, told his mistresse hee had brought the thirtie poundes hee sent him in Dunnage for : she

answering him, he was gone to walke, but none could tell certainly whither. This discourse was not long, but some countrey people, going that way about their labouring busynesse, found the dead, and soone brought the tragical newes to the house of the death of him. None was more readie then *Peter* to inquire after the murtherer, nor none seemed halfe so sorrowfull at this disaster as *Peter*. Search was made, many whisperings, feuerall coniectures, but *Peter* of all men was least suspected.

Neare to the place was beneficed a worthy diuine, one maister *Morgan*, who, with the rest of the countrey, wondring that such a murther should be done, a gentleman slaine so neare his house, nor no tidings of the murtherer, came to *Peter*, in the self same opinion the countrey held of him, that he loued his maister, and his maister him; and minding to make him a partie with him, that their two inuentions might studie how to discouer the murtherer, broke with him thus: *Peter*, thou of all men diddest loue thy maister, and thy maister of all men did loue thee best; heere hee is come to his vntimely ende, thou art cut off from thy best friend, hast lost a maister, nay, rather a father then a maister. My selfe haue hadde some taste of his loue, for which I protest I wil ingage my howers in prayers to heauen, and practise on earth, to bring out this deede, darker then

night, that Justice may right her selfe on so vnhumane a wrong: where if I will doe this, *Peter*, for him, whose bountie to me is as the least atomie compared with thine, me thinkes thou shouldest search for straines of miracle, aboue the height of imagination, ere thy maisters blood, so good an old mans blood, so good a life, should be tane away by the hand of a murtherer, and not be reuenged. *Peter* seemed so moued and stird, so full of sorrowfull teares with this, that had he beene accused for the fact, any man would haue sworne he had beene no murtherer. At last, these words broke out: O, Maister *Morgan*! my Maister was to me as is the sunne to man, or raine to parched sommer, the life of what I am, and the giuer of what I haue, were my thoughts so penitralle to pierce into a meanes, my Maister *Abels* blood, (at that he paused) and wept againe, should not, O! should not be shed by a murtherers hand, and yet the murtherer liue. His words made the good diuine ready to weepe too. Yet, quoth hee, *Peter*, I now see thou art that true man men thinke thee to be, and thou didst loue thy maister as the soule loues the body, whilst the body loues the soule: we two together, by the helpe of God, and God will help vs to find out murtherers, wil know who killed him. Then tell me, *Peter*, quoth he, thou knowest who of his tenants were at

oddes with him : I am to preach at his funeral ; inuite them al thither, at which sermon, if the *Caine* be there, I hope to vtter such heauenly sentences shall make his eyes stare, and his heart steale his blood out of his treacherous face. In breefe, this was done ; a heauenly sermon he made to terrifie murtherers : and *Peter*, sitting among the rest, though all wept, yet there appeared no such signe of guilt in any as in him ; for he sate like one had laine six daies in a graue : no construction could be made from his words but frenzie, nor from his actions but distraction. The Preacher, perciuing his alteration, would needs lie with him that night ; but ere the morning he forced his own tongue, by the terror which he pronounced was in Gods iudgement, to reueale the treason his hand did, which no heart did suspect.

Peter was apprehended, and so sifted by the grauitie of Justice, that his mistresse, Maister *Brownes* wife, was found a partie therein. The sizes comming on, they were both arraigned, both found guiltie by a credible Jury, and from the vtterance of a graue and honourable Judge receiued their feuerall sentences : the one to bee drawne on a hurdle to the place of execution, there to be hanged til he were dead, and after, his body to consume hanging in chaines ; the other to be burnt to ashes : both which were executed in Lent last. But the morning before

Peters execution, this M. *Morgan*, happy by the reuealing of this murther, where before he had terrified him with the iudgement of God, after so wrought for him that (a thing seldome or neuer seen in England) he procured he might preach to him a sermon of Gods mercy, before his execution, in the same church where the terror of Gods power from his tongue had made him reueale this monstrositie; and there did to comfort his soule with the ioyes of heauen, that repenting his treacherous de[e]d, he rather desired death then life: and so was executed, after hung in chaines, and the stake wherewith he killed his Maister hanged at his backe.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

WE apprehend that the poem, or rather specimen of versification, reprinted on the ensuing pages, is unique: we have made search in every accessible catalogue, but can meet with no trace of it. Neither do we believe that it was ever entered at Stationers' Hall; but it is preserved in a depository to which publications of a doubtful character were sometimes sent for approbation, without obtaining it. Our notion, therefore, is that, although printed, it was never published, having been forbidden on account of the circumstances of the time, and the nature of the production.

Stow and other authorities inform us, that in 1562 (the date on the title-page) Queen Elizabeth put forth a Declaration, “the realm of France being in great trouble, about this season, by meanes of civill dissention and warres that rose amongst themselves” (*Annales*, p. 1096, edit. 1605); and in this document her Majesty especially dwelt on the slayings of the Protestants “at Vassy, Paris, Sens, Tholouse, Blois, Tours, Angers, and other places, by credible estimation amounting to 100,000 persons.” It is to this interesting and afflicting subject that the ensuing “Complaint of the Church” relates; and it might be considered by the state authorities inexpedient to allow it to be published

at the precise period when the Queen's Declaration was put into circulation. The copies of the "Complaint" having thus been called in, perhaps the only one preserved was that we have employed for our reprint. We shall be greatly obliged by any information upon the point.

It is itself a poor, yet overwrought, composition, entirely anonymous, and probably printed, as well as written, in haste; but it shows the prevailing spirit of the time, and the methods then adopted by more zealous than discreet friends of the protestant cause to animate and influence the people. As newspapers were unknown, it was also, no doubt, intended as a means of conveying information on the sad events which had recently occurred abroad. Misprints will easily be detected: on page 11, line 1, "Then" ought certainly to be *Thou*; on page 12, line 16, occurs a passage that, from probable corruption, we cannot clearly understand; and on page 13 the mistake of a parenthesis is obvious, but still, if it were corrected, the grammar must remain defective.

J. P. C.

A Complaint
of the Churche, against
the barbarous tiranny
executed in Fraunce
vpon her poor members. 1562.



PSALM 129.

Many a time haue they fought against me from
my youth vp, (may Israel say) many a time haue they
fought against me from my youth vp, but they haue
not preuailed against me.

A COMPLAINT OF THE CHURCH.

WHY shed I teares ? why sigh I thus ?
what caufeth me complaine ?
Halas ! (my freendes) not caufles, no,
iust cause doth me constrain.

What mother may forget the babe
that in her wombe she bare ?
Or who (of all) her owne estate
neglects, bereft of care ?

If these may then prouoke or moue
(beseen in greuous plight)
To waile thus wife, let passe to doom
my state, so wondrous fight.

My self, mine owne, y^e pappes haue nourst,
are folde to spoile : againe
My foes are flesht : (o Neroes they !)
in lust they rule, they raigne.

A Complaint of the Church.

* Lo, cause of teares, lo, cause of fighes,
 lo, cause of doleful plaint !
 Whiche causes cause me now complaine
 for aid, and foes restraint.

The same am I, that woman, she
 of whome Saint John dooth write,
 Assailld with force of fearful drake,
 that dragon bloud in fight :

O Lorde ! o Christe ! o children mine !
 he me pursues about
 With band of feare and cruel doggs,
 to rend and root me out.

O Romain roomish bishop thou !
 o Triumuirat thine
 Of Fraunce ! agreed with bloudy hands
 to murther me and mine.

That bastard bird of Roome must rule,
 that gaudy whore must reign,
 And I afflicted flee opprest ;
 my children must be slain.

The babes that I haue borne in wombe,
 my members, God on hye,

With enmyes hand are throwne to ground ;
dead heere and there they lye.

Alas ! may I their Mother, then,
may I from teares refrain ?

May I reioice, or rest in ioy
til they haue peace again ?

The cruel Pharao, Egipt King,
so hard did not oppresse
The Churche of Iewes, as tirannes now :
they all must this confesse.

Ne Amenophis, bloody wight,
though children male a flue ;
Ne yet that fearce Antiochus,
no cruel turk nor Iew.

Domitian to, Maxentius eke,
Sapores, and the rest
Did neuer so turmoil the Churche,
as dooth this bloody nest.

Recorde the ruful realm of Fraunce,
the riuers dyed with bloud,
The bodyes dead, that to and fro
are tumbled with the floud.

Record my fely members there,
that only Christe professe ;
Recorde the spoil of earthly frutes,
and marchants ill succeſſe.

Record the restles hands, alas !
of Triumuirat thoſe,
That bathe their fwordes in giltles bloud,
my fearce and deadly foes.

Record the rout of ſtraungers there,
that Guife hath calld for aid ;
Record their Armes embrewd with bloud,
with pitie neuer staid.

Record that bloody fearce Edict,
that horrible decree,
Proclaimd in June (o Scithian dukes !
o barbarous cruetie) !

Record alas ! alas ! recorde
the bloudſhed euery where :
In executing it with force,
not God nor man they feare.

Record the flaine of all degrees,
yea, thoſe of noble race,

The hoarie heads, the tender maides :
no teare coulde purchase grace.

The Husband with the louing Wife,
the women great with childe,
The Sonne, the heire, the bond, the free :
o sauage beastes and wilde !

Recorde the Infants yng (poore fooles)
with force halde from the pap,
With tendrest babes of all torne out
from mothers armes and lap.

Record the spoiles of noble Fraunce,
That Guise hath giuen for pray
To straungers, fuche as hierd he hath
my members deere to slay.

Recorde the toune of Vassy, o !
recorde the bloud there spilt
Against the Kings Edict and law,
my children void of gilt,

Assembled they, poore soules, vnarmd,
to pray and heare the word,
The tirant Guise vpon them fel,
and spoild with shot and fworde.

Recorde can also Paris beare,
 where not a few were flaine ;
 The toune of Seyne, the chanel eke
 where marks of bloud remaine.

Tholose can testify likewise
 the tirannes flaming Ire ;
 Angers and Toures, o children deere !
 The foe wrought his desire.

And you, as sheep, were butchard doun,
 your bloud dooth recorde beare,
 That streaming ran about the stretes :
 no pittie made them spare.

O Bloys ! thy battered beaten walles,
 thy tounesmen wholly flaine,
 Where tirannes made their Canons keies,
 my record shall remaine.

Thou Pont du mere by Duke Daumale,
 though yelding, nought didst finde
 But fworde and bloud thy folke destroid.
 o Lorde ! beare all in minde.

Poyters, alas ! o, wasted cleane,
 the fely foules destroid

Bothe olde and yung, man, childe, and wife,
o ruinous realme auoid !

All these record the cause I haue,
yea, caufes to complaine,
That those (my members) faithful soules
should giltyfyl be slain.

Record yet more, thou ruinous Roan,
in whiche were slain, indeed,
A number of my children deere,
that makes my hart to bleed.

None sparde, not women great w^t childe,
nor greenly laid in bed,
But hang or kill for gospels cause ;
record the bodies dead.

Recorde eke of these tirannes acts
the walles and toune of Roan,
Where thundring peales of roring shot
haue shake and ouerthrowne.

Record their hands embrude with bloud,
heere running to and fro :
Record my wounded members deere
with spere of mortall wo.

If these wil not suffise to shewe
forth tirannes cruelnes,
Record the hundred thousand flaine
within six monthes and leffe.

Lo, these so bloody flauterers heere,
with others that remaine,
Dothe wound and kill my pensiue hart,
and driues me to complaine.

How be it to whome ? to God alone :
he only can redresse,
But first (as poore vnperfect wretche)
my sinnes I wil confesse.

Acknowledge, Lorde, I doo with hart,
that breche of holy lawes
By me of this my woful scourge
is iust deserued cause.

I haue not, I, estemed so
thy word as well I ought,
Nor liued like, nor thankful been
to him that hathe me bought.

Yet sith thy promise standeth fast,
when woful harts repent,

Then pardon wilt : lo, Lorde, I come ;
let grace my greef preuent.

And first to thee, my Father deere,
for Christe our sauing helth,
With fauour look on Syon, Lorde ;
o, wurk thy peoples welth !

Thy Churche redeem from tirants yoke,
and cause their harts rebound ;
If not, with speed, o mighty God !
their wicked power confound.

Inflame the harts (for Christes bloud)
of Princes far and neere,
That truthe professe, to aid thy Churche :
Let Jehues zele appeere.

O Christe ! deere Lord, the head of thosse
whome tirannes thus oppresse,
In mercy, for thy mercyes sake,
let mercy them redresse.

Shall thosse that hate thy gospel pure,
and wold expel it quite,
Triumph ? shall they for euer reigne ?
the Churche is thy delight.

Then, when she shall corrected be
sufficient to thy will,
Redeem thy doue from Lions iawes,
thy darling saue from ill.

O holy Ghost ! o spirit of truthe !
thou spring of comfort eke,
With comfort comfort those (I pray)
that moste thy comfort seek.

And, namely, suche as hard bested
are now by tirannes rout :
O ! giue them peace and ioy within,
though they haue warre without.

And let despised Syon hill
be dewed with drops of grace,
O fence of Christe to pressed soules,
And fine of Hamans race.

And now to you, that nurces be
Of me contemned wight,
You christian Princes, that professe
the wurd of truthe and light,

My piteouse plaint, my woful crye,
my teares and members flaine,

My threatened spoil, mine enmyes force,
lo, these to you complaine.

O noble blouds ! regard the right,
my nurces if you be :
Your tender bowels open now,
and help to comfort me.

And last, to all the rest of states,
suche as my children are,
Me to releue all lawful menes,
and iuft, doo you prepare.

On me, your mother, pitie take,
your brethern all to torne,
And call on God, for Christes death,
to comfort them that morne.

And though a time (to trye his flock)
he giue their foes the raine
To presse them doun, if we persift,
lo, after stormes againe

A calme and cleere inioy shall I,
redeemd from tirants power,
And (they subiect to wrath of God)
his Judgements shall deuoure.

Graunt, heauenly Lorde, if thy will be,
these acts of bloud may ceasse :
Confound thy foes, preserue thy Churche,
our Queen and realm in peace.

AMEN.

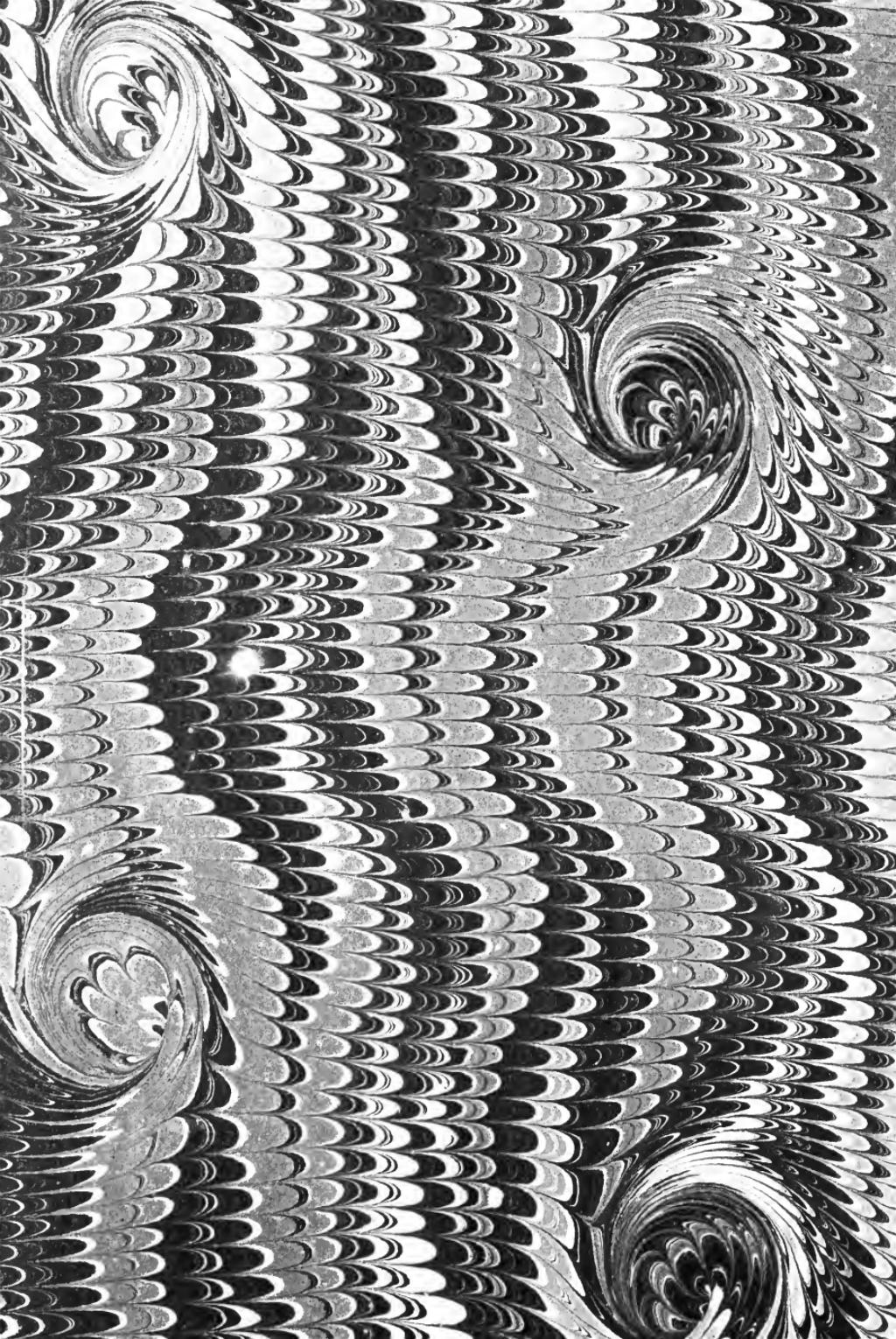
¶ Imprinted at London by John Alde
for Edmund Halley, and are to be
folde in Lumberd strete at the
figne of the Egle, neere
vnto the Stocks merket.

1562.





S. H.



PR
1125
C65
v.1

Collier, John Payne
Illustrations of early
English popular literature

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

